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Tzmkrz

A

COLLECTION

OF

FARCES

AND OTHER

AFTERPIECES,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, COVENT-GARDEN,

AND HAY-MARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK:

SELECTED BY

MRS INCHBALD.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

THE DEUCE IS IN HIM.

EDGAR AND EMMELINE.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

THE MAID OF THE OAKS.

TOM THUMB.

THE DOCTOR AND THE APOTHECARY.

THE FIRST FLOOR.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

THE FARM HOUSE.

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THE

DEUCE IS IN HIM;

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE AND HAY-MARKET.

BY

GEORGE COLEMAN, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

Colonel TAMPER,	*Mr Palmer.*
PRATTLE,	*Mr Baddely.*
Major BELFORD,	*Mr Whitfield.*
EMILY,	*Mrs Goodall.*
BELL,	*Miss Collins.*
Mademoiselle FLORIVAL,	*Miss Heard.*

HAY-MARKET.

Colonel TAMPER,	*Mr Palmer.*
PRATTLE,	*Mr Baddely.*
Major BELFORD,	*Mr Evatt.*
EMILY,	*Mrs Goodall.*
BELL,	*Mrs Taylor.*
Mademoiselle FLORIVAL,	*Miss Heard.*

THE

DEUCE IS IN HIM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* EMILY'S *House.*

Enter EMILY *with a Letter open in her hand, and Mademoiselle* FLORIVAL *in Man's clothes.*

Em. Be assured, that I will do every thing in my power to serve you; my brother knew that he might command my service—Be comforted, I beseech you, madam.

Flo. You cannot wonder, madam, that I should be shocked, extremely shocked, at the cruel necessity of appearing before you in so indelicate a disguise.

Em. Indeed you need not: there is something in your manner, which convinces me, that every action of your life carries its apology along with it; though I will not venture to enquire into the particulars of your story till your mind is more at ease.

Flo. Alas, madam, it is my interest to make you acquainted with my story. I am the daughter of Monsieur Florival, a French physician, in the island of Belleisle. An English officer, who had been des-

perately wounded, was, after the capitulation, for the sake of due attendance, taken into my father's house; and as I, in the very early part of my life, had resided in England, he took some pleasure in my conversation. In a word, he won my affections, and asked me of my father in marriage: but he, alas! too much influenced by the narrow prejudices so common between the two nations, forbade the officer his house, but not before we were, by the most solemn engagements, secretly contracted to each other.

Em. May I ask the officer's name?

Flo. Excuse me, madam. Till I see or hear from him once more, my prudence, vanity, or call it what you will, will scarce suffer me to mention it. Your brother, indeed, is acquainted with——

Em. I beg your pardon—I hope, however, you have no reason to think yourself neglected or forgotten?

Flo. Oh, no; far from it. He was soon recalled by orders from England; and on my father's pressing me to consent to another match, my passion—I blush to own it—transported me so far, as to depart abruptly from Belleisle. I came over in an English ship to Portsmouth, where I expected, according to letters he had contrived to send me, to find the officer. But, judge of my disappointment, when I learnt that he embarked but three days before for the siege of the Havannah.

Em. The Havannah!—You touch me nearly—— Pray go on.

Flo. In a strange kingdom—alone—and a woman—what could I do? In order to defeat enquiries after me, I disguised myself in this habit, and mixt with the officers of the place; but your brother soon discovered my uneasiness, and saw through my disguise. I frankly confessed to him every particular of my story: in consequence of which, he has thus generously recommended me to your protection.

Em. And you may depend on my friendship.—Your situation affects me strangely.

Flo. Oh, madam, it is impossible to tell you half its miseries; especially since your brother has convinced me, that I am so liable to be discovered.

Em. You shall throw off that dress as soon as possible, and then I will take you into the house with me and my sister—In the mean time, let me see you every day—every hour. I shall not be afraid that your visits will affect my reputation.

Flo. You are too good to me. [*Weeping.*

Em. Nay, this is too much; it overcomes me. Pray, be cheerful.

Flo. I humbly take my leave.

Em. Adieu. I shall expect you to dinner.

Flo. I shall do myself the honour of waiting on you. [*Exit.*

Em. [*Alone*] Poor woman! I thought my own uneasiness almost insupportable; and yet, how much must her anxiety exceed mine!

Enter BELL.

Bell. So, sister! I met your fine gentleman. Upon my word, the young spark must be a favourite. —You have had a *tête-à-tête* of above half an hour together.

Em. How d'ye like him?

Bell. Not at all: a soft lady-like gentleman, with a white hand, a mincing step, and a smooth chin. Where does this pretty master come from?

Em. From my brother.

Bell. Who is he?

Em. A present to you.

Bell. A present to me! what d'ye mean?

Em. Why, did not my brother promise to take care of you before he went abroad?

Bell. Well, and what then?

Em. What then! Why, he has taken care of you—sent you a pretty fellow for a husband—Could he possibly take better care of you?

Bell. A husband!—a puppet, a doll, a——

Em. A soldier, Bell!—a red coat consider.

Bell. A fine soldier indeed!—I can't bear to see a red coat cover any thing but a man, sister.—Give me a soldier that looks as if he could love me and protect me; ay, and tame me too, if I deserved it.—If I was to have this thing for a husband, I would set him at the top of my India cabinet with the China figures, and bid the maid take care she did not break him.

Em. Well, well; if this is the case, I don't know what my brother will say to you. Here's his letter; read it, and send him an answer yourself.

Bell. [*Reads.*] "Dear sister, the bearer of this letter is a lady!" So, so! your servant, madam!—and yours too, sister!—"whose case is truly compassionate, and whom I most earnestly recommend to your protection"—Um—um—um—"take care of her"—Um—um—um—"not too many questions"—Um—um—um—"in town in a few days."—I'll be whipt now, if this is not some mistress of his.

Em. No, no, Bell, I know her whole history.—It is quite a little novel. She is a Frenchwoman, Mademoiselle Florival, run away from her father at Belleisle, and dying for an English gentleman at the Havannah.

Bell. The Havannah!—Not for Colonel Tamper, I hope, sister.

Em. If Colonel Tamper had been at the taking of Belleisle too, I should have been frighten'd out of my wits about it.

Bell. Suppose I should bring you some news of him?

Em. Of whom?

Bell. Colonel Tamper.
Em. What do you mean?
Bell. Only a card.
Em. A card!—from whom? What card?
Bell. Oh, what a delightful flutter it puts her into!
Em. Nay, but tell me.
Bell. Well then—while your visitor was here, there came a card from Major Belford; and I took the liberty of sending an answer to it.
Em. Let me see it! Dear Bell, let me see it!
Bell. Oh, it was nothing but his compliments, and desiring to have the honour of waiting on you any time this morning from Colonel Tamper.
Em. From Colonel Tamper!—What can this mean? I am ready to sink with fear—Why does he not come himself?
Bell. He's not arrived—not come to town yet, I suppose.
Em. Oh, Bell! I could suppose twenty things that terrify me to death.
Bell. I think now, such a message ought to put you quite out of your pain: he could not come from Colonel Tamper, if there was no such person in being.
Em. Ay, but suppose any accident should have happened to him! Heaven forbid! How unfortunate it is to doat upon a man, whose profession exposes him hourly to the risk of his life!
Bell. Lord, Emily, how can you torment yourself with such horrid imaginations? Besides, should the worst come to the worst, it is but a lover lost; and that is a loss easily repaired, you know.
Em. Go, you mad-cap! but you'll pay for all this one day, I warrant you. When you come to be heartily in for it yourself, Bell, you will know, that when a pure and disinterested passion fills the breast, when once a woman has set her heart upon a man, nothing in the world but that very man will ever make her happy.

Bell. I admire your *setting your heart*, as you call it, of all things. Your love, my dear Emily, is not so romantic. You pitch upon a man of figure and fortune, handsome, sensible, good-natured, and well-bred; of rank in life, and credit in his profession; a man that half the women in town would pull caps for; and then you talk, like a sly prude, of your pure and disinterested passion.

Em. Why, then, I declare, if he had not a friend on earth, or a shilling in the world—if he was as miserable as the utmost malice of ill fortune could make him, I would prefer Colonel Tamper to the first duke in the kingdom.

Bell. Oh, sister, it is a mighty easy thing for persons rolling in affluence and a coach-and-six, to talk of living on bread and water, and the comforts of love in a cottage.

Em. The coach-and-six, Bell, would give little happiness to those who could not be happy without it. When once the heart has settled its affections, how mean is it to withdraw them for any paltry considerations of what nature soever!

Bell. I think the lady doth protest too much.

Em. Ay, but she'll keep her word.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Major Belford, madam. [*Exit.*

Em. Show him in.—Oh, Bell, I am ready to drop with apprehension!

Enter Major BELFORD.

Belf. Ladies, your humble servant——[*Salutes them.*] I rejoice to find you so well.

Bell. And we congratulate you, Major, on your safe return from the Havannah—How does your friend Colonel Tamper do?

Belf. He is very well, madam; but——

Em. But what, sir—I am frighted beyond expression—Is he in England?

Belf. Yes, madam.

Em. In town?

Belf. Yes, madam.

Em. Why have not we the pleasure of seeing him then?

Belf. He'll be here immediately, madam.

Em. Oh, well.

Belf. But it was thought proper that I should wait on you first, to prepare you for his reception.

Em. To prepare me! What does he mean?

Belf. Only to prevent your being alarmed at his appearance, madam.

Em. Alarm'd! you terrify me more and more—What is the matter?

Belf. Nay, nothing—A trifle—the mere chance of war, *la fortune de la guerre*, as the French call it; that's all, madam.

Em. I'm upon the rack—Dear sir, explain—

Belf. The Colonel, you know, madam, is a man of spirit.—Having exposed his person very gallantly in the several actions before the town of the Havannah, he received many wounds; one or two of which have been attended with rather disagreeable circumstances.

Em. But is the Colonel well at present, sir?

Belf. Extremely well, madam.

Em. Are not the consequences of his wounds likely to endanger his life?

Belf. Not in the least, madam.

Em. I am satisfied——Pray go on, sir.

Belf. Do not you be alarmed, madam——

Em. Keep me no longer in suspense, I beseech you, sir!

Bell. What can all this mean?

Belf. The two principal wounds which the Colonel

received, madam, were one a little above the knee, and another in his face In consequence of the first, he was reduced to the necessity of saving his life by the loss of a leg; and the latter has deprived him of the sight of an eye.

Em. Oh, heavens! [*Ready to faint.*

Bell. Poor Emily! How could you be so abrupt, sir? The violent agitation of her mind is too much for her spirits.

Belf. Excuse me, madam——I was afraid of making you uneasy; and yet it was necessary you should be acquainted with these circumstances, previous to your seeing the Colonel.

Em. [*Recovering.*] Lost a leg and an arm, did you say, sir?

Belf. No, not an arm—an eye, madam.

Em. An eye! worse and worse—Poor Colonel!

Belf. Rather unfortunate, to be sure. But we should consider, madam, that we have saved his life; and these were sacrifices necessary for its preservation.

Em. Very true. Ay—ay—so as he has but his life, I am happy. And I ought now to be attached to him, not only from tenderness, but compassion.

Belf. After all, madam, his appearance is much better than you may imagine. His face, by the help of a black ribband, is very little disfigured; and he has got a false leg, made so naturally, that, except a small hitch in his gait, there is no material alteration in his person and deportment—Besides which, in point of health and spirits, he is particularly well.

Em. I am glad of it.—But, alas! he, whose person was so charming!—And then his eyes, that were so brilliant!—So full of sensibility!

Belf. This accident, madam, on his own account gives him no uneasiness: to say the truth, he seems rather vain upon it: I could wish, therefore, when

he comes, that you would not seem too deeply affected, but rather assume an air of cheerfulness, lest any visible uneasiness in you should shock the Colonel.

Em. Poor Colonel! I know his sensibility. Let me *endeavour*, therefore, to convince him, that he is as dear to me as ever! Oh, yes, *cost me what it will*, I must show him, that the preservation of his life is an entire *consolation* to me.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Colonel Tamper, madam.

Em Eh! what! [*Disordered.*

Bell. Desire the Colonel to walk up—Compose yourself, my dear!—Poor Emily! I am in pain for her. [*Aside.*

Enter Colonel TAMPER—*Runs up to* EMILY.

Tam. My dearest Emily!—how happy am I to see you once again! I have brought back the honest heart and hand which I devoted to you: as to the rest of my body, you see I did not care sixpence what became of it. Miss Bell, I rejoice to see you so well. Major, I am yours—But my Emily——

Em. Oh, Colonel!

[*Bursts into tears, and leans upon* BELL.

Tam. How's this? tears!

Bell. You should not have followed the Major so soon, Colonel; she had scarce recovered the first shock from his intelligence.

Tam. My impatience would suffer me to delay no longer—Why do you weep so, Emily?—Are you sorry to see me again?

Em. Sorry to see you unfortunate. [*Weeping.*

Tam. Unfortunate! call me rather fortunate; I am come back alive; alive and merry, Emily.

Em. I am glad you have saved your life. [*Weeping.*

Tam. I dare say you are. Look on me then—

What, not one glance! Won't you deign to look on your poor maim'd soldier? [*Pausing.*]—Is it possible, then, that any little alteration of my person can occasion a change in your sentiments?

Em. Never, Colonel, never: It is surely no mark of want of affection to be so much hurt at your misfortunes.

Tam. Misfortunes! no misfortunes at all—none at all to a soldier—nothing but the ordinary incidents and common casualties of his life—marks of honour—and tokens of valour—I declare I bear them about with me as the most honourable badges of my profession—I am proud of them—I would not part with this wooden leg for the best flesh and blood in Christendom.

Em. And can you really be so unconcerned at this accident?

Tam. Really; and you shall be unconcerned too, Emily. You shall find more in me still, than in half the battered rakes and fops about town. It injures me no more than it does a fine tree, to lop my branches. My trunk is heart of oak, and I shall thrive the better for it.

Em. But is there no hope of recovering your eye again? Oh, we must have the best advice—Is the sight quite lost?

Tam. Quite—Blind as a mill-horse—blind as a beetle, Emily—But what does that signify? Love is blind, you know; and if I have lost one eye, why, they say, I shall see the clearer with the other.

Em. I cannot look at him without shuddering.

[*Retires and sits down.*

Bell. What action was it you suffered in, Colonel?

Tam. Before the Moro castle, ma'am, before the Moro—Hot work, hissing hot, by sea and land, I assure you, ma'am. Ah, the Moro, the Moro!—But if men go to run their heads against stone-walls, they must expect to have a sconce or two broken

before they make their way through them—Eh, Major!

Bell. Major Belford was with you?

Tam. All the while. The Major and I fought side by side, cheek by jowl, till I fell, ma'am! We paid the Dons—didn't we, Major?——But Velasco, poor Velasco! A fine brave Don, must be owned—I had rather have died like Velasco, than have lived to be Generalissimo.

Bell. [*To Emily.*] How are you, sister?

Tam. Nay, pr'ythee, Emily, be comforted! more than all this might have happened to me at home. I might have thrown away my life in a duel, or broke my neck in a fox-chace: a fit of the gout, or an apoplexy, might have maimed me ten times worse for ever; or a palsy, perhaps, have killed one half of me at a single stroke—You must not take on thus—If you do, I shall be extremely uneasy.

Em. Excuse me, I cannot help it—but be assured, I esteem you as much as ever, sir.

Tam. *Esteem* and *Sir!*—This is cold language—I have not been used to hear you talk in that style, Emily.

Em. I don't know what I say—I am not well—let me retire.

Tam. When shall we name the happy day? I shall make shift to dance on that occasion—though as Withrington fought—on my stumps, Emily. Tell me, when shall we be happy?

Em. I grow more and more faint——Lead me to my chamber, Bell.

Bell. She is very ill—don't tease her now, Colonel; but let us try to procure her some repose.

Tam. Ay, a short sleep and a little reflection, and all will be well, I dare say——I will be here again soon, and administer consolation, I warrant you.—Adieu, my dear Emily.

Em. Adieu.—Oh Bell! [*Exit in tears with* BELL.

[*Manent Major* BELFORD *and Col.* TAMPER.

Tam. [*Assuming his natural air and manner.*] Ha, ha, ha!—Well, Belford, what is your opinion now? Will she stand the test or no?

Belf. If she does, it is more than you deserve. I could wish she would give you up with all my heart, if I did not think you would run stark mad with vexation.

Tam. Why so?

Belf. Because, as I have often told you before, this is a most absurd and ridiculous scheme, a mere trick to impose upon yourself, and most probably end in your losing the affections of an amiable lady.

Tam. You know, Belford, there is an excess of sensibility in my temper——

Belf. That will always make you unhappy.

Tam. Rather say it will ensure the future happiness of my life. Before I bind myself to abide by a woman at all events, and in all circumstances, I must be assured that she will at all events, and in all circumstances, retain her affection for me.

Belf. 'Sdeath, I have no patience to hear you. Have not you all the reason in the world to rest assured, that Emily entertains a most sincere passion for you?

Tam. Perhaps so; but then I am not equally assured of the basis on which that passion is founded.

Belf. Her folly, I am afraid.

Tam. Nay, but I am serious, Major.

Belf. You are very ridiculous, Colonel.

Tam. Well, well; it does not signify talking. I must be convinced that she loves me for my own sake, for myself alone; and that, were I divested of every desirable gift of fortune and of nature, and she were to be addressed by fifty others who possessed

them all in the most eminent degree, she would continue to prefer me to all the rest of mankind.

Belf. Most precious refinement, truly! This is the most high-flown metaphysics in sentiment I ever heard in my life—picked up in one of your expeditions to the coast of France, I suppose—No plain Englishman ever dream'd of such a whim—Love you for *yourself!* for *your own sake!*—not she truly.

Tam. How then?

Belf. Why, for her *own*, to be sure—and so would any body else.—I am your friend, and love you as a friend: And why? because I am glad to have commerce with a man of talents, honour, and honesty. Let me once see you behave like a poltroon or a villain, and you know I would cut your throat, Colonel!

Tam. I don't doubt you, Major; but if she don't love me for my *own* sake, for *myself*, as I said, how can I ever be certain that she will not transfer that love to another?

Belf. "For your *own* sake! for *yourself*" again! —Why, what, in the name of common sense, is this *self* of yours, that you make such a rout about? Your birth, your fortune, your character, your talents, and perhaps, sweet Colonel, that sweet person of yours—all these may have taken her—and habitude, and continual intercourse, must increase her partiality for them in you, more than in any other person. But, after all, none of these things are *yourself*. You are but the ground; and these qualities are woven into your frame. Yet it is not the stuff, but the richness of the work, that stamps a value on the piece.

Tam. Why, this is downright sermonizing, Major. Give you pudding-sleeves and a grizzle-wig, you might be chaplain to the regiment. Yet matrimony is a leap in the dark indeed, if we cannot before hand

make ourselves at all certain of the fidelity and affection of our wives.

Belf. Marriage is precarious, I grant you, and must be so. You may play like a wary gamester, 'tis true. I would not marry a notorious profligate, nor a woman in a consumption; but there is no more answering for the continuance of her good disposition, than that of her good health.

Tam. Fine maxims! make use of them yourself; they won't serve me. A fine time, indeed, to experience a woman's fidelity—after marriage; a time when every thing conspires to render it her interest to deceive you! No, no; no fool's paradise for me, Belford!

Belf. A fool's paradise is better than a wiseacre's purgatory.

Tam. 'Sdeath, Belford, who comes here?—I shall be discovered. [*Resuming his counterfeit manner.*

Enter PRATTLE.

Prat. Gentlemen, your most obedient; mighty sorry, extremely concerned, to hear the lady's taken ill—I was sent for in a violent hurry—had forty patients to visit—resolved to see her, however——Major Belford, I rejoice to see you in good health—Have I the honour of knowing this gentleman?

[*Pointing to* TAMPER, *and going up to him.*

Tam. Hum, hum!

[*Limping away from* PRATTLE, *and putting his handkerchief to his face.*

Belf. An acquaintance of mine, Mr Prattle.—You don't know him, I believe——A little hurt in the service—that's all.

Prat. Accidents, accidents will happen—No less than seven brought into our infirmary yesterday, and ten into the hospital——Did you hear, Major Belford, that poor Lady Di. Racket broke her arm last

night, by an overturn, from her horses taking fright among the vast crowd of coaches getting in at Lady Thunder's rout: and yesterday morning, Sir Helter Skelter, who is so remarkably fond of driving, put out his collar-bone by a fall from his own coach-box.

Tam. Pox on his chattering! I wish he'd be gone!
[*Apart to* BELFORD.

Belf. But your fair patient, Mr Prattle——I am afraid we detain you.

Prat. Not at all;—I'll attend her immediately—[*Going, returns.*]——You have not heard of the change in the ministry?

Tam. Psha!

Belf. I have.

Prat. Well, well—[*Going, and returns.*]—Lady Sarah Melvile brought to-bed within these two hours—a boy——Gentlemen, your servant, your very humble servant. [*Exit.*

Tam. Chattering jackanapes!

Belf. So, the apothecary's come already—we shall have a consultation of physicians, the knocker tied up, and straw laid in the street shortly—But are not you ashamed, Tamper, to give her all this uneasiness?

Tam. No matter—I'll make her ample amends at last—What could possess them to send for this blockhead? He'll make her worse and worse—He will absolutely talk her to death.

Belf. Oh, the puppy's in fashion, you know.

Tam. It is lucky enough the fellow did not know me. He's a downright he-gossip!—and any thing he knows might as well be published in the Daily Advertiser. But come, for fear of discovery, we had better decamp for the present. March!

Belf. You'll expose yourself confoundedly, Tamper.

Tam. Say no more. I am resolved to put her af-

fection to the trial. If she's thorough proof, I'm made for ever. Come along. [*Going.*

Belf. Tamper!

Tam. Oh, I am lame—I forgot. [*Limping.*

Belf. Lord, Lord! what a fool self-love makes of a man! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—EMILY'S *Dressing-room.*

EMILY, BELL, PRATTLE, *sitting on a Sofa.*

Bell. I think you seem to be a good deal recovered, Emily?

Em. I am much better than I was, I thank you ——Heigh-ho!

Prat. Ay, ay, I knew we should be better by and by——These little nervous disorders are very common all over the town——merely owing to the damp weather, which relaxes the tone of the whole system. —The poor Duchess of Porcelain has had a fever on her spirits these three weeks—Lady Teaser's case is absolutely hysterical; and Lady Betty Dawdle is almost half mad with lowness of spirits, headaches, tremblings, vain fears, and wanderings of the mind.

Em. Pray, Mr Prattle, how does poor Miss Crompton do?

Prat. Never better, ma'am.—Somebody has removed her disorder, by prescribing very effectually to the Marquis of Cranford. His intended match with Miss Richman, the hundred thousand pound fortune, is quite off; and so, ma'am, Miss Crompton is perfectly well again——By the bye too, she has another reason to rejoice: for her cousin, Miss Dorothy, who lives with her, and began, you know, to grow rather old maidish, as we say, ma'am, made a sud-

den conquest of Mr Bumper, a Lancashire gentleman of a great estate, who came up to town for the Christmas; and they were married at Miss Crompton's yesterday evening.

Bell. Is it true, Mr Prattle, that Sir John Medley is going to the south of France for the recovery of his health.

Prat. Very true, ma'am, very true, that he's going, I promise you; but not for the recovery of his health. Sir John's well enough himself—but his affairs are in a galloping consumption, I assure you. No less than two executions in his house. I heard it for fact at Lady Modish's. Poor gentleman, I have known his chariot stand at Arthur's till eight o'clock in the morning. He has had a sad run a long time; but that last affair at Newmarket totally undid him.——Pray, ladies, have you heard the story of Alderman Manchester's lady?

Bell. Oh, no. Pray, what is it?

Prat. A terrible story indeed——Eloped from her husband, and went off with Lord John Sprightly. Their intention, it seems, was to go over to Holland; but the Alderman pursued them to Harwich, and catched them just as they were going to embark. He threatened Lord John with a prosecution: but Lord John, who knew the Alderman's turn, came down with a thousand pounds; and so the Alderman received his wife, and all is well again.

Bell. I vow, Mr Prattle, you are extremely amusing. You know the chit-chat of the whole town.

Prat. Can't avoid picking up a few slight anecdotes, to be sure, ma'am—Go into the best houses in town—attend the first families in the kingdom—nobody better received—nobody takes more care—nobody tries to give more satisfaction.

Bell. Is there any public news of any kind, Mr Prattle?

Prat. None at all, ma'am——except that the officers are most of them returned from the Havannah.

Em. So we hear, sir!

Prat. I saw Colonel Tamper yesterday. O, ay! and Major Belford, and another gentleman, as I came in here this morning.

Bell. That was Colonel Tamper, sir.

Prat. That gentleman, Colonel Tamper, ma'am!

Bell. Yes, sir.

Prat. Pardon me, ma'am! I know Colonel Tamper very well.—That poor gentleman was somewhat disabled—had suffered a little in the wars—Colonel Tamper is not so unfortunate.

Em. O yes, that horrid accident!

Prat. What accident?

Bell. His wounds—his wounds—Don't you know, sir?

Prat. Wounds, ma'am!—Upon my word I never heard he had received any.

Bell. No! Why he lost a leg and an eye at the siege of the Havannah.

Prat. Did he? Why then, ma'am, I'll be bold to say, he is the luckiest man in the world.

Bell. Why so, sir?

Prat. Because, ma'am, if he lost a leg and an eye at the Havannah, they must be grown again, or he has somehow procured others that do the business every whit as well.

Em. Impossible!

Prat. I wish I may die, ma'am, if the Colonel had not yesterday two as good legs and fine eyes as any man in the world. If he lost one of each at the Havannah, we practitioners in physic should be much obliged to him to communicate his receipt for the benefit of Greenwich and Chelsea hospitals.

Em. Are you sure that the Colonel has had no such loss, sir?

Prat. As sure as that I am here, ma'am! I saw him going into the what-d'ye-call-him ambassador's, just over gainst my house, yesterday; and the last place I was at this morning was Mrs Daylight's, where I heard the Colonel was at her route last night, and that every body thought he was rather improved than injured by his late expedition.—But, odso! Lack-a-day, lack-a-day, lack-a-day!—now I recollect—ha, ha, ha! [*Laughing very heartily.*

Bell. What's the matter, Mr Prattle?

Prat. Excuse me, ladies: I can't forbear laughing—ha, ha, ha!—The gentleman in t'other room, Colonel Tamper! ha, ha, ha!——I find the Colonel had a mind to pay a visit in masquerade this morning——I spoke to Major Belford——I thought I knew his friend too——but he limped away and hid his face, and would not speak to me.——Upon my word, he did it very well! I could have sworn there had been an amputation—He would make a figure at a masked ball. Ha, ha, ha!

Em. Bell. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Looking at each other, and affecting to laugh.*

Prat. Ha, ha, ha! very comical! Ha, ha, ha!

Bell. A frolic, Mr Prattle, a frolic: I think, however, you had better not take any notice of it abroad.

Prat. Me! I shall never breathe it, ma'am: I am close as oak—an absolute free-mason for secrecy——But, ma'am, [*Rising,*] I must bid you good morning——I have several patients to visit before dinner.——Mrs Tremor, I know, will be dying with the vapours till she sees me; and I am to meet Dr Valerian at Lord Hectic's in less than half an hour.

Em. Ring the bell, my dear——Mr Prattle, your servant.

Prat. Ladies, your very humble servant.—I shall send you a cordial mixture, ma'am, to be taken in any particular faintness, or lowness of spirits; and some draughts for morning and evening. Have a

care of catching cold, be cautious in your diet, and I make no doubt but in a few days we shall be perfectly recovered.—Ladies, your servant: Your most obedient, very humble servant. [*Exit.*

[*The Ladies sit for some time silent.*

Bell. [*After a pause.*] Sister Emily.

Em. Sister Bell!

Bell. What d'ye think of Colonel Tamper now, sister?

Em. Why, I am so provoked, and so pleased; so angry, and so diverted; that I don't know whether I should be in or out of humour, at this discovery.

Bell. No!—Is it possible you can have so little spirit? This tattling apothecary will tell this fine story at every house he goes into—it will be town-talk—If a lover of mine had attempted to put such an impudent deceit upon me, I would never see his face again.

Em. If you had a lover that you liked, Bell, you would not be quite so violent.

Bell. Indeed but I should. What! to come here with a Canterbury tale of a leg and an eye, and heavens knows what, merely to try the extent of his power over you—To gratify his inordinate vanity, in case you should retain your affection for him; or to reproach you for your weakness and infidelity, if you could not reconcile yourself to him on that supposition!

Em. It is abominably provoking, I own; and yet, Bell, it is not a quarter of an hour ago, but I would have parted with half my fortune to have made it certain that there was a trick in the story.

Bell. Well, I never knew one of these men of extraordinary sense, as they are called, that was not in some instances a greater fool than the rest of mankind.

Em. After all, Bell, I must confess that this stratagem has convinced me of the infirmity of my tem-

per. This supposed accident began to make strange work with me.

Bell. I saw that plain enough. I told you what your pure and disinterested passion, sister, would come to, long ago.—Yet this is so flagrant an affront, I would make him smart for it some way or other; I would not marry him these seven years.

Em. That, perhaps, might be punishing myself, sister.

Bell. We must plague him, and heartily too. Oh, for a bright thought now, some charming invention to torment him!

Em. Oh, as to that matter, I should be glad to have some comical revenge on him with all my heart.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Captain Johnson, ma'am.

Em. Desire him to walk up. [*Exit Servant.*] I am fit to see any company now.—This discovery will do me more good, I believe, than all Mr Prattle's cordial mixtures, as he calls them.

Bell. Oh, you're in charming spirits, sister—But Captain Johnson! you abound in the military, Captains, Colonels, and Majors, by wholesale: Who is Captain Johnson, pray?

Em. Only the name that Mademoiselle Florival, the Belleisle lady you saw this morning, goes by.

Bell. Oh, sister, the luckiest thought in the world —such an use to make of this lady!

Em. What d'ye mean?

Bell. Captain Johnson shall be Colonel Tamper's rival, ister!

Em. Hush! here she is.

Enter Mademoiselle FLORIVAL.

Em. Give me leave, madam, to introduce you to my sister.

Bell. I have heard your story, madam, and take part in your misfortunes.

Flo. I am infinitely obliged both to you and to that lady, madam.

Em. Oh! madam, I have been extremely ill since you was here this morning, and terrified almost beyond imagination.

Flo. I am very sorry to hear it; may I ask what has alarmed you?

Em. It is so ridiculous, I scarce know how to tell you.

Bell. Then I will. You must know, ma'am, that my sister was engaged to an officer, who went out on a late military expedition. He is just returned, but is come home with the strangest conceit that ever filled the brain of a lover. He took it into his head to try my sister's faith by pretending to be maimed and wounded, and has actually visited her this morning in a counterfeit character. We have just now detected the imposition, and want your assistance to be pleasantly revenged on him.

Flo. I cannot bring myself to be an advocate for the lady's cruelty—But you may both command me in any thing.

Em. There is no cruelty in the case; I fear I am gone too far for that. As you are, in appearance, such a smart young gentleman, my sister has waggishly proposed to make you the instrument of exciting Colonel Tamper's jealousy, by your personating the character of a supposed rival—Was not that your device, sister?

Bell. It was; and if this lady will come into it, and you play your part well, we'll tease the wise Colonel, and make him sick of his rogueries, I warrant you.

Flo. I have been a mad girl in my time, I confess, and remember when I should have joined in such a

frolic with pleasure. At present, I fear I am scarce mistress enough of my temper to maintain my character with any tolerable humour. However, I will summon up all my spirits, and do my best to oblige you.

Bell. Oh, you will have but little to do—The business will lie chiefly on your hands, Emily—You must be most intolerably provoking.—If you do but irritate him sufficiently, we shall have charming sport with him.

Em. Never fear me, Bell; Mr Prattle's intelligence has given me spirits equal to any thing.—Now I know it is but a trick, I shall scarce be able to see him limping about without laughing.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Colonel Tamper, madam.

Em. Show him in! [*Exit Servant.*]—Now, ladies!

Bell. Now, sister!—Work him heartily; cut him to the bone, I charge you.——If you show him the least mercy, you are no woman.

Enter Colonel TAMPER.

Tam. This is to have new servants? not at home, indeed!—A pack of blockheads, to think of denying my Emily to me. I knew the poor dear soul was a little out of order indeed—but—[*Seeing* FLORIVAL]—I beg pardon, madam! I did not know you had company.

Bell. Oh, this gentleman is a particular friend of my sister's——he's let in at any time.

Tam. Hum! [*Disordered.*

Em. I did not expect to see you return so soon, sir!

Tam. No; I believe I am come somewhat unexpectedly indeed, madam!

Em. If your return had not been so extremely

precipitate, sir, I should have sent you a message on purpose to prevent your giving yourself that trouble.

Tam. Madam! a message! for what reason?

Em. Because I am otherwise engaged.

[*With indifference.*

Tam. Engaged! I don't apprehend you, madam.

Em. No; you are extremely dull then: don't you see I have company?—Was you at the opera last night, Captain Johnson? [*Coquetting with* FLORIVAL.

Tam. I am thunderstruck.—Madam! Miss Emily!—Madam!

Em. Sir!—Colonel Tamper!—Sir!

Tam. I say, madam!——

Em. Sir!

Tam. 'Sdeath, I have not power to speak to her!—This strange and sudden alteration in your behaviour, madam——

Em. Alteration! none at all, sir: the change is on your side, not mine. I'll be judged by this gentleman.—Captain Johnson, here's a miniature of the Colonel, which he sat for just before he went abroad ——done by a good hand, and reckoned a striking likeness.——Did you ever see a poor creature so altered?

[*Giving a Bracelet.*

Flo. Why really, madam, there is, I must own, a very visible difference at present.—That black ribband [*Looking by turns on the Picture and Colonel* TAMPER] makes a total eclipse of the brilliancy of this right eye—and then, the irregular motion of the leg gives such a twist to the rest of the body, that—

Tam. Sir!——But it is to you I address myself at present, madam. I was once fond and foolish enough to imagine, that you had a heart truly generous and sensible; and flattered myself that it was above being shaken by absence, or affected by events. How have I been deceived! I find that——

Em. Pardon me, sir, I never deceived you: nay, you see that I disdained the thought of deceiving you

even for a day.——Out of respect to our late mutual attachment, I am resolved to deal openly with you. In a word, then, every thing between us must now be at an end.

Tam. Confusion!——Every thing at an end! and can you, you, Emily, have the courage to tell me so?

Em. Why not? Come, come, Colonel Tamper, vanity is your blind side.

Tam. Zounds, madam!——

Em. Don't be in a passion—Do but consider the matter calmly; and though it may rather be displeasing, yet when you have duly weighed all circumstances, I'm sure you must do me the justice to acknowledge my sincerity.

Tam. I shall run mad——Is it possible, Emily?—Sincerity do you call this?—Dissimulation—damn'd dissimulation.

Em. Have patience, sir! The loss of your whole fortune would have been trifling to me; but how can I reconcile myself to this mangling of your figure?—Let me turn the tables on you for a moment—Suppose now, Colonel, that I had been so unfortunate as to have lost a leg and an eye, should you, d'ye think, have retained your affection inviolable for me?

Tam. False, false woman!—Have a care, Emily! have a care I say, or you'll destroy your fame and happiness for ever.—Consider what you are doing, ere you make a final resolution——You'll repent your inconstancy, I tell you beforehand—upon my soul, you will—You'll have more reason to repent it, than you can possibly imagine.

Em. Why will you oblige me now to say shocking things to you? It goes against me to tell you so, but I can't even see you now without horror; nay, were I even, from a vain point of honour, to adhere to my engagements with you, I could never conquer my

disgust.—It would be a most unnatural connection.—Would not it, Captain Johnson?

Tam. Hell! 'sdeath! confusion!——How steadily she persists in her perfidy!—Madam! Madam!——I shall choke with rage—But one word, and I am gone for ever—for ever, for ever, madam!

Em. What would you say, sir?

Tam. Tell me then——and tell me truly: Have not you received the addresses of that gentleman?

Em He has honoured me with them, I confess, sir; and every circumstance is so much in his favour, that I could have no manner of objection to him, but my unfortunate engagements to you—But since your ill fortune has invincibly divorced us from each other, I think I am at liberty to listen to him.

Tam. Matchless confidence!—Mighty well, madam!—It is not then the misfortunes that have befallen me, but the charms you have found in that gentleman, which have altered your inclination.

Flo. Well, sir! and what then, sir? The lady I presume, is not included, like an old mansion-house, in the rent-roll of your estate, or the inventory of your goods and chattels. Her hand, I hope, is still her own property, and she may bestow it on you or me, or any body else, just as she pleases.

Tam. You are a villain, sir!—Withdraw!

Bell. Oh Heavens! here will be murder—Don't stir, I beg you, sir.

Flo. O never fear me, madam; I am not such a poltroon as to contend with that gentleman—Do you think I would set my strength and skill against a poor blind man, and a cripple?

Tam. Follow me, sir; I'll soon teach you to use your own legs.

Flo. Oh the sturdy beggar! stir your stumps and begone; here's nothing for you, fellow!

Tam. Villain

Flo. Poor man!

Tam. Scoundrel!

Flo. Pr'ythee, man, don't expose yourself.

Tam. Puppy!

Flo. Poor wretch!

Em. What, quarrel before ladies! Oh, for shame, Colonel!

Tam. This is beyond all sufferance. I can contain no longer—Know then, madam, [*To* EMILY,] to your utter confusion, I am not that mangled thing which you imagine me——You may see, madam——

[*Resuming his natural manner.*

Em. Bell. Flo. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*Laughing violently.*

Em. A wonderful cure of lameness and blindness—Your case is truly curious, sir;—and attested by three credible witnesses——Will you give us leave to print it in the public papers?

Tam. Madam, madam!——

Flo. I think the story would make a figure in the Philosophical Transactions.

Tam. Sir!

Bell. A pretty leg, indeed——Will you dance a minuet with me, Colonel?

Em. Your wounds are not mortal, I hope, Colonel?

Tam. No, madam! my person, I thank Heaven, is still unhurt.—I have my legs, both legs, madam; and I will use them to transport me as far as possible from so false a woman—I have my eyes, too—my eyes, madam——but they shall never look on you again, but as the most faithless and ungrateful of your sex.

Em. If I'm not surprised how he could act it so well! Pray, let us see you do it over again, Colonel—How was it, eh? [*Mimicking*] hip-hop, hip-hop, like Prince Volscius, I think.

Tam. I took that method, madam, to try your

truth, constancy, and affection. I have found you void of all those qualities, and shall have reason to rejoice at the effect of my experiment as long as I live.

Em. If you meant to separate yourself from me, you have indeed taken an excellent method. And a mighty proof you have given of your own affection, truly!—Instead of returning, after an anxious absence, with joy into my presence, to come home with a low and mean suspicion, with a narrow jealousy of mind, when the frankness and generosity of my behaviour ought to have engaged you to repose the most unlimited confidence in me!

Tam. The event, madam, has but too well warranted my experiment.

Em. And shall justify it, sir, still more:—for here, before your face, I give my hand to this gentleman;—solemnly declaring, that it shall never be in your power to dissolve the connection formed between us.

Tam. As to you, madam, your infidelity be your punishment.—But that gentleman shall hear from me.

Flo. I defy you, sir!

Em. Nothing farther remains between us—leave me, sir!

Tam. I am gone, madam! and so help me Heaven, never, never to return—— [*Going.*

Enter Major BELFORD.

Belf. How! going in a passion?—Hold, Tamper—All in confusion!—I thought so—and came to set matters to rights again.

Flo. What do I see! Major Belford!——Major Belford! oh! [*Faints.*

Belf. Ha, my name, and fainting!——What can this mean? [*Runs and takes her in his arms.*] By heavens, a woman!—May I hope that——Hold, she

recovers—It is, it is she! my dear Florival herself! —and we shall still be happy.

Tam. Bedford's Belleisle lady, as I live!——My rival a woman! I begin to feel myself very ridiculous.

Belf. What wonder, my love, has brought you hither, and in this habit?

Flo. Oh, sir, I have a long story to relate. At present let it suffice to say, that that lady's brother has been the noblest of friends to me; and she herself this morning generously vouchsafed to take me under her protection.

Belf. I am bound to them for ever. At my return I found letters from your father, who, supposing you was in England with me, wrote to acquaint me that he was inconsolable for your loss, and that he would consent to our union if I would but assure him that you was safe and well.—The next post shall acquaint him of our good fortune.—Well, Tamper, am not I a lucky fellow?

Tam. Oh, Belford!—I am the most miserable dog in the world.

Belf. What, you have dropp'd your mask, I see —you're on your own legs again—I met Prattle in the street—He stopt his chariot to speak to me about you, and I found that he had blown you up, and discovered to the ladies that you was returned quite unhurt from the Havannah.

Tam. Did that coxcomb betray me?—That accounts for all Emily's behaviour—Oh, Major, I am ruined past redemption—I have behaved most extravagantly, both to your lady and Emily.—I shall never be able to look them in the face again.

Belf. Ay, ay, I foresaw this. Did not I tell you, that you would expose yourself confoundedly?— However, I'll be an advocate for you—my Flori-

val shall be an advocate for you; and I make no doubt but you will be taken into favour again.

Em. Does he deserve it, Major?

Belf. Why, madam, I can't say much for him—or myself either, faith——We must rely entirely on your goodness.

Flo. He's a true penitent, I see, madam, and I'll answer for it, he loves you to excess. Nay, look on him.

Em. Was it well done, Colonel, to cherish a mean distrust of me? to trifle with the partiality I had shown to you; and to endeavour to give me pain, merely to secure a poor triumph over my weakness to yourself?

Tam. I am ashamed to answer you.

Bell. Ashamed! and so you well may indeed.

Tam. I see my absurdity; all I wish is to be laughed at, and forgiven.

Bell. A very reasonable request.—Come, madam, pity the poor fellow, and admit him to your good graces again.

Flo. Let us prevail on you, dear madam.

Em. Well; now I see he is most heartily mortified, I am half inclined to pity him.

Tam. Generous Emily!

Em. Go, you provoking wretch! 'tis more than you deserve. [*To* TAM.

Tam. It shall be the future study of my life to deserve this pardon.—[*Kissing her hand*]—Belford, I give you joy——Madam—[*To* FLORIVAL]—I have behaved so ill to you, I scarce know how to give you joy as I ought.

Belf. Come, come, no more of this at present—Now we have on all sides ratified the preliminaries, let us settle the definitive treaty as soon as we can—We have been two lucky fellows, Tamper—I have

been fortunate in finding my mistress, and you as fortunate in not losing years.

Tam. So we have, Belford; and I wish every brave officer in his majesty's service had secured to himself such comfortable winter-quarters as we have, after a glorious campaign.

[*Exeunt.*

EDGAR AND EMMELINE.

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY

DR HAWKESWORTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDGAR,	*Mr O'Brien.*
FLORIMOND,	*Mr King.*
EMMELINE,	*Mrs Yates.*
ELFINA,	*Mrs Kennedy.*
GROTILLA,	*Miss Rogers.*

Other Fairies, Servants, &c.

EDGAR AND EMMELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A dark Part of Windsor Forest.*

Several Fairies enter, moving to light music, and at length forming a ring and dancing.

Enter another Fairy.

RECITATIVE.

Now no more in dells we sleep;
Here our revels now we keep:
By the moon, our silver sun——
See, our sports are now begun!

AIR.

Welcome, with the lambent light,
Welcome, lovely queen of night!

To thy gentle reign belong
Love, and mirth, and dance, and song.
War, and strife, and toil, and care,
Now their works of woe forbear:
Night shall now for day atone;
Give the night to joy alone!

[*The Fairy mixes with those that dance.*

Enter ELFINA, *an old Fairy.*

Elf. Hist—break off!—My charge receive;
Then renew the sports ye leave.

[*They leave off dancing; the music ceases; and* ELFINA *beckons first one, then another, speaking to them separately.*]

When the midnight hour is nigh,
Duteous to your tasks apply.
You, the miser's haunts be near,
Break his rest with causeless fear;
Creak his doors, his windows shake,
Till his iron heart shall quake.
You, as gouty humours flow,
Pinch the glutton by the toe.
You, with boding dreams molest
Proud ambition's anxious breast.
You, with fancied ghosts affright
Atheists in their own despight:
Bold by day, the blust'ring spark
Turns believer in the dark.
Hence—of vice to work the woe,
And the weal of virtue, go!

[*The Fairies go out at one side; and as* ELFINA *is going out at the other,*

Enter GROTILLA, *another old Fairy.*

Grot. Sister! sister!
Elf. Whence com'st thou?
Grot. I come far.
Elf. What to do? Tell me—

Grot. To confer with you.
Elf. Yonder— [*Pointing to the Castle.*
Grot. What!
Elf. The castle there—
Grot. Well—
Elf. Contains my present care.
Grot. Briefly, then, thy care unfold.
Elf. Mark! it shall be briefly told.
Edgar, Emmeline, you knew.
Grot. Youthful both, and fair and true.
Elf. Thus their destiny was read,
While the sisters spun their thread:
This youth a maid, this maid a youth must find,
The best, the fairest, both in form and mind;
Each, as a friend, must each esteem, admire;
Yet catch no spark of amorous desire!
Till this be done, no chance shall bliss bestow;
When this is done, no chance shall work them woe!
Grot. This was publish'd at their birth.
Elf. Right; and well 'tis known on earth.
Grot. Blest I wish them—
Elf. So do I.
Grot. Can you help them?
Elf. Certainly.
Grot. Search the island round and round,
None like either can be found.
Elf. Each by each must then be seen;
But not loved——
Grot. Hard task, I ween!
Elf. Hard the task; I know it well.
Grot. How perform it?—
Elf. I can tell.
Here the king pursues the chace;
All his nobles crowd the place;
Emmeline here a youth appears,
Gondibert the name she bears:
Edgar is a maid in dress,
Call'd Elfrida——
Grot. Now I guess.

Elf. To the youth, the virgin seems,
Like himself, a youth; and deems,
Like herself, the youth a maid;
Neither thus to love betray'd.
Grot. You contrived—
Elf. I did—
Grot. But—
Elf. Stay!
Mortal footsteps mark the way.
Vanish—quick; and leave me here:
If conjured, I must appear.

[*Exit* GROTILLA; ELFINA *retires.*

Enter EMMELINE, *disguised in a man's habit as* GONDIBERT.

Emm. What a situation am I in?—Is this figure really and truly Emmeline—the beloved and only daughter of great Northumberland? Every thing about me is so like a dream, that I am frighted to think I am awake.——Oh how weary I am of this dress! If I had known half that I should have suffered in it, all the fairies in the world should not have persuaded me to put it on.—If I resided here in this disguise, the month of the king's hunting, I was to break the spell I was born under, and my life was to be happy—so the fairy told me!—Yet the time expires to-morrow, and nothing has happened to me but vexation and disappointment. I must once more see this powerful yet decrepit being, who, though invisible, is always within my call.—This ring, which she gave me, convenes her: if I take it off and touch it thrice, she appears.—Once—twice—thrice!

[ELFINA *comes forward, and touches her.*

Emm. O fairy! my situation is such as I can bear no longer.

Elf. Patience; for it ends to-morrow.

Emm. To-morrow!—to-morrow is a thousand years.—When the horse has all he can bear, a feather will break his back.

Elf. What's the matter?

Emm. Matter! why, in the first place, I have lived almost a month in a court——

Elf. That your sorrow?

Emm. That my sorrow! Yes—I that have always lived in my father's principality, fair Northumberland, where a noble simplicity of manners showed the heart to be open and undesigning, have, by your persuasion and assistance, left it for a place where hypocrisy is avowed by the name of good-breeding; where the most shameful licentiousness is justified as gallantry; dissimulation and perfidy as address and good management; where self-interest is professed as the first principle of wisdom, and virtue and public spirit derided as extravagance and superstition.

Elf. But your dress was your defence.

Emm. O! it is my dress that exposes me to more than half that I suffer. When one of my own sex is in company, I am comparatively happy; but how unfit for a woman's ear is the conversation of men, when it is not restrained by knowing that a woman is present: I begin to fear that I should not have thought so well even of those men I have been used to converse with, if they had appeared to me as they appear to each other. The friendship and confidence of these lords of the creation have almost robbed me, a weak woman, of my allegiance: I am frighted at the thought of living among them.

Elf. Fear not vices you detest.

Emm. Fear not! but what must I hope? O fairy! if I have implicitly followed your instructions, if I have hidden them in my breast from every friend, and even from good Northumberland my father, let me no longer suffer the anguish of suspense.

Elf. Persevere; believe; confide.

Emm. But I have yet found no object worthy of my love.

Elf. You must find, and know it not.
Such the fates ordain'd thy lot!

Emm. I know the mystery of my fate—that the happiness of my life depends upon my seeing and making a friend of the most beautiful and accomplished of men, without one thought of love—Alas! —forgive my doubts, my fear—should you—

Elf. Hold! of foul mistrust beware—To-morrow.

Emm. Well, then, till to-morrow—

Elf. Soft——unhallowed feet are nigh!——Florimond——

Emm. O! that wretch haunts me like my shadow. To rally me for what he calls my virtue, seems to be his supreme delight; he is proud of his own insensibility to what gives me pain: the confusion he throws me into, he considers as a test of his own abilities and accomplishments; and as vanity is his predominant passion, he is so assiduous to secure the enjoyment of his superiority, that I can scarce escape him one hour in the day.

Elf. He shall work thee woe and weal,
As to-morrow shall reveal.

Emm. But how? where?—dear, dear fairy!—

Elf. Ha, ha, ha! How and where must still perplex ye;
And, in kindness, I must vex ye—Ha, ha, ha!

[ELFINA *disappears.*

Emm. Gone!—Mystery, perplexity, and distress! She sports, too, with my anxiety! I almost wish I had not trusted her: but 'tis too late—Here comes Florimond, and my torment begins.

Enter FLORIMOND *singing.*

Flor. Ha' my little Gondibertus! have I found you?—What, all alone? [*Peeping about.*] Egad, I was in hopes there had been a wench in the case, and that I might have given thee joy of thy reformation.

Emm. Sir, I chose to be alone. Solitude is sometimes not only useful but pleasant.

Flor. Why, 'tis a fine moon-light evening, indeed —But what the devil—

Emm. I have sufficient subject for meditation, sir; and I hoped that, as there is to be a ball at the castle to-night, you would have been better engaged than to watch my privacy.

Flor. What! better engaged than to raise such a recruit for the *beau monde* as thou art?—Come, come, thou shalt not thus steal away from good company to thyself.

Emm. Sir, upon my word, I'm fit company for none but myself at present.

Flor. Psha!—What, always muzzy, with a dismal countenance as long as a tailor's bill! Come, cheer up, boy, I've news for thee.

Emm. For me, sir? [*Alarmed.*

Flor. Ay, to divert thee, I mean; that's all.

Emm. What, is it any thing uncommon then?

Flor. No, faith, not very uncommon neither; though, perhaps, thou may'st make a wonder of it. 'Tis only an heiress that's just run away with a young fellow.

Emm. That, indeed, is not so uncommon as might be wished. But who is she? is she of any fashion?

Flor. Yes, faith, she is of some fashion; Northumberland's fair daughter Emmeline, that's all—

Emm. Oh!

Flor. What, thy virtue is shock'd at the licentiousness of the age? Ha, ha, ha!—Or art thou a lover of the fair Emmeline's? hey!

Emm. [*Aside.*] What shall I say? My confusion will certainly betray me—'Twas only a sudden pain shot across my breast. But what particulars do you hear?

Flor. Why, it seems she got leave of her father to follow him hither; and it is just accidentally disco-

vered, that she left his castle the next day, though she has not yet been here.

Emm. Well; but why do you therefore conclude that she's gone off with a man?

Flor. Why, only because the Duke of Kent's son, Edgar, disappeared upon the same pretence, just at the same time; and both have been missing ever since.

Emm. And is this sufficient to authorise a positive assertion to the prejudice of a reputation, which hitherto not slander itself has presumed to stain?

Flor. Ha, ha, ha! Not slander itself has presumed to stain! Ha, ha, ha! [*Mimicking her.*

Emm. [*Aside.*] O my heart! What new insult am I doom'd to suffer?—You'll excuse me, sir, if upon this occasion I take the liberty to tell you, that your mirth is rather ill-timed, and—

Flor. Sir, do you know this fair lady, that you are so much disposed to become her knight-errant?

Emm. [*Aside.*] I must be cautious, or my zeal may discover me. Sir, though I should not know her, it is my point of honour never to suffer the reputation of the absent to be wantonly sported away upon mere circumstances and surmise.

Flor. Your point of honour!—why, to be sure, all this is very fine. But I'll tell you a secret, my dear—As unstain'd as you may think the fair Emmeline's reputation, there is a certain humble servant of yours, that shall be nameless, who has some small reason to think, that a certain piece of brittle ware, which she had the keeping of, may be a little crack'd—or so.

Emm. [*Aside.*] A wretch! who never saw me but in this disguise—You are well acquainted with her, then?

Flor. Why, I am.

Emm. And pray, what kind of a woman is she?

Flor. Why she's a pretty——upon my word, a very pretty wench.

Emm. But is she tall, or short, or brown, or fair?
Flor. You have never seen her, you say?
Emm. No more than I do this moment.
Flor. [*Aside.*] Then I may venture—Why, she is fair, tall, and slender; has a fine neck, a very fine neck! her limbs remarkably well turn'd; her leg and ancle the finest I ever saw——
Emm. [*Distressed and confounded.*] Oh!
Flor. Ay, I thought I should set you a-longing: but come, she's not to be had at present, it seems; so no more of her.
Emm. I cannot so easily dismiss her as you may imagine; and yet, perhaps, you may mistake the reason.
Flor. Very likely, faith; but what is it?
Emm. Why, I am astonished that you make so light of what has happened to her; whether you consider it as the loss of a mistress, or whether as a misfortune to a woman you must be supposed to have loved, and to whom you must have had obligations of the strongest and most tender kind: one of these lights you must see it in.
Flor. Why, my dear, as to that, I am extremely easy about losing her; for between you and I, I could spare her. I must indeed confess, that I was very fond of her once; but, 'faith, the obligations were all on her side—'Tis among ourselves.
Emm. [*Aside.*] O, my heart! what a monstrous compound of vanity and lies is this?—How so, pray, sir?
Flor. Why, I used to meet her in her father's park night after night, at the risk of my life; and, i'gad, what with the danger, and what with the fatigue, I grew tired of her; and, to tell you the truth, provided her another lover, to make good my retreat. 'Tis among ourselves.
Emm. Well said—and who was that, sir?

Flor. The very same Edgar that she is now run away with. I thought it would be a pretty thing for him; for he is one of your fighting fellows, that is never so happy as when he's in danger;—but I am sorry he has been so indiscreet.

Emm. Pray, sir, excuse me; I don't pretend to question the truth of what you say; but there are some difficulties in the story that I should be glad to have cleared up. If you was so much in the lady Emmeline's good graces, and had, as you say, no dislike to her person, how came you not to think of marrying her? Such an alliance, I presume, would not have dishonour'd you.—I shall confound him now.

[*Aside.*

Flor. Marrying her!—I'gad, she knew a trick worth two o' that: I would have married her; and I told her so. "My dear Florimond," says she—her arm was then lying negligently cross my shoulder, thus—and she looked archly at me, thus—"My dear Florimond," says she, "why should you and I, that have now only the power of making each other happy, suffer a doating old priest to give us the power of making each other miserable? If you were to be my husband, you might cease to be my lover; and then," says she, with a most roguish leer, "perhaps I might be tempted to take another; you would tyrannize, I should rebel; you would enjoy nothing but the hope of breaking my heart, and I should enjoy nothing but the hope of breaking yours."

Emm. [*Aside.*] Still, still I draw upon myself more confusion.—But why, then, did she run away with Edgar? That must ruin her schemes both of interest and pleasure.

Flor. Nay, how the devil can I tell that?

[EMMELINE *walks apart, confused and embarrassed.*

Flor. What, in your reveries!—Thou art now musing on some vartuous love, like an ever faithful lovyer till death—ha, ha, ha!—Come, come;—

psha, don't be a fool; some kind wench now would cure you—I'gad, what think you of Elfrida?—Come along, we'll call at her apartment: perhaps she's dressing, and we shall be admitted to her toilet. Upon my soul, a fine figure of a woman! a little masculine, that's all; but, take my word for it, a delicious morsel for all that!—Hark ye, if you are not sheepish, she'll not be coy: 'tis among ourselves,—I tell you as a friend; faith, I don't love to monopolize—I'll just tickle up her fancy a little, and leave you together. Come—

Emm. Pray, sir——

Flor. I will, faith.

Emm. I must insist——

Flor. Nay, come along, come along.

[*Lays hold of her.*

Emm. Sir, I must absolutely be excused at present.

Flor. Why, what a plague is it now that thou hast taken into thy head?

Emm. Sir, I have an affair that at present requires me to be alone; which I cannot further explain than——

Flor. Say no more, say no more. [*Aside.*] I'gad, I have guessed it now—A challenge?—Why, there's light enough for two people to cut one another's throats by, to be sure—I'll away—Well, my dear, if I must leave you to the dew and the moonshine, I must;—but, d'ye hear, 'faith, I'll to Elfrida—will you follow me? If you don't stay too long, you'll find an *attendrissement* that you may be obliged to your humble servant for;—that's all—'tis among ourselves.—Adieu. [*Exit.*

Emm. Why, fare thee well, thou—wretch, without a name.—What will, what can become of me! What is it that prompts this fool, whom as I never knew I never could provoke, to wrong me thus? Is it a sacrifice to his vanity? or is it mere wantonness and

sport? Pray heaven this fairy don't deceive me!—What shall I do?——I must see her, and take her counsel in this new distress.

[*She takes off her Ring, and touches it thrice; but the Fairy does not appear.*]

Ha! sure I dream!—Forlorn, deserted!—this perfidious goblin!—Again I touch it; once—and twice—and thrice—and yet she is not here—O! I could—But though I see her not, she may be near me, to hear and punish the complaints which her unkindness forces from me—To whom can I now ease my heart?—O! sacred friendship!—but here I have no friend. Elfrida—yes, she indeed, as if by some secret sympathy, claims my confidence: and my heart tells me she deserves it—Yes, I will trust her with my secret: she will be a witness for me against this slander, and assist me with her advice. [*Exit.*

The Scene changes to EDGAR'S *apartment, and discovers him at a toilet dressing in the character of* ELFRIDA; *a Woman attending.*

Edg. Here, give me the ribbons.—Get you gone ——I'll call you when I want you.

Wom. [*Aside.*] This lady has the strangest humours! [*Exit.*

Edg. Was ever man in such ridiculous distress? I'm sure I ne'er knew any thing like it since I was Edgar the son of Kent. Here have I had a young tempting girl fiddle-faddling about me these two hours to dress me, forsooth—with an officious handiness so provoking, that no virtue under that of a stock-fish could endure it patiently.——Yet an old woman upon these occasions I cannot bear:—and, in short, I can no longer bear a young one.—It is my fate, they say, to be miserable if I don't get acquainted with the finest girl in England, without wishing for her; and I was told by a little goblin that started up before me, after it had led me, under the appearance of a Jack

o' Lantern, into a wood, that if I could spend the king's hunting-month here in this disguise, all would be right: but how my being in petticoats should make me less likely to love a fine girl, I cannot conceive! A fine girl, indeed, may be less likely to love me; but as to myself, it is high time for me to get into breeches, that I may get out of temptation.—Here they flock about me—one sits down just before me, and, without any ceremony, ties her garter—another gets me to adjust her tucker.—I'm the witness of so many pranks, and the confidant of so many secrets!—Then I have my hours of mortification too: I am tormented by a swarm of profligate fops, who try to debauch every woman they see with as little concern as they take snuff;—wretches, who are as destitute of love as they are of virtue, and have as little enjoyment as they have understanding!—And here I am obliged to mince, and pish, and fie—and affect to blush——'sdeath, when I'm bursting with indignation, and long to knock 'em down——I'll bear it no longer.

[ELFINA *suddenly appears from under the toilet, and places herself before him.*

Edg. Ha! what, again!

Elf. Again.

Edg. Art thou my good or evil genius? Tell me.

Elf. As you think me, you shall find me.

Edg. I will think thee, then, my good genius; for I would fain find thee so.

Elf. You must trust me too, or else——

Edg. Trust you!—Look at the figure I make here, and then judge if I have not trusted you.

Elf. But your virtue must be tried.

Edg. Tried!—By what new torments would you try it? Have I not suffered the two worst things in nature, temptation and suspense? Have not I——

Elf. No—you have not persevered; all is lost if you give out.

Edg. Resolve my doubts, then; torment me no longer with suspense: let me be certain of the event, and I will be an anchorite, in spite of this habit and all its works, a month longer.

Elf. Well—Observe me, then, and learn.

Edg. [*Eagerly.*] What shall I learn?

Elf. Patience, Edgar!—Fare thee well. Ha, ha!

[*A machine rises under her and carries her away.*

Edg. Derided, and forsaken!—I doubt this is one of the wanton and mischievous elves that tantalize poor mortals for their own diversion: however, as I have played in the farce so long, I'll not stop in the last scene.——

Enter Woman.

Wom. Ma'am, here's my Lord Trifle has sent his compliments to your la'ship, and begs to know whether he shall have the honour of waiting upon your la'ship to the ball.

Edg. [*Recovering his female attitude and accent.*] My compliments, am much obliged to his lordship, but am engaged.

Wom. Yes, ma'am.

Edg. Hark ye—

Wom. Ma'am.

Edg. Has Gondibert call'd here this evening?

Wom. No, ma'am.

Edg. Nor sent?

Wom. No, ma'am. [*Exit.*

Edg. There's a man, now, who might atone for the vices of the whole sex! I am so anxious to recommend myself to him, even in this disguise; and feel such a reluctance to do any thing that may disgust him, even while he thinks me a woman; that when he is present, I labour to make my manner suit with my appearance, I know not how, by a kind of involuntary effort. How strange is the rapidity with which some minds unite!

Enter Woman.

Wom. Ma'am, there's Count Florimond.

Edg. Did not I tell you——

Wom. Yes, ma'am; and I told him—But he said he knew your la'ship was at home, and that he must see you.

Edg. Must see me!

Wom. Yes, ma'am; and though I told him your la'ship was a-dressing, yet he would follow me—— O Lord, he's the strongest man—He's here, an please your la'ship—

Enter FLORIMOND.

Edg. [*Aside.*] What a farce I must now act! Pray heaven it has not a tragical catastrophe!

Flor. My dear goddess!

Edg. Lord, how can you be so monstrous rude!—bursting into one's dressing-room—and putting one into such flurries——

[*He fumbles at pinning on a breast-knot.*

Flor. That your heart beats in concert with mine—The dear toilet is not more the altar of beauty than of love—Permit me the honour, ma'am, of assisting to place that envied ornament of your bosom.

Edg. Lord, sir!—I beg—not for the world—you quite confound me——

Flor. [*Pressing.*] My life! my angel——

[*Catches him hastily round the waist, and endeavours to kiss him; upon which* EDGAR *gives him a smart blow on the ear.*

Edg. Nay, then there is no expedient—

Flor. [*Retreating backward.*] Ma'am!—

[EDGAR *stamps, and* FLORIMOND *starts and retreats farther back at the same time.*

EMMELINE, *as* GONDIBERT, *appears at the Door.*

Flor. I protest, ma'am—— [*Frighted.*

Edg. [*Sternly.*] And I protest, sir——

Flor. Ma'am, I beg——

Edg. And I beg, sir——

Flor. [*Turning and seeing* GONDIBERT.] O—ma'am, your most humble servant. [*Going.*

Emm. [*Aside to* FLOR.] Sir—I am under very great obligations to you; but I would not have you tickle up her fancy any more, upon my account.

Flor. Deuce take you!—I wish you had been as near her as I was.

[*Is going, but again stops and adjusts his wig by a pocket mirror.*

Edg. [*To* EMMELINE, *recovering himself, and adjusting his dress.*] Lord, sir—I'm in such a flurry—I, -I-I-I'm very sorry I should have been provoked to any thing so unbecoming the delicacy of my sex.

Flor. Upon my soul, so am I too—sir, your humble servant. [*Exit.*

Emm. You have no reason to apologize for your indignation, madam; though your blow was something spirited, I must confess.

Edg. I am in such confusion, sir—and he has made me such a figure!—to treat me with indecent familiarities!

Emm. Dear madam, compose yourself, and think no more of him. He has not been much better company to me than he has to you, I'll assure you.

Edg. Lord, sir, you surprise me!——Pray, what impertinence has he been guilty of to you?

Emm. He has been filling my ears with scandal, madam; a subject which seems to be equally suitable both to his abilities and disposition! He has been telling me, that Edgar—

Edg. Who, sir? [*Hastily.*

Emm. Edgar, madam, the son of the Earl of Kent—

Edg. What of him, sir?—What scandal has he spread of Edgar?—

Emm. [*Aside.*] Ha! so interested!—She loves him, sure.

Edg. Let me conjure you, sir, if this wretch has said any thing to dishonour Edgar, you would tell it to me.

Emm. [*Aside.*] It must be so—Your very earnestness forbids me, madam.

Edg. I know I'm moved, and you must think it strange.

Emm. [*Surprised at the masculine tone and manner into which his earnestness involuntarily betrays him.*] Strange indeed!—

Edg. Perhaps, 'tis stranger still than you can think.

Emm. Your manner, madam——

Edg. No matter—Forms and modes become trifles too small for notice, when they stand in competition with a friend's good name.

Emm. [*Aside.*] Her love is to distraction—She frights me, and is not to be trusted——

Edg. Let me conjure you—tell me—

Emm. I cannot tell you, madam.

Edg. Cannot!

Emm. I ought not—Trust me, there are reasons—Let it suffice, that in the story I have heard, a lady's honour is as much concerned as Edgar's; that the slander cannot interest you more than me; that I will do my utmost to make its falsehood so notorious that it cannot be believed; and I entreat that, as you tender your peace, you would as yet enquire no farther—I know myself not proof against your importunity; and therefore you will excuse me, if, having no other way, I save myself by flight. [*Exit.*

[EDGAR *runs out after her, but returns.*

Edg. Curse on this cumbersome habit! I cannot overtake him. Was ever any thing so vexatious! I have been defamed by some scandalous falsehood, and I must do my honour justice—I can at a small expense of dissimulation, get that wretch, Florimond,

to repeat to me all that he has told to Gondibert: I will do it—and I will as yet lie in ambush under this disguise, to make sure of my blow. [*Exit.*

EMMELINE, *as* GONDIBERT, *re-enters.*

Emm. She's gone!—What can I, or what ought I, to do? If I had told her the story, I must have discovered myself to convince her it could not be true: but who knows what a jealous woman might have thought upon finding the very person who is said to have gone off with her lover in so strange a disguise? —Yet she will certainly contrive to hear it from Florimond: and then, good heaven! what will she suffer if I do not convince her that it is false—I must, I will trust her—I have no other chance to save her, but by making a discovery, which, if I had really gone off with Edgar, it is certain, I should not have made, especially to her. But I must not intrude upon her now; I will plant myself where I may intercept her before she can see Florimond, and trust to generous friendship for the event. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Terrace at Windsor Castle.*

Enter FLORIMOND, *with a Letter.*

Flor. Ay——she was obliged to be angry, because that fool Gondibert appeared just at the critical minute at the door—Pox take him!—I might have known it was not natural by her overdoing it—it was, indeed, overdone with a vengeance! But now she's in the panics, lest I should resent it. Now she has something to say—and—if I am disengaged—she will be glad to meet me upon the terrace. If I should humble her now, and not meet her—but that would be

cruel. I will, however, take some state upon me—I will look a little formal; it will save me some trouble in my future advances—Here she comes.

Enter EDGAR, *still disguised as* ELFRIDA.

[FLORIMOND *receives him with an air of negligent haughtiness, and makes a formal bow.*

Edg. Sir, I hope you will not take any advantage of my weakness——

Flor. [*Turning from her.*] Weakness! pox on you! —Your weakness don't lie in your arm, I'm sure o' that.

Edg. [*Following.*] Or suppose, sir, that whatever reason I may have for desiring this meeting——What airs the wretch gives himself! [*Aside.*]——I say, sir, that you would not suppose——I cannot contain myself— [*Aside.*

Flor. Poor soul! what confusion! I will relax a little of my severity. [*Aside.*]—Madam, I will suppose nothing, but that you have given me another opportunity of hearing your commands.

Edg. I think, sir, you was telling Gondibert a certain affair between you and Edgar and a lady; and something that, by his manner of telling it, I could not very well understand.

Flor. [*Aside.*] Aye——a very good introduction ——a love-story is a most excellent prelude to a love-scene——I perceive we are to adjourn.——Why, madam, a certain fair lady called Emmeline has thought fit to make Edgar as happy as any man can be made, except him, madam, whom you shall please to honour with the same favour—Upon my soul, she's a fine creature!

Edg. Sir, your compliments really put me so out of countenance—that I shall blush to death—

Flor. Your blushes are so becoming, madam, that—

Edg. Give me leave, sir, to entreat, that you would

at present spare my confusion, and tell me all the particulars of that affair which have come to your knowledge.

Flor. Aye——She wants a luscious description, now. [*Aside.*]—Why, madam, I presume that Edgar, being fired with the charms of Emmeline, first gazed languishingly upon her; caught her eyes the first time they were casually turned upon him; when, to a soft confusion, she hastily turned her look downward, and blush'd; he took her hand, first pressing it gently in his own, then raising it to his lips; then, madam, I presume he might proceed to——

Edg. Sir!——I shall certainly be out of patience, and knock him down. [*Aside.*]——Sir, if you have any desire to oblige me——or have any expectations, sir, of favours——Not, sir, that I——

Flor. My dear angel, keep me no longer in suspense; let me know your commands, that I may fulfil the condition of—— [*Pressing.*

Edg. [*Drawing back.*] Hold, sir—You must then, without farther delay or interruption, give me a direct answer to a few short questions.

Flor. Why, madam, it shall then be in your own way.

Edg. First then, sir, are you acquainted with Edgar, the young heir of Kent?

Flor. Why, madam, to proceed implicitly as you direct, I believe there are few persons who know more of that gentleman than your humble servant.

Edg. [*Aside.*] Matchless impudence!——And pray, sir, what kind of a youth is he?

Flor. [*Aside.*] I see by her curiosity she don't know him——Why, madam, the youth is a–a–a–rather soft——a green youth, madam, as we say——

Edg. Sir, these are terms that I do not perfectly comprehend; and therefore I beg you would be more explicit.

Flor. Why then, explicitly, madam, he is, upon

my soul, a shallow fellow—a very shallow fellow, faith ——'Tis among ourselves.

Edg. He is?

Flor. He is indeed, madam——The poor devil has some awkward good-nature, and I have a kindness for him; but, between you and I, he'll never be so much a man of honour as I could wish him.

Edg. [*Forgetting his feminine character, and running up to him.*] How, villain!——

Flor. [*Frightened, and drawing back.*] Ma'am!—

Edg. [*Aside.*] What have I done! [*He draws himself again into form.*] To think of villainy in people that, by their rank, are set up as examples to others, quite transports me out of myself—Heigh ho!—It has quite overcome me.

[*Affects to faint, and takes out a smelling-bottle.*

Flor. [*Aside.*] What a terrible virago it is!—— May I presume, madam, to lend you my hand?

[*Approaching cautiously.*

Edg. It is over, sir——I'm so subject to flurries —and my poor nerves are so shattered——I'm extremely obliged to you for this character of Edgar—To have been guilty of any thing base!

Flor. Very base, I assure you, madam.

Edg. Sir!——[*Assuming a fierce masculine air, but instantly correcting himself.*]

Flor. Ma'am!—[*Starting back.*]——Fore gad, she's mad!——and, upon my soul, in my opinion, damnably mischievous. [*Aside.*

Edg. Give me leave, sir——as well as I am able ——to ask you what in particular has——but I see company coming——If we walk this way, we shall avoid them.

Flor. [*Aside.*] Avoid them!—Heaven forbid—— Perhaps, madam, another time———

Edg. Sir, I shall die if my curiosity is not gratified.

Flor. Madam——at present, I am——

Edg. Sir, I beg——for my reputation, that we

may not be surprised together while I'm in this disorder.

Flor. By no means, madam——let us part this moment——If you'll go off one way, I'll go the other.

Edg. O not for the world!——To be seen to part hastily, upon being observed together, would be the subject of eternal scandal——Let me beg the favour of your arm—— [*Lays hold of his arm.*

Flor. [*Crying out.*] Lard Gad, madam!——

Edg. Sir!

Flor. You'll pinch it through.

Edg. Lord, sir, 'tis my fright——One naturally clasps any thing hard in a fright.

Flor. Madam, you do me honour——

[EDGAR *holds his arm; he keeps as far off as he can, and fixes his eyes upon him as they go out.*

By the heavens! she has the gripe of a bum-bailiff. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,—*The Dark Grove.*

Enter ELFINA.

Elf. Sister! sister! [GROTILLA *suddenly appears.*

Grot. ——Here am I.

Elf. Now the fated hour is nigh,
Keep the lovers in your eye.
Each to each shall soon be known;
Each for each was born alone.

Grot. Florimond, the caitiff vile——

Elf. They shall prosper by his guile:
(Evil we for good permit)
This their friendship's knot shall knit.
But the fated hour is nigh——
Come, ye elves, whose minds perceive,
By secret impulse, what I will:
Come, your sports this moment leave,

And what I ordain fulfil.

[*Many Fairies suddenly appear.*

Now the fated hour is nigh,
To rites that charm from ill apply.
Form the circle on the dew,

[*They form a ring.*

Round, and round, the track renew——

[*They dance.*

Mark it thrice, and thrice again——
Join with me the magic strain.

SONG.

By the bat's nocturnal flight
O'er the sleeping plants and flowers;
By the moon's inconstant light
Potent spell of midnight-hours——
By the ring of various dyes,
Circling oft the silver ball;
By the genial mists that rise,
By the virgin dews that fall——
By the meteor's gleamy spark,
Wand'ring o'er the reedy lake;
Stars that shoot athwart the dark,
Light from polar skies that break;
By night, and all things that to night pertain,
Ye rival powers, from adverse arts abstain!
Intrude not now my purpose to contest;
But let the pair that I would bless, be blest.
Elf. Cease, the fated hour is nigh!
Cease, and to the castle fly!
Careful watch the great event,
Finish'd ere the day be spent.

[*Fairies and the Scene disappear together.*

Enter EMMELINE, *still disguised as* GONDIBERT.

Emm. She's gone out, and I have unfortunately missed her—She's certainly gone to Florimond—Ha! yonder they are—Yes, it is certainly so—What violent emotion!—Now they move hastily forward—Now she stops short—her gestures are scarce feminine—Now she recovers herself—Florimond, too,

seems to be frighted out of his gallantry, and extremely willing to put an end to the conversation—'Tis over! he leaves her, and she comes this way.—Yes, I will open my whole heart to her; not for my sake now, but her own. Whatever are the first sallies of her surprise and passion, she must at length feel and return my friendship—Here she comes; I must not accost her too abruptly.

[*Retires to a little distance.*

Enter EDGAR, *still as* ELFRIDA. *Seeing* EMMELINE, *he stops short.*

Edg. Ha! Gondibert—I know the generous reason, now, of his reserve. In this disguise, what could my interest in Edgar appear to him but love?—and if it had been so, how must I have been hurt by what he had to tell me!—But he is not less interested in the lady—so he said—Sure then he is to Emmeline what he thought Edgar was to me!—Let me, then, repay his generous kindness; let me discover, not only what, but who I am, to convince him that the tale is false, which, if true, must destroy his peace. [*Going up to* EMMELINE.]—You need not shun me, sir; I have now nothing to ask that you would wish to conceal; I have only to request, that you would forgive me for having violated your injunction not to satisfy the curiosity you had raised. I am apprised of your kind, your generous motive; and it has inspired my breast with all that it is possible I should feel for you,—a grateful and ardent friendship.

Emm. Your love, madam, I make no doubt is fixed on a much nobler and more deserving object. Edgar, I presume——

Edg. My connection with Edgar, sir, is indeed, in some sense, the reason why your merit cannot make an impression, which I am not ashamed to say it might otherwise have done; and yet, sir, let me confess, that I am not affected by the story of his dis-

appearing with Emmeline, as you might reasonably imagine, because I know for certain that it cannot be true.

Emm. [*Hastily.*] Ha! that it cannot be true—

Edg. I now owe your friendship a discovery, if indeed it is a discovery, which I was prompted by mere regard to myself to have made before: I think there is a connection between you and Emmeline, that——

Emm. There is, indeed, a connection, madam—a secret which you convince me it is now in vain to affect to hide——

Edg. Let me, then, claim it—But let me first, as a pledge of that friendship which I hope shall end but with our lives, give for your secret mine——

Emm. Do not, then, keep me longer in suspence; for still the more we talk, the more I am perplex'd.—[*Aside.*] What can her secret be?

Edg. Why, then, in the first place, sir,—I am—a man.——

Emm. [*Aside, with great emotion, which she labours to conceal.*] A man!—Good Heaven! what will become of me!

Edg. And now let me at once embrace you as a friend: punctilios and forms no longer part us—

[*As* EDGAR *advances eagerly to* EMMELINE, *she hides her face, and appears in great confusion.*

Edg. [*Hastily.*] What ails my friend?

Emm. O! you have ruin'd all my pleasing project—prevented—but no matter——

Edg. This is amazing! For Heaven's sake, what d'ye mean?—You was not, sure, enamour'd of my person—

Emm. O! no—You still mistake——

Edg. Then tell me my mistake; for we may now converse on even terms: our hearts may now be opened to each other, without the forms and the reserve prescribed in friendships with the softer sex.

Emm. O! still you wander, wider and wider still—I cannot speak——

Edg. You must—There is a secret which, but now, your heart was ready to reveal——

Emm. And then I thought it known—but now—

Edg. Now my warm heart has claim'd you for my friend——

Emm. And now to tell it, is impossible—I cannot tell it—and if I could, you would not find the friendship that you hope—

[EDGAR *looks earnestly at her, wondering and embarrassed.*

I sicken at his sight. [*Aside.*]—Oh my heart!

Edg. I'm all perplexity and wonder!—Your colour comes and goes, like a sick girl's. [*She becomes more confused, as he marks her confusion.*]—You tremble!—Heavens! he faints! [*He catches her in his arms, and discovers her breast.*]—By all my wonder and my joy, a woman!—How lovely her confusion!—O let my bosom warm thee back to life! Look up, and trust the honour of my love: you shall not whisper what you would conceal; nor will I seek to know it. [*She recovers.*

Emm. O! let me hide me from myself;—my sex thus known—in this disguise! Where shall my conscious blushes find a veil?—Who are you? Tell me, that I may hide me from your sight for ever.

Edg. Oh, no!—on that condition let me ne'er be known.

Emm. Yet tell me—trust me——

Edg. Trust thee! Yes, with my life I'd trust thee. Thy friend—O! know me by a softer name—is Kent's young heir; that Edgar you have heard so falsely and so wantonly traduced.

Emm. Still wonders crowd on wonders!

Edg. I dream myself, or this is all enchantment.

Emm. So might you think, indeed, if more you knew me.

Edg. Let me, then, know thee more, whom now I know as the most fair and gentle of thy sex; whom yet I saw and loved without desire,—my pledge of happiness!—May I be thine!—But yet I rave,—thy fate was not like Edgar's——

Emm. Spare me,—thy words have power, which yet thou knowest not.

Edg. O! take me from the rack! My thoughts grow wild—There is, indeed, a maid, whose fate I've heard was such as mine,—that Emmeline—O! heaven, that Emmeline, in whom I thought thy interest, love!—O! yes, it must, it shall—thou, thou art she!

Emm. Leave me, or I shall die with my confusion.

Edg. Let me support thee, hide thee in my breast, where thou shalt breathe thy answer in a sigh.—Art thou not Emmeline, my fated love?

Emm. If Emmeline be thy fated love,—I am.

Edg. Still let me clasp thee closer, and closer still; calm all the tumults of thy feeling mind, and sooth thee into confidence by love.

Emm. No; let me now retire; for in this dress I cannot bear to see myself or you.

Edg. Yet stay,—forgive the violence I do you. My fame and yours are wantonly traduced; 'tis fit that we do justice to them both, and punish the traducer.

Emm. He is not worth resentment.

Edg. He is for others sakes, though not his own. I have a thought, would Emmeline but join——

Emm. Tell me, then, quickly.

Edg. Send him a challenge in behalf of Emmeline, as Gondibert; and meet him, not as Gondibert, but Emmeline. I will take care to be present, not as Elfrida, but Edgar: he will then be self-convicted as a liar, by knowing neither of the persons he has defamed; and we may farther punish him as we please.

Emm. Well, I will try at this; but now dismiss me. [*She breaks from his hand, and runs off.*

Edg. Farewell, my love!——How has the hand of heaven vouchsafed to guide me through all the mazes of my fate to bliss! Even my revenge, my justice rather, upon that wretch, whose very folly is envenomed, shall be complete;—but a mind so base can never be brave. Suppose he should not come, —he's here.

Enter FLORIMOND. *Seeing* EDGAR, *he stops short.*

Flor. Gad take me,—this damned madwoman is certainly fated to be my death.

[EDGAR *advances towards him; he draws back, and looks frighted.*

Edg. Sir, I am so shocked when I reflect upon the indecorums that my passions have made me guilty of to you, and my poor spirits are so flurried, that I really am not able to make my apology.

Flor. Ma'am, I am extremely sorry—and, ma'am, I must absolutely fly from your ladyship's apology. [*Going.*

Edg. Sir, I must beg the favour of your ear for a few minutes—I hope, sir, you will pardon my confusion—I have something to say to you, sir, that—— Leg me beg, sir, that you would come a little nearer——

Flor. Pox on her, she wants to fasten her damned claws upon me again. [*Aside.*]—Your commands, madam, always do me honour [*To her.*]—and, upon my soul, always leave me black and blue. [*Aside.*

Edg. I have just heard, sir, something that has flustered me to such a degree——

Flor. Ay—another fright! she'll certainly lay hold of me. [*Aside*]—Ma'am,-a-a-a—I hope there's no danger threatens your ladyship— [*Retiring.*

Edg. Not directly me, sir; nor indeed much danger to you; but I was willing you should be prepared——

Flor. Danger—prepared——For heaven's sake, madam, what d'ye mean?

Edg. Why, Gondibert, sir—you'll excuse my freedom—Lard, that I should be so indiscreet——I'm sensible that the interest I take in this affair may be liable to constructions of such a nature—that——

Flor. Lord, ma'am, if there is any villainous design against me, I beseech you to let me know it. Perhaps we had better change our ground; some villain may be taking aim at me as I stand.

[*Looking about.*

Edg. You need not be under such apprehensions, sir; it is a matter of no consequence: It is only, that Gondibert is to send you a challenge for the liberty you have taken with Lady Emmeline; that's all.

Flor. Oh, if 'tis only an intention of Gondibert to cut my throat, to be sure, that's a matter of no consequence.—A bloody-minded ruffian! [*Aside.*

Edg. Why, sir, to my certain knowledge, Gondibert knows no more of a sword than a girl of eighteen; and has not a grain more courage.

Flor. [*Taking courage.*] Why, as to that, madam—

Edg. As to that, sir, I am confident it would make no difference to you; but as I know he won't fight, and only presumes upon an insolent opinion that Count Florimond's courage is as questionable as his own—

Flor. [*Blustering.*] How, madam?

Edg. Lard, sir, if you are so violent, I shall certainly fall into my tremors,—I shall certainly want the support of your arm.

Flor. Mercy upon me! and I shall want but very little killing afterwards if you do. [*Aside.*

Edg. I say, sir, I think he should be properly exposed; and I hope you'll act accordingly.

Flor. Madam, excuse me; a coward is my aversion; and you may depend upon his being chastised with most exemplary severity.—But I should be sor-

ry to mistake his character. [*Aside.*]—You know he won't fight?

Edg. [*A little hastily.*] Sir, if you suspect my veracity—

Flor. O Lord, madam—no, not in the least.

Edg. You'll excuse me, sir: I am really ashamed —of the liberty I have taken. Sir, your humble servant. [*Exit.*

Flor. Madam, your most obedient.—Thank heaven she's gone. It was a lucid interval; but it would not have been of much longer continuance. I'm obliged to her though for her information; indeed I am. Egad, I'll make a figure in this business.—But if the challenge is coming, I must be at home to receive it. [*Exit.*

Enter several Fairies.

1*st Fairy.* Come away, come away!
We have jubilee to-day.
2*d Fairy.* Wherefore, wherefore?
3*d Fairy.* Tell me.
4*th Fairy.* Tell me.
1*st Fairy.* Ere the evening sheds the dew,
You shall know; and you, and you.
2*d Fairy.* What is finished?
3*d Fairy.* What is planned?
1*st Fairy.* Peace,—the sisters are at hand.

Enter ELFINA *and* GROTILLA, *with many Fairies in grotesque characters.*

Elf. Now we triumph!—now 'tis past!
Spells are broken, joy shall last!
Let the voice of music rise;
Music grateful to the skies.

AIR, *with Chorus.*

We triumph, we triumph, with victory blest;
And beauty and truth are of pleasure possessed.

Let mortals be told, and rejoice in the sound,
" No lovers henceforward by fate shall be bound:"
There's now no conditions of pleasure but two,
Which they all may fulfil—to be tender and true.
Da capo.

Elf. Now let ev'ry elf and fay
Dance the laughing hours away:
Let your nimble feet rebound,
Lightly from the daisied ground;
Trip it round, and round, and round.
[*A Dance.*

Elf. [*Stopping suddenly.*] Hist, a mortal foot is nigh;
None must here remain but I.
[*Exeunt all but* ELFINA, *who retires to the back of the Stage.*

Enter FLORIMOND.

Flor. This is the place, and this is the time; but I see no signs of my little Gondibertus.—Ha! here comes a *bona roba*, whom I have not the honour to know. Egad, this affair will turn out with an eclat, very much to my honour; I'll make the most of it: I'll let her into my business here, without seeming to see her.

[EMMELINE *enters in her own Habit, and observes him. He affects not to see her; but walks hastily to and again, often looking on his Watch, affecting great impatience, and speaking as to himself.*

A poltroon! not to meet me upon his own challenge. I'll make him know what it is to insult a man of honour. If the wretch had met me, I would have given him his life; but now to spare him—a scandal to mankind! Ha! [*Affects to be surprised at seeing* EMMELINE.] Death! interrupted and discovered! [*Half aside.*] Madam—I protest—I am confounded—I am afraid that my natural impetuosity has a, a, a——

Emm. Sir, I am very sorry that I should have intruded upon your privacy; but, perhaps, I have prevented something that would have had worse consequences.

Flor. Madam, I am not at liberty——

Emm. By the few words, sir, which now involuntarily escaped you, I know that you aré waiting here upon an affair of honour; but I entreat——

Flor. Madam, it is impossible; nothing but his life can atone for the insult.

Emm. You will excuse a woman, though a stranger, sir, upon such an occasion;—may I entreat to know, sir, who has had the misfortune to incur the resentment of a gentleman, who seems so little to deserve ill treatment, and so able to punish it?

Flor. Madam, you do me honour.—She is making advances already. [*Aside.*]—Why, madam, as the treatment I have received makes it an act of justice to tell what I should otherwise rather die than discover, I will comply with your request: Hem! A little dirty dependant upon the court here, madam, one Gondibert, thought fit to send me a challenge, upon account of something I happened to say concerning a lady, in whose good graces I happened to be, and whom a foolish young fellow that I was a friend to, has thought fit to run away with; and, madam, though I have so far treated him like a gentleman, as to accept his challenge, he has not come to the place appointed, and it is now half-an-hour past the time.

Emm. [*Looking out.*] Methinks I see somebody at a distance coming this way; perhaps that may be the gentleman——

Flor. [*Starting, and looking out as afraid.*] Ah! egad that's certainly he. Now, if he should not be a coward at last! [*Aside.*]—Madam, a-a-a! for God's sake retire,—for—a-a-a——

Emm. Sir, I believe it will not be necessary; for I'm pretty sure now that the gentleman is a friend of mine——

Flor. A friend of yours, madam! pray, who is he?

Emm. A gentleman, sir, who, I am sure, will be extremely glad to be better known to you.

Enter EDGAR, *in his proper dress.*

Emm. [*Aside.*] Yes, 'tis he, 'tis Edgar! with what elegance and dignity he looks the man.

Edg. [*Aside.*] How soft, how lovely, in her female dress!

Emm. [*To* FLORIMOND.] Sir, as we are now no longer alone, I may confess that I am not altogether a stranger to your person or your merit.—[*To* EDGAR.] Sir, this is Florimond, a gentleman to whom both you and I have some obligations, which I believe he is not at present aware of.

Flor. Upon my word, madam, you absolutely confound me—this excessive honour—is it possible that I should have been so happy as to confer obligations—Pray, madam, may I crave the honour of your name?

Edg. Do you not at all recollect that lady, sir?

Flor. Upon my soul, sir, I cannot say that I do.

Edg. Who, now, do you think it can possibly be, of all that your polite generosity has obliged?

Flor. Let me perish, sir, if I can tell.

Edg. Why, sir, that lady is one Emmeline; with whom, as she tells me, you was formerly most intimately acquainted; and whom you lately conversed with, sir, in disguise, by the name of Gondibert: 'tis among ourselves——What! quite confounded, sir?

Flor. [*Recovering himself.*] Ha, ha, ha! confounded! Ha, ha, ha! No, no, sir: you have had your jest, and I have had mine. I knew well enough who I was talking to when I play'd upon the little Gondi-

bertus—Ah! I thought I should make you smart for your frolic—I told Elfrida my whole scheme—

Edg. You told Elfrida your whole scheme—

Emm. But pray, sir, as you did not know my person in my own dress, how came you to know me in disguise?

Flor. Why, madam, to confess the truth, I was let into the secret by a friend—[*Aside.*] Egad, this goes swimmingly—

Edg. Well, sir; but pray, give me leave to bring you acquainted with a person, who, I'm sure, you are at present totally a stranger to—Pray, who do you think I am?

Flor. [*Aside.*] Heaven knows! but I wish I was fairly out of your clutches—Upon my soul, sir, I have not the honour to know you, any otherwise than as a gentleman whom I should be extremely proud to consider as my friend.

Edg. Why, sir, I have the honour to be one Edgar; a very shallow fellow, sir, that you had some kindness for, because he was awkwardly good-natured: I have also had the honour to receive several of your civilities, under the name of Elfrida—'Tis among ourselves.

Flor. Sir, your most humble servant—I have at this time some urgent business—

Edg. So have I, sir; and therefore you must not leave me yet. You may remember, sir, that you told me your whole scheme to punish Emmeline for her frolic, and to mortify her with stories of herself by way of joke.

Flor. Sir, I beseech you—

Edg. Sir, I am extremely sorry for the occasion; but as this lady has not got her fighting clothes on, you must excuse me if I take her challenge upon myself; and so, sir—[*Draws.*] 'Tis among ourselves.

Emm. What has my thoughtless indiscretion done!

Flor. Ah, dear sir, now you are too serious—

Emm. This must not be—For heaven's sake, Edgar, hear me!

Edg. Fear not, my love—Sir, whatever you may think, this is but sport to what is to follow; and so, sir, without more words—

Flor. O Lord, sir!—I beseech you, madam—

Emm. For my sake, Edgar—

Edg. Trust me.—Draw, sir, or—

Flor. Sir, I don't desire to do you any harm; I don't, upon my soul, sir.

Edg. Scoundrel, coward, draw!

Emm. Consider, Edgar—

Flor. Ay, do, dear sir, consider—

Edg. Consider what?

Flor. That I am but a poor, miserable, lying coxcomb, sir—Indeed, sir, I am.

Emm. It is better to dismiss him, Edgar, as beneath your resentment.

Flor. So it is, indeed, sir; a great deal better.

Edg. Art not thou a wretch, without the least principle of truth or honour?

Flor. Yes, sir.

Edg. Art thou not infamous, as a slanderer and a coward?

Flor. Yes, sir.

Edg. Have not thy very follies the malignity of vices? and is it not a disgrace to nature to consider thee as a man?

Flor. Any thing, dear sir, if you will but spare my life. If you choose any other satisfaction, sir; if you would be content to kick me into some dark corner, and leave me, I should think myself under infinite obligations to you.

Edg. Hence then, and be thyself thy punishment!

[FLORIMOND *runs off.*

As FLORIMOND *runs off,* ELFINA *comes forward.*

Ha!—Fear not, my Emmeline. It is a friendly power, familiar to my sight.

Emm. What! is she known to you!—my friend! my guide!

Edg. And mine!— [*Both run and kneel to her.*

Elf. Rise both, both blest—

Emm. Forgive my diffidence. When my heart accused you, I was overwhelmed with distress!—Your promise to come at my call was not fulfilled.

Elf. I came not, that I might send you hither [*Pointing to* EDGAR.] Your friendship was the parent of your love.

Edg. I too have need of your forgiveness; pardon my distrust.

Elf. Say no more; your fathers now
Ought to hear your mutual vow;
Both the royal presence grace,
Heroes both of British race!
Go, your duties there present;
I will answer for the event.
Long may virtue guard your breast!
Joy shall then be long your guest.

[*The Fairy disappears.*

Edg. She's gone! the kind propitious sprite, that has led us, hoodwinked, to the happiness which, seeing, we had missed.

Emm. Let us then haste to follow her last advice; for I can trust her now.

A Fairy behind the Scenes.

Edgar, Edgar, Edgar!

Emm. Hark! What voice?

Edg. Perhaps some other kind and invisible being—There's music too— [*An Overture to a Song.*

Emm. It comes, another tiny sprite—It cannot mean us ill—It beckons you——

RECITATIVE.

Fairy. Hear me, Edgar; hear, and trust!
Still be kind, and still be just;
Truth and fondness that endure,
Love from jealousy secure.

AIR.

Take and keep the fated fair,
Born to give supreme delight;
Make her ever all thy care,
And secure thy envied right.
Clasp her to thy beating breast,
Round her lock thy faithful arms;
These will guard her virtue best,
These will best secure her charms.

[*The Fairy disappears.*

Edg. Come then, my fair, whom fate my love ordains,
By whom kind heaven o'erpays my fears and pains!
Chosen as thou art for graces of the mind,
Ere gold could influence, or desire could bind;
Whose charms, unsought, unknown, are friendship's dower;
Whose love on reason founds its lasting power.
O! might each pair thus work what fate intends,
And none be lovers but who first were friends!

[*Exeunt.*

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION;

AN

HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY

GENERAL BURGOYNE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RICHARD,	*Mr Kelly.*
BLONDEL,	*Mr Barrymore.*
FLORESTAN,	*Mr Caulfield.*
Sir OWEN,	*Mr Dignum.*
The Seneschal,	*Mr Cooke.*
ANTONIO,	*Mrs Bland.*
GUILLOT,	*Mr Suett.*
Old MATTHEW,	*Mr Maddocks.*
WILLIAM, Servant to Sir Owen,	*Mr Fisher.*
A Pilgrim, the Friend of Blondel,	*Mr Webb.*
Peasant,	*Mr Gibbon.*

Soldiers, Peasants, &c.

MATILDA,	*Mrs Mountain.*
LAURETTE,	*By a Young Lady.*
DORCAS,	*Mrs Maddocks.*
JULIE,	*Miss Bristow.*
COLLETTE,	*Miss Wentworth.*

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A View of a strong Castle, situated in a wild mountainous Country; on one side a rustic Mansion-house; on the other a stone Seat.*

During the Overture, Old MATTHEW, DORCAS, *and several Peasants, pass over the Stage with their working tools, as returning from their labour.*

Chorus of Peasants.

Come sing, come dance,
To-morrow's the day;
Come sing, come dance,
Old Matthew's wedding-day.
Yes, to-morrow, you know,
To his house we shall go,
To drink, and be gay,
To dance, sing, and play;
Away with all sorrow,
For joy comes to-morrow.

Old M. I am happy, I swear,
My Dorcas, my dear,
To think that to-morrow is our wedding-day.

DUET.

DORCAS *and Old* MATTHEW.

Though we're sixty years old,
Let the young ones behold,
Our age, like our youth, is contented and gay.

Chorus.

Come sing, come dance,
To-morrow's the day;
Come sing, come dance,
Old Matthew's wedding-day.
Yes, to-morrow, you know,
To his house we shall go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, sing, and play;
Away with all sorrow,
For joy comes to morrow.

[*Exeunt.*

MATILDA, *disguised as a Minstrel, after the last Chorus, enters, led in by* ANTONIO.

Mat. Antonio, what sounds were those? Surely they were singing.

Ant. It is only the villagers who are returning from the fields; the sun is setting, and they have done their work.

Mat. Where are we now, my gentle guide?

Ant. You are not far from a great old castle, with towers and battlements. And there now, if you had your sight, you might see two soldiers on the walls with their cross-bows.

Mat. I am sadly tired.

Ant. Stay—this way—here is a stone—it is made into a seat—[MATILDA *sits.*]—what a pity you cannot see the prospect! though so wild, it is said to be as fine as any in all Germany. Now just opposite to us is a very well-looking house; 'tis a farm, but as good as any gentleman's.

Mat. Then go, my little friend, and find out whether we can lodge there to-night.

Ant. I will, and no doubt you may. The owner is a foreigner, from England, as they say; and though he is very passionate, all the village say he is very good-natured. [*Going, returns.*] But shall I find you here when I come back?

Mat. Yes, truly, you may be pretty sure of that: those that can't see are not over fond of wandering. But you will not fail to return?

Ant. No, that I won't. [*Going, stops*] But, sir, there is something I have been wanting all day to tell you.

Mat. Well, Antonio,—what is it?

Ant. Why it is—it is—oh! I am so sorry——

Mat. Speak, child!—tell me what is it?

Ant. Why it is,—and it vexes me sadly,—that it will not be in my power to be your guide to-morrow.

Mat. How so, my little friend?

Ant. I must go to a wedding. My grandfather and grandmother keep their wedding-day to-morrow, and my grandson, who is their brother——

Mat. Your grandson! have you a grandson, Antonio?

Ant. No—*their* grandson, who is my brother, that's it—is to be married at the same time to a sweet pretty little girl of the village.

Mat. But what will become of me without a guide?

Ant. Oh, I'll engage some one for you, I'll warrant! and you may contrive to come to the wedding, and join in the music, while we dance. We'll manage, never fear.

Mat. You love dancing, Antonio?

SONG.

Antonio.

The merry dance I dearly love,
For then, Collette, thy hand I seize,
And press it too whene'er I please,
And none can see, and none reprove:

Then on thy cheek quick blushes glow,
And then we whisper soft and low,
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
Yet still we are too young, they say;
But we know better sure than they,
Youth should not listen to threescore;
And I'm resolved I'll tell her so,
When next we whisper soft and low;
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.
[*Exit.*

Mat. Antonio!—he is gone—now then I may safely use my sight.—[*Takes the bandage from her eyes.*] A fortress, indeed—there are towers, and moats, and battlements. They say it is strongly guarded, and almost inaccessible. Its appearance at least justifies the report that was made to me; for in this wild and sequestered spot, such a pile could only be employed to hide some mighty captive.—Oh, Richard! my hero! my beloved! what hardships may you not be enduring! nor have you even the sad consolation to know, that your faithful Matilda, exiled for her love to you, has abandoned every hope and duty, and in this poor and base disguise, pursues your name, and wanders through the world! But here my cares and search shall end. If my foreboding soul misleads me, and this spot affords no tidings of its lord, then, if my heart breaks not, in the near convent's cell I'll hide my woes and shame for ever.

Enter Sir OWEN *and* GUILLOT.

Sir O. I'll teach you to bring letters to my daughter.

SONG.

Matilda.

Oh, Richard! oh, my love!
By the faithless world forgot,
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapless lot.
I alone of all remain
To unbind thy cruel chain,
By the faithless world forgot;
I, whose bosom sunk in grief,
Least have strength to yield relief.

Delusive glory! faithless power!
Thus the valiant you repay,
In disaster's heavy hour,
Faithless friendship's far away.
Yet, royal youth,
One faithful heart,
From tenderest truth,
Though hopeless, never shall depart.

Oh, Richard! oh, my love!
By the faithless world forgot,
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapless lot.

But I hear a noise; I must resume my disguise.
Guil. Sir, 'twas the governor sent me.
Sir O. The governor! what's the governor to me?

QUARTETTO.

Matilda, Guillot, Sir Owen, and Laurette.

Sir O. What care I for the governor?
Mat. Oh, should it be this governor! [*Aside.*
Guil. He sent me, I knew no better,
————————with the letter.
Sir O. My daughter listen to his art!
What, my Laurette
So far forget
The modest virgin's duteous part!—

And thou—I pray, [*To* GUILLOT.
Good knave, shall I the postage pay?

Guil. No, sir, indeed,
There is no need,
I'm gone with speed.

Enter LAURETTE.

Sir O. Pray tell your governor,
His hopes are vain
Laurette to gain.
His lordship is by far too good,
And I would thank him if I cou'd.

Mat. If of this castle he should be
The governor—what joy for me. [*Aside.*

Guil. Yet he's my lord the governor;

Sir O. What's he to me, your governor?
Begone, I say,
You'd best not stay;—
And you, if ever I discover [*To* LAURETTE.
You lend an ear
To this designing lover,
Then, then, you shall have cause to fear.

Mat. Ah! should it be, what joy for me! [*Aside.*
Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray.
[*To them.*
Your anger cease,
Keep, keep the peace.

Laur. What can this be?
I never see
The governor.

Mat. Ah! should it be this governor;
Ah! should it be, what joy for me! [*Aside.*

Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray,
Your anger cease,
Keep, keep the peace, &c.
[*Exit* GUILLOT.

Sir O. Get into the house—in, I say. [*Exit* LAURETTE.] She tells me she never sees him—that she never speaks to him, and yet he writes to her. The governor is a very civil gentleman, only he wants to run away with my daughter; and she is very obedient to her father, only she'll do nothing I bid her.

I should like to know what all this is now.—[*Looking at the Letter.*] The governor writes a military hand; his letters edge out a chevaux de frize fashion, all zig-zag, like his own fortification—I can't make any way through it—I wish I had somebody to decipher it. Oh! here is a sort of an outlandish lad, I may trust him. Youngster, can you read?

Mat. Oh! yes, sir.

Sir O. Well then, read me this. [*Offers the Letter.*

Mat. Oh! indeed, sir! I could once, but the cruel Saracens——

Sir O. The Saracens—what did the Saracens do to you?

Mat. The cruel monsters put out my eyes, having taken me prisoner in a great battle, where I was page to a captain in King Richard's army! But have you not seen a little boy?

Sir O. Yes.

Mat. 'Tis he who guides me—He can read, and will do whatever you bid him.

Sir O. Oh! here he comes, I believe.

Enter ANTONIO.

Mat. Antonio, is that you?

Ant. Yes, 'tis I.

Mat. Take the letter which the gentleman here will give you, and read it aloud to him.

Ant. [*Reading.*] "Beautiful Laurette."

Sir O. Pshaw!

Ant. "Beautiful Laurette, my heart overflows with ecstasy and gratitude, for the kind assurances you give me of eternal affection."

Sir O. Eternal affection—and that puts him into an ecstasy—very well.

Ant. If my attendance on the prisoner, whom I must not quit——

Mat. [*Aside.*] The prisoner!

Ant. "If my attendance on the prisoner, whom I

must not quit, would suffer me to go out during the day, I would hasten to throw myself"——

Sir O. Into the ditch of your castle, I hope.

Mat. Whom I must not quit. [*Aside.*]—Read on quickly. [*To* ANTONIO.

Ant. "I would hasten to throw myself at your feet. But if this night"—Here are some words blotted out.

Mat. Well, what follows?

Ant. "Contrive some means to inform me, at what hour I may speak to you. Your tender, faithful, and eternally constant FLORESTAN."

Sir O. Here's a damn'd governor for you. Oh! if I had him in England on the top of Penmanmawr.

Mat. What! are you a Briton then?

Sir O. Yes, I am, sir; and an enemy to slaves of course, in love or cut——

Mat. Glorious nation!—But how comes it, sir, that you are settled so far from your native country?

Sir O. Oh! that's too long a story to tell you; but it would not have happened if I hadn't gone to the crusades at Palestine.

Mat. What, under the brave Richard?

Sir O. Brave! aye! I would follow him to the world's end—my ruin was no fault of his.—Well, you must know, that when I returned from Palestine, I found my father was dead——

Mat. He was very old perhaps.

Sir O. No; but he was slain by a neighbour of his in single combat: on my return I revenged his death.

Mat. Of course, you fled——

Sir O. Yes, with my daughter and wife, who is since dead. My castle and my lands were forfeited; and after fighting her battles, I was sentenced by my ungrateful country——

Mat. A hard and ill return indeed——

Sir O. No such thing, sir—'Twas justice, though severe: a Briton suffers no man to abuse his country but himself.

Mat. Heaven forbid I should traduce it!—But, sir, one request.

Sir O. [*Looking out.*] It must be they—Stay, good youth, I see some friends whom I expect. If you wish refreshment, the poor and friendless are never driven from my door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Gothic Chamber.*

Enter MATILDA, LAURETTE, *and* ANTONIO.

Laur. Pray, good youth, tell me what my father has been saying to you.

Mat. Are you the pretty Laurette?

Laur. Yes, sir.

Mat. Your father is very angry. He knows the contents of that letter from the Chevalier Florestan.

Laur. Yes, Florestan is his name. And did you read that letter to my father?

Mat. No, not I; I am blind, alas! It was my little guide.

Ant. Yes, but didn't you bid me read it? [*Retires.*

Laur. Oh! I wish you had not done so.

Mat. Some other person would.

Laur. That's true; and what did the letter say?

Mat. It says, that on account of the prisoner in that castle—and who *is* that prisoner?

Laur. Oh!—no one knows who it is.

Mat. The chevalier cannot come to throw himself at your feet.

Laur. Poor Florestan!

Mat. But that this night——

Laur. This night!

SONG.

Laurette.

Oh! would the night my blushes hide,
The truth to thee I would confide.
Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
Whene'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begins to beat,
It beats, and trembles too.

For when my hand he gently presses,
A struggling sigh I fear confesses,
Ah! more than blushes could impart,
And more than words betrays my heart.

Oh! would the night my blushes hide,
The truth to thee I would confide.
Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
Whene'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begins to beat,
It beats, and trembles too.

Mat. You love him then, Laurette?

Laur. Oh, most dearly, that I do, day and night, truly and sincerely.

Mat. And do you not fear to own it?

Laur. No, not to you. You seem kind and tender-hearted, and you speak gently to me; and then you cannot see me whether I blush or not—and so—I am not afraid.

Mat. Pretty Laurette!

Laur. But who told you I was pretty?

Mat. Alas! being blind, I guess only by the voice; the softness and sweetness of that is beauty to me. But let me counsel you, my innocent. These knights, these men of high descent, beware of them; when they seem most devoted to your beauty, they are least forgetful of their own rank, and the nobleness of your soul is overlooked by the pride of their own high birth.

Laur. But my birth is not inferior to his, though my father is now in banishment——

Mat. No!—and does he know it?

Laur. Yes; and never talks to me but in words of goodness and honour; and if it wasn't that my father is so passionate, I shou'd have told him every thing long ago.

Mat. And would you, before you have informed your father, meet this man whom you love so, and converse with him, and in the night too?—Listen to me.

AIR.

Matilda and Laurette.

Mat. The God of Love a bandeau wears:
Would you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded?
'Tis to shew us that his power
Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,
As when in darkness shrowded.

Laur. Good sir, repeat that pretty strain,
Pray, again, again.
A lesson kind it does impart,
To guard against a lover's art.

Mat. With all my heart.
The God of Love a bandeau wears;
Would you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded?
'Tis to shew you that his power
Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,
As when in darkness shrowded.

Laur. Look, there are two pilgrims meeting my father—see—he embraces one of them—sure, those cannot be the visitors he expected—I must go——

Mat. A moment, Laurette—I have something to say to you.

Laur. About Florestan?

Mat. No.

Laur. Oh then I can't stay. [*Exit into the House.*

Mat. They are coming this way. I can't retire till my guide comes.

Enter Sir OWEN, BLONDEL, *and Pilgrim.*

Sir O. My brave friend, how rejoiced I am to see you! You are well disguised indeed; I myself should never have guessed it was Blondel.

Mat. Blondel! what do I hear!

Blond. Caution, my friend. My search would be fruitless indeed, should I be discovered.—And see. [*Pointing to* MATILDA.

Sir O. It is a poor blind youth, a wandering minstrel, who diverts the peasants.

Mat. Shall I play, worthy gentlemen? I have a ditty made by a royal lover on the lady whom he loved. [*Plays.*

Sir O. Why are you so much astonished?

Blond. That was made by my gallant master—pr'ythee go on. [*She plays again.*

Blond. Oh! how it reminds me of happy days!—Tell me, boy, where could you learn that tune?

Mat. I was taught it by a servant of King Richard's camp, who said he had heard the king himself sing to it.

Blond. Even so; he made it for the lovely and unfortunate Matilda: unfortunate indeed!—for passing through Artois, I learned that she had left her father's court, and fled almost alone, upon the rumour that the royal Richard had been treacherously seized as he returned from Palestine. O! if her gallant monarch yet lives, sure heaven will guide some of those who seek him to the prison that immures him.

Sir O. Perhaps the fair Matilda alone has had intelligence.

Blond. O no!—But yesterday I passed the Seneschal's, her father's trusty friend, who, with a chosen band of troops, was searching to reclaim her; and he had learned, that, stript of her companions, by per-

fidy or death deprived, she had sought the sadder prison of a monastery.

Mat. The Seneschal so near! [*Aside.*]—Gracious sir, if music has pleased you, will you entreat your kind host to lodge this night a poor harmless minstrel, who lost his precious sight in Palestine, and I will play all night to sooth you.

Blond. Poor youth!—He will, I doubt not.

[*Makes Signs to* ANTONIO, *who leads* MATILDA *off.*

Sir O. I had refused him only from the caution I thought due to you. But come, you must forget the pilgrim awhile—we'll in to supper soon. In the mean time I'll sing you a song, and these my rustic neighbours shall join the chorus.

Enter Peasants.

SONG.

Sir O. Let the Sultan Saladin
Play the rake in Palestine;
While he claims his subjects' duty,
He's himself a slave to beauty,
Wearing baser chains than they.
Well! well!
Every man must have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

Chorus.

But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

Cœur de Lion loves the wars,
Richard's joy is blows and scars;
Conquered Pagans fly before him,
Christian warriors all adore him,
Watching, marching night and day.
Well! well!
Every man must have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

Chorus.

But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

You too, pilgrims, love your trade,
You recruit the bold crusade,
Making zealots cross the ocean,
In a fit of fierce devotion;
Pilgrims love to fast and pray.
Well! Well!
Every man must have his way;
But, to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

Chorus.

But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in the Castle.*

Enter RICHARD *and* FLORESTAN.

Rich. Florestan.
Flor. Sire!
Rich. Your fortune is in your power.
Flor. Sire!—my honour is.
Rich. Honour? to a traitor!—a base, perfidious—
Flor. Did I believe him so, I would not serve him; and, not believing, I must not listen where I dare not answer.
Rich. But, Florestan—[FLORESTAN *bows, and exit.*] Oh God!—oh misery!—Is this to be my lot for ever! Am I doomed by a vile traitor's craft to wear my life away in ignominious bondage!—But Richard is forgot,—deserted by his people—by the world!—[*He looks on a Picture.*] Image of her I love!—come—Oh! calm, console my heart.—No; thou dost redouble all my griefs—thou art my despair.——O,

Death! I call on thee—thy dart alone can break my chains; my freedom is my grave!

SONG.

Richard.

Lost to the world, forgot, forlorn,
In vain to me returns the morn
That brings no more my glorious toils;
Yet bless the beams that gave to sight
This image of my soul's delight,
This heaven of soothing smiles.
Vain is the thought of former power
To sooth the present mournful hour.
O Death! be thou my friend;
Hopeless I live, my sorrows end.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Theatre represents the inner Works of an old Fortification. Towards the Front is a Terrace inclosed by Rails and a Fosse; and so situated, that when* RICHARD *appears upon it, he cannot see* MATILDA, *who is upon the outer Parapet.*

The Time, the Dawn of Day.

Soldiers lower a Drawbridge, which they cross, and leave a Centinel on each side.

Enter RICHARD *and* FLORESTAN.

Flor. The morning breaks; the frésh air is lightened by the dawn; profit of it, sire, for your health's sake. Within an hour your guards must do their duty, and you will be again secluded from the day.

[*Exit.*

[RICHARD *walks to the further end of the Terrace, and remains in a posture of deep despair.*

Enter MATILDA *and* ANTONIO *on the other side the Fosse and Parapet.*

Mat. Antonio, stay awhile: here on this rising ground we'll rest. I love to feel the pure fresh air; it is the balmy breath of morn, whispering the sun's approach. Where are we now?

Ant. Close to the parapet of the castle which you bid me bring you to.—[MATILDA *offering to get upon the Parapet.*] Ah! don't attempt to get upon it—you'll fall.

Mat. Indeed! Well here, kind boy—take this money, and go buy something for us, that we may breakfast.

Ant. You have given me a great deal——

Mat. Keep for yourself what is too much.

Ant. Oh, thank you! and pray take care not to go too near the moat. [*Exit.*

Mat. When you return we will walk to some shade,—shall we?—You don't answer me. He is gone.—And now then, [*Lifts up the Bandeau, and raises herself on the Parapet.*] Ah! no one to be seen!

Rich. A year—a year is passed! hope is exhausted.

Mat. How still, how silent! Sure if those walls enclose him, my voice may reach their deepest recesses. Oh! if he is here he will remember the strain; 'twas the offering of his earliest love in happy days—of love for her, who, now uncertain of his fate, yet shares his misery.

Rich. No cheering thought! no glimmering ray of consolation.—O memory! O Matilda! [MATILDA *plays.*] What sounds!—heavens! the very strain once——Oh! let me hear.

MATILDA *sings.*

One night in sickness lying,
A prey to grief and pain.

Rich. Heaven, that voice!

MATILDA *sings.*

When aid of man was vain,
And hope and life were flying,
Then came my mistress to my bed,
And death, and pain, and sorrow fled.

[She stops, and raises herself to listen.

RICHARD, *while she sings, having expressed the extremes of surprise, hope, and joy, seems to endeavour to recal to his memory the rest of the ditty, and recollecting it, answers,*

The gentle tears soft falling
Of her whom I adore,
My tender hopes recalling,
Did life and love restore.
Could I but view Matilda's eyes,
Fortune, thy frowns I should despise.

Together.
Rich. The gentle tears soft falling
Of her so long adored,
My tender hopes recalling,
Have love and life restored.
Mat. My gentle tears fast falling
For him so long adored,
His tender hopes recalling,
Have love and life restored.

After MATILDA *has repeated the strain, shewing great joy,* FLORESTAN *and Soldiers appear.* FLORESTAN *requests the King to retire into the Castle. He does so, while another party seize* MATILDA, *and passing a Drawbridge, bring her into the front of the Works.*

Duo and Chorus. MATILDA, *Guards, &c.*

Chorus.

Sold. Speak quickly, quickly, who art thou ?
Who sent thee here ? Whence come, and how ?
Mat. Are you strangers passing near,
Pleased, perhaps, my song to hear ?

Chorus.

Sold. To prison straight, to prison straight,
There he may sing early and late.
Mat. Ah, good sir, no anger, pray,
With pity hear what I've to say :
The Saracens, so fierce in fight,
Have deprived me of my sight.
I know not what this anger's for,
I've business with the governor ;
'Tis of moment you will see,
And he should know it instantly.

Chorus.

Sold. You know not what our anger's for,
And would speak with the governor ?
Mat. 'Tis of moment, you will see,
And he should know it instantly.

Chorus.

Sold. Well, you shall see the governor,
He'll tell you what our anger's for !
But since your business is of weight,
We'll suspend awhile your fate.
Hark !—he comes, the governor ;
And now take heed, take heed, pert youth,
To tell the truth ;
For if you lie,
If you lie to the governor,
Your fate is fixed, you surely die.

Enter FLORESTAN.

Mat. Where is the governor ?
Flor. Here.

Mat. On which side?

Flor. Here.

Mat. I have something of importance to communicate to him.

Flor. Attempt no trifling, or you perish that instant.

Mat. Ah, sir, those who have lost their sight are half deprived of life already! Is it for a poor blind minstrel like me to attempt to deceive you?

Flor. Speak then.

Mat. Are we alone?—Now I think my device can't fail. [*Aside.*

Flor. [*Signs to the Soldiers, who retire.*] We are alone.

Mat. Then, sir, the lovely Laurette——

Flor. Speak lower.

Mat. The beauteous Laurette, sir, has read to me the letter you sent her yesterday; in which you expressed your joy at her confessing her love for you, and press so much for an opportunity to speak with her.

Flor. Well, my good friend, and what says she?

Mat. She says you may safely call at her father's house this evening, at any hour you please.—

Flor. At her father's house!

Mat. Yes; she says her father has some friends with him, to whom he means to give a fete, and takes the opportunity of a wedding in the neighbourhood to invite all the village to his house, where there will be nothing but feasting, dancing, and merriment; during which, Laurette says, she will find means to speak with you, and you may easily make a pretence for a visit.

Flor. Tell her I will not fail—but how came she to employ you in this business? you are blind.

Mat. The less likely to be suspected; she loves to hear me play and sing—and she has been so ge-

nerous to me, I would risk any thing to serve her—besides, I brought a little guide with me.

Flor. You have managed extremely well; and the noise you made, I suppose, was on purpose to be brought before me?

Mat. For what could it be else?—But with your guards forsooth, I was a spy, a lurking emissary, trying to discover who was imprisoned here—— ha! ha!

Flor. Ha! ha! ha! ridiculous enough! But you have really done it very well. Here is a purse for you. [*Offers money.*

Mat. Pardon, good governor; should any one be near, and observe that you reward me, they will suspect something.

Flor. 'Tis very true. [*He crosses by her.*

Mat. But, Mr Governor, lest they should——

Flor. Well!

Mat. Oh, you are on that side—I say, lest they should guess at my errand, hadn't you better seem angry, and so reprimand me, and send me back?

Flor. [*Signs to the soldiers to come down.*] You are right—upon my life this is a very clever lad—though he is blind.

DIALOGUE *and* CHORUS.

Mat. Sir, to blame me is most hard,
For the noise pray blame the guard.
Flor. They should not send such foolish boys,
For such a message—such a noise.

Chorus of Soldiers.

Silence! fellow, and begone,
'Twas you alarm'd the garrison

Enter ANTONIO, *frightened, and crying.*

Ant. Ah! good sir, forgive him pray,
Ah! hear with pity what I say;
The Saracens so fierce in fight,
Have deprived him of his sight,
And shut him from the blessed light.

Chorus. Soldiers. [*To* MATILDA.

'Tis well for thee,
For could'st thou see,
Thou had'st died by our decree.
So haste away,
Begone, I say,
And if again we catch you here,
Be assured 'twill cost you dear.

Mat. Sirs, I believe ye,
Nor will deceive ye,
Never more will I appear,
Never more offend you here.

Ant. In truth if here
He does appear,
It shall be
Without me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A great Hall in Sir* OWEN'S *House.*

BLONDEL *and* FRIEND, *with Sir* OWEN.

Blond. My friend, I would, without profession, trespass on your hospitality, but in truth we must away; our search, I do perceive, is fruitless here—and till I learn some tidings of my royal master's state, I cannot tarry for mirth's sake; therefore we leave you to your rural guests, and may gay content be with you.

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Sir O. I cannot blame your haste, though I lament it; yet one night methinks—you will see gay pastimes and simple jollity, but such as will divert you, believe me; and see, here is my little prattler, Julie, will join in my request.

Enter JULIE.

[*She is going to speak, but, seeing the Strangers, she runs to Sir* OWEN, *and whispers him.*

Sir O. Surely, my child.—She tells me she's to dance to-night, if I approve it.

Julie. O, sir—but it was to be a secret; you were not to have said a word about it yet.

Sir O. No!—well, they will not betray you: they are going to leave us, Julie: can't you persuade them to stay?

Julie. They look so grave, I am afraid of them.

Sir O. Oh! go—try.

Julie. [*Goes to* BLONDEL, *and takes his hand.*] Pray, sir, don't leave us; how can you think of going away when we are all going to be so merry?

Blond. We are very sorry, my pretty hostess, that it must be so.

Julie. But indeed you shall not go—for if you go away, my father will have no one to talk to while we are all dancing and running about.

Sir O. You little rogue, how do you know but I intend to dance myself?

Julie. Lord, sir, that would be pleasant—ha! ha! I should like to see you dance!

Sir O. Well, you are very good, however, Julie, to wish me to be some way amused—it is very considerate in you.

Julie. Yes, sir, because then you would have something else to do than to mind us——

Sir O. So!—very well, innocent!

Julie. Then pray, gentlemen, don't go—let me entreat you to stay for our festival.

JULIE *sings.*

Let me, gentle pilgrim, entreat you comply,
I'm sure by your looks you cannot long deny;
Kind sir, we beg you'll deign to stay,
To hail with glee our wedding day,
All on the green, with garlands fresh and fair,
Oh! what delight, would you our pastime share.
With dance and song
We'll join the throng
And banish every care:
For such a theme,
Though young I seem,
Yet sing I may one tender lay.
O Love! O gentlest power,
Smile on the wedding hour.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Seneschal is come, leaving his troops above the wood; with a few followers, he waits impatiently to speak to you.

Sir O. I come. [*Exit Servant.*] My friends, it shall not be farewell yet; I will return.

[*Exit, leaving* JULIE, *who looks back, and makes signs to* BLONDEL *not to leave them.*

Friend. You still avoid being known to the Seneschal.

Blond. Perhaps I may safely disclose myself; but wherefore, if Richard——

Enter Servant.

Serv. There is a youth without, who says he must be admitted to you.

Blond. To me?

Serv. He that you heard play and sing yesterday.

Blond. Pray, let him come.——[*Exit Servant.*] And after we will pursue our journey.

Enter MATILDA.

Mat. How, sir? Did you doubt to see me? I have spent the day requesting it. You should not have paused upon it;—but hear me, and alone.

[*Exit Pilgrim.*

Blond. I knew not your desire sooner—But how is this, good youth? you were blind yesterday.

Mat. True; and ought I not to bless heaven that the first object which presents itself to my restored sight is——Blondel!

Blond. Ha! you know me then?

Mat. Yes; and can it be that you prepare to fly from hence? Oh! has no powerful impulse worked upon your heart? Has no instinctive warning check'd the ill-guided purpose, stirr'd in your alarm'd bosom, and chid the rash desertion of your valour's duty? Then perish, royal Richard! waste on, proud soul, in base captivity—thy careless friends pass by thy prison gates, and man and heaven desert thee!

Blond. What can this mean? my royal master——

Mat. Blondel—your king—your leader—your friend——pass but these gates and you behold his prison!—But hold——

Enter Sir OWEN, *speaking to the Seneschal, and two Knights.*

Sir O. Nay, but the youth you speak of is—

Senesc. Matilda——My noble mistress! [*Kneels.*] thus let me excuse the abrupt intrusion of my duty

Blond. Matilda!

Mat. Rise, Seneschal!—Yes, Matilda—a fugitive from all she owed her station and a father's love—but tell them peerless Richard was the cause—and tell them too, that heaven at length has sanctioned

what resistless love resolved.—Seneschal, I know your zeal, and firm attachment to your master's friend—Sir Owen, your monarch is in chains, and you are a Briton——

Sir O. We will deliver him, or die!

[*While the Symphony plays, some of the Seneschal's Party go out, and return with more of their Friends, to whom they seem to relate what has passed, as they range themselves behind* MATILDA.

DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.

Mat. **Ye cavaliers, yon castle drear,**
Great Richard is a prisoner there.

Chorus. Cavaliers.

Strange the tidings that you bring,
Great Richard—England's mighty King?
Mat. **Ye cavaliers, yon castle drear,**
Great Richard is a prisoner there.

Chorus. Cavaliers.

Can it be what you relate?
Who explored the monarch's fate?
Mat. **'Twas I, with song and veiled eyes,**
Approach'd the walls in safe disguise;
His voice I heard—Ah doubt ye yet!
And could my heart that voice forget?
No, cavaliers, yon castle drear,
King Richard is a prisoner there;
But long a pris'ner shall he be,
Whom love and valour join to free?

Chorus. Cavaliers.

Not long a pris'ner shall he be.
Let us arm:
Here we swear to set him free.
Give th' alarm!

Blond. Haste is vain,
'Tis prudence must his freedom gain;
Prudence must your rage restrain.

Chorus. Cavaliers.

Let us arm.

Mat. Blondel, check the rash alarm.
What should be done, oh, quickly tell;
Cavaliers, oh, listen to Blondel.

Chorus. Cavaliers.

Blondel! Blondel! it is Blondel.

Mat. Yes, cavaliers, it is Blondel.
The friend of Richard—mark him well.

Blond. Let our deeds our friendship tell!
In the battle—mark Blondel.

Chorus. Cavaliers.

Let us arm, &c.

Mat. And you, my gallant friends——But thanks would wrong you—the cause is yours.——You, Sir Owen, know this governor. Is he a man whom gold——

Sir O. I must be just. He's one whom neither fear nor interest will sway.

Blond. Then force alone's our hope.

Mat. Attend a moment—Sir Owen, Florestan is apprised that you intend this night a rural feast; he means to be a partaker of your mirth, in hopes of speaking with Laurette.

Sir O. How?

Mat. I cannot now explain this: but be assured he will be here. Some chosen guards may then surround him, and demand the king's deliverance. If he refuses——

Blond. Then to arms! Here indeed is hope.—Seneschal, direct your men to pass the wood, and

nearer the morass attend our signal. Let us prepare and arm.

[*Exeunt* BLONDEL, *Seneschal, and Cavaliers.*

Enter LAURETTE *and Servants.*

Laur. My father, your village friends will be here straight, and the music is not yet come—then how shall we dance?

Sir O. They will be here, my child—fear not, my dear Laurette.

[*Sir* OWEN *seems to give directions to the Servants.*

Laur. My dear Laurette? so! he's not angry with me now.—My dear father, [*To Sir* OWEN.] now I am happy! only I wish Florestan could be here to-night.

Mat. [*Aside.*] Charming Laurette! but I dare not trust her yet—'tis happy, however, that the course we have determined on is free from any peril to Florestan; in the midst of my own anxieties, I am interested for her happiness.

[MATILDA *goes to* LAURETTE *and talks to her.* LAURETTE *expresses surprise at seeing her no longer blind.*

Sir O. And mark me, you William, set my old buckler and great sword in my closet.

Will. Sir, they'll be cumbersome to dance in.

Sir O. Fellow, do as I bid you. [*Pushes him out.*] Oh, more lights here in the hall—and, d'ye hear, be ready to welcome all comers. [*Exit Servant. Observing* LAURETTE *and* MATILDA.] I must not appear in their secrets yet.

TRIO.—MATILDA, LAURETTE, *and Sir* OWEN.

MATILDA, *aside to* LAURETTE.

Yes, yes, Florestan will be here,
After the dance he will appear.

LAURETTE.

Oh! what delight, what joy 'twill be;
Sure he'll find means to speak to me.

MATILDA. [*To Sir* OWEN, *seeing him approach.*]

We no secrets have, good knight,
I am saying that my sight
Is again restored to light.

LAURETTE. [*Very demurely.*]

Yes, my father, very true.
We no secrets have from you,
The youth's well-bred and honest too.

Sir OWEN.

I'm sure you have no mystery,
Pray, talk on, and don't mind me.

LAURETTE. [*To* MATILDA, *aside.*]

But does he know how well I love,
And does he swear he'll constant prove?

MATILDA.

Had you but seen the gen'rous youth,
He knelt and vow'd eternal truth.

LAURETTE.

——— Kneel and vow.
Ah! he'll be true; I'm happy now.

Sir OWEN.

What, he tells thee that his sight
Is again restored to light!

LAURETTE.

Yes, my father, very true.
We no secrets have from you:
He is saying that his sight
Is again restored to light.

MATILDA.

We no secrets have, good knight,
I am saying that my sight
Is again restored to light

Sir OWEN.

What, he tells thee, &c. &c.

LAURETTE.

Yes, my father, &c. &c.

[*Tabors and Pipes heard behind the Scenes.*

Sir O. So, our guests are at hand. My Laurette, give them welcome.

JULIE *runs in.*

Julie. They are all coming, and all so gay, and so neatly dress'd—indeed, sir, they are—and I saw the little bride myself, blushing, and looking so pretty.—Dear, it must be a charming thing to be married!

Laur. Yes, they are coming indeed, sir.

Sir O. And are you ready, my little Julie, with the dance you——

Julie. Yes, that I am. But pray what are all those fine knights gathering about the house for? They don't look as if they came to be merry. Indeed, sister, they look so fierce, you'd be frighten'd.

Sir O. Oh no, my child, they will not hurt us.

Julie. No!—Then I vow they shall all dance, swords, and helmets, and all.

[*She runs to meet the Peasants, who appear.*

Chorus of Peasants.

Join hearts, join hands,
In loving bands,
None are happy till they're pair'd;
Nothing's joy that is not shared.
Pea. When alone the maid sits pining,
Nature's beauties seem declining,
Nothing can afford delight:
But the favour'd youth appearing,
With his presence all things cheering,
Flowers how sweet—the sun how bright.

Chorus.

Join hearts, join hands,
In loving bands,
None are happy till they're pair'd;
Nothing's joy that is not shared.
Ant. O'er the sultry mountain ranging,
Shade and pasture ever changing,
Soon I tire my flock to tend:
But if chance Collette address me,
Toil and heat no more oppress me,
Soon, too soon, my labours end.

Chorus.

Join hearts, join hands,
In loving bands,
None are happy, &c.

Dance of Peasants.

FLORESTAN *having entered, and requested* LAURETTE *to be his partner, is preparing to dance, drums beat to arms. The Peasants retire.*

Flor. Ha! what do I hear!
[*Sir* OWEN *and* MATILDA'S *Knights approach him.*
Sir O. Sir—you are my prisoner.
Flor. Sir!
Sir O. You.
Flor. What treason is this?

Chorus of Cavaliers.

Vain defiance, strive no more,
Yield our king—our chief restore;
Vain resistance—fate's decree
Sets imprison'd Richard free
Flor. Threats he fears not, who is just
To his honour, to his trust. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes, and represents the Castle assaulted by MATILDA'S *Troops.* BLONDEL *puts himself at the*

head of the Pioneers, and the assault continues. RICHARD *appears on the fortress without arms, endeavouring to free himself from three armed Soldiers.* BLONDEL *mounts the breach, runs to the King, wounds one of the Guards and snatches his sword; the King seizes it; they put the rest of the Soldiers to flight.* BLONDEL *then throws himself at* RICHARD'S *feet, who embraces him.—At this moment is heard the grand chorus of* Long live the King! *The Besiegers display the colours of* MATILDA, *who appears. She sees* RICHARD *at liberty; flies towards him, and sinks in his arms.* FLORESTAN *is then conducted to the King by the Seneschal and Sir* OWEN. RICHARD *returns him his sword.*

Rich. O love! O gratitude!—But, O Matilda! what can I say to thee, my soul's beloved! my deliverance! my reward! [*Embraces her. To Sir* OWEN, *&c.*] I have more thanks to pay. My heart feels all it owes. And when to my native England I return, so may I prosper in my subjects' love, as I cherish in the memory of my sufferings here—a lesson to improve my reign. Compassion should be a monarch's nature—I have learn'd what it is to need it: the poorest peasant in my land, when misery presses, in his king shall find a friend.

Finale.

Oh blest event!—oh! glorious hour!
Liberty and love we sing;
Oh! may they with resistless power
Protect the blessings which they bring.

Chorus.

Faithful lovers, banish fear,
Our delight, our triumph share.

TRIO.—MATILDA, LAURETTE, *and* BLONDEL.

No more shall doubt or sorrow
Disturb my anxious breast;
The sun that gilds to-morrow,
At length beholds me blest.

Chorus.

Oh! blest event!—oh! glorious hour!
Liberty and love we sing;
Oh! may they with resistless power
Protect the blessings which they bring.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

MAID OF THE OAKS;

A

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY

GENERAL BURGOYNE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr OLDWORTH,	*Mr Aickin.*
Old GROVEBY,	*Mr King.*
Sir HARRY GROVEBY,	*Mr Palmer.*
Mr DUPELEY,	*Mr Dodd.*
HURRY,	*Mr Suett.*
Painter,	*Mr Moody.*
Architect,	*Mr Wrighten.*
Druid,	*Mr Bannister.*

Shepherds.

Lady BAB LARDOON,	*Mrs Abingdon.*
MARIA,	*Mrs Crouch.*

Shepherdesses,
Gardeners, Carpenters, Painters, &c.

THE MAID OF THE OAKS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Part of an ornamented Farm.*

Enter Sir HARRY GROVEBY *and Mr* DUPELEY, *meeting.*

Sir Har. Dear Charles, welcome to England, and doubly welcome to Oldworth's Oaks. Friendship, I see, has wings as well as love—you arrive at the moment I wished: I hope in your haste you have not forgot a fancy dress.

Dupe. No, no; I am a true friend, and prepared for all your whimsies, amorous and poetical. Your summons found me the day after my arrival, and I took post immediately. Next to my eagerness to see you, was that of being in time for the Fête Champètre—Novelty and pleasure are the beings I pursue—They have led me half the world over already, and, for aught I know, they may some time or other carry me to Otaheite.

Sir Har. You have pursued but their shadows—here they reign, in the manners of this New Arcadia, and the smiles of the sweet Maid of the Oaks.

Dupe. Who, in the name of curiosity, is she that bears this romantic title? for your letter was a mere

eclogue; the devil a thing could I make out, but a rhapsody upon rural innocence, and an invitation from a gentleman I did not know, to an entertainment I never saw—What, are we to have a representation of the Pastor-fido in a garden?

Sir Har. The Pastor-fido is before you *in propria persona*; the business of the day is a wedding, and Charles Dupeley is invited to see his friend, Sir Harry Groveby, united to the most charming of her sex.

Dupe. The devil it is! What, a young fellow of your hopes and fortune sacrificed to a marriage of romance! But, pr'ythee, relieve my impatience, and tell me who she is.

Sir Har. An orphan ward of the worthy old gentleman, at whose seat you now are: his character is singular, and as amiable in its way as her's. Inheriting a great estate, and liberally educated, his disposition led him early to a country life, where his benevolence and hospitality are boundless; and these qualities, joined with an imagination bordering upon the whimsical, have given a peculiar turn to the manners of the neighbourhood, that, in my opinion, degrades the polish of courts—but judge of the original.

Enter OLDWORTH.

Mr Oldworth, I present you my friend; he is just arrived from abroad; I will not repeat how much he is worthy of your friendship.

Old. To be worthy of your's, Sir Harry, is the best recommendation. [*To* DUPELEY.]—Sir, your friend is going to receive from my hands a lovely girl, whose merit he has discerned and loved for its own sake: such nuptials should recal the ideas of a better age; he has permitted me to celebrate them upon my own plan, and I shall be happy to receive the judgment of an accomplished critic.

Dupe. Sir, by what I already see of Oldworth's

Oaks, and know of the character of the master, I am persuaded the talent most necessary for the company will be that of giving due praise.

Enter HURRY.

Hur. Lord, sir, come down to the building directly—all the trades are together by the ears—it is for all the world like the tower of Babylon—they have drove a broad-wheel waggon over two hampers of wine, and it is all running among lilies and honeysuckles—one of the cooks stumbled over one of the clouds, and threw a ham and chickens into a tub of white-wash—a lamp-lighter spilt a gallon of oil into a creamed apple-tart, and they have sent for more roses, and there is not one left within twenty miles.

Old. Why, honest Hurry, if there is none to be had, you need not be in such haste about 'em—Mercy on us! my fete has turned this poor fellow's head already, he will certainly get a fever.

Hur. Get a favour, sir!—why there has not been one left these three hours; all the girls in the parish have been scrambling for them, and I must get a hundred yards more—Lord-a-mercy! there is so much to do at once, and nobody to do it, that it is enough to moider one's head.

[OLDWORTH *and* HURRY *talk together.*

Dupe. Ha, ha, ha! is this one of the examples you produce, Sir Harry, to degrade the polish of courts?

Sir Har. If I did, have you never met with a courtier in your travels, as busy, as important, and as insignificant, upon yet more trifling occasions?—Why, my friend Hurry has the true bustle of an antichamber, with this difference, that there is rather more attachment and fidelity to the master at the bottom of it.

[*During this Speech,* HURRY *is expressing by his action his impatience for* OLDWORTH *to go.*

Hur. La, sir, if you loiter longer, I tell you they will all be at loggerheads—they were very near it when I came away. [*Exit.*

Old. Mr Dupeley, you'll excuse me—Hurry convinces me my presence is necessary elsewhere—this is a busy day!

Dupe. The greatest compliment you can pay me, is not to look upon me as a stranger.

Old. I forgot to tell you, Sir Harry, that Lady Bab Lardoon is in the neighbourhood, and I expect her every moment—she promised to be with us long before the hour of general invitation.

Dupe. Who is she, pray?

Sir Har. Oh, she's a superior! a phœnix! more worthy your curiosity than any object of your travels! —She is an epitome, or rather a caricature, of what is called *very* fine life, and the first female gamester of the time.

Old. For all that, she is amiable—one cannot help discerning and admiring the natural excellence of her heart and understanding; though she is an example, that neither is proof against a false education, and a rage for fashionable excesses—But when you see her, she will best explain herself—This fellow will give me no rest.

Hur. [*Returns.*] Rest, sir! why I have not slept this fortnight; come along, sir, pray make haste—nothing's to be done without it.

Old. Nor with it, honest Hurry.

[*Exit with* HURRY.

Dupe. A cunning old fellow, I warrant!—with *his ward, and his love of merit for its own sake*—ha, ha, ha!—pr'ythee, how came your acquaintance in this odd family?

Sir Har. Don't sneer, and I will tell you.—By mere chance, in a progress of amusement to this side the country: the story is too delicate for thy relish,

suffice it that I came, saw, and loved—I laid my rank and fortune at the fair one's feet, and would have married instantly; but that Oldworth opposed my precipitancy, and insisted upon a probation of six months absence—It has been a purgatory!

Dupe. All this is perfectly *en regle* for a man of home education—I should like to see the woman that could entangle *me* in this manner.

Sir Har. There is not a fellow in England has a more susceptible heart: you may have learnt in your foreign tour to disguise it, but if you have lost it, put all your acquisitions together, and the balance will be against you.

Dupe. I have learned at least, not to have it imposed upon: shew me but a woman, from an Italian princess to a figurante at the French opera; or change the scene, and carry me to the rural nymphs, from a vintage in Burgundy, to a dance round a maypole at Oldworth's Oaks; and at the first glance I will discover the whole extent of their artifice, find their true lure, and bring them to my hand as easily as a tame sparrow.

Sir Har. And pray, my sagacious friend, upon what circumstances have you formed your suspicions, that I am more likely to be imposed upon than yourself?

Dupe. Upon every one I have seen and heard; but, above all, upon that natural propensity of every true home-bred Englishman, to think one woman different from another—Now I hold there is but one woman in the world.

Sir Har. I perfectly agree, and Maria is that charming one.

Dupe. Ay, but Maria, and Lady Bab, and Pamela Andrews, and Clarissa Harlowe, and the girl that steals a heart in a country church, or she that picks your pocket in Covent-Garden, are one and the same

creature for all that—I am always too quick for them, and make fools of them first—Oh, do but try them by the principle I have laid down, you'll find them as transparent as glass.

Sir Har. My own principle will answer my purpose just as well; with that perspective I have looked through the woman, and discovered the angel; and you will do the same when you see her, or never brag of your eye-sight more.

Dupe. Rhapsody and enthusiasm!—I should as soon discover Mahomet's seventh heaven; but what says your uncle, Old Groveby, to this match?

Sir Har. Faith I have asked him no questions; and why should I, when I know what must be his answer?

Dupe. Oh, he can never disapprove a passion that soars above the stars!

Sir Har. He has all the prejudices of his years and worldly knowledge; the common old gentleman's character—You may see it in every drama from the days of Terence to those of Congreve; though not perhaps with quite so much good humour, and so little obstinacy, as my uncle shews. He is ever most impetuous, when most kind; and I dare trust his resentment will end with a dramatic forgiveness. Should it not, I may have pride in the sacrifice of his estate, but no regret.—So much for fortune, Charles—are there any other means to reconcile me to your approbation?

Dupe. 'Gad I know but one more—Have you laid any plan for succeeding at the divorce-shop next winter? It would be some comfort to your friends, to see you had a retreat in your head.

Sir Har. Charles, I have listened to your raillery with more patience than it deserves, and should at last be out of humour with such an importation of conceit and affectation, if I was not sure your good

sense would soon get the better of it. This is called knowing the world—to form notions without, perhaps, ever seeing a man in his natural character, or conversing with a woman of principle; and then, for fear of being imposed upon, be really duped out of the most valuable feelings in human nature, confidence in friendship, and esteem in love.

Enter HURRY.

Hur. Lord, sir, I am out of breath to find you; why almost every thing is ready, except yourself; and Madam Maria is gone to the Grove, and she is so dress'd, and looks so charming!

Sir Har. Propitious be the hour!—here, Hurry, find out this gentleman's servant, and shew him where he is to dress. [*Exit.*

Dupe. Oh, take care of yourself, Corydon the first, I shall be time enough; Hurry shall first shew me a little of the preparation—what is going forward here?

[*Approaching the side Scene.*

Hur. Hold, sir, not that way; my master lets nobody see his devices and figaries there.

Dupe. Why, what is he doing there, Hurry?

Hur. Doing!—as you are a gentleman, I will tell you what he is doing—I hope nobody hears us. [*Looking about.*] Why, he is going to make the sun shine at midnight, and he is covering it with a thousand yards of sail-cloth, for fear the rain should put it out—Lord, such doings!—here, this way, your honour.

Dupe. But hark'ee, honest Hurry, do stand still a moment to oblige me.

Hur. Stand still, sir!—Lord, sir, if I stand still, every thing stands still; and then what a fine *Sham-Peter* should we make of it! [*Always restless.*

Dupe. You seem to know every thing here?

Hur. To be sure I do—I am no fool I believe—What think you, sir?

Dupe. He that takes you for a fool, is not over wise, I warrant him; therefore let me ask you a question or two.

Hur. To-morrow, sir, with all my heart; but I have so many questions to ask myself, and so many answers to give, that I have not five minutes to spare.

Dupe. Three minutes will do my business: who is this Maid of the Oaks, friend Hurry?

Hur. A young lady, sir.

Dupe. I thought as much. [*Smiling.*] You are a courtier, friend Hurry?

Hur. I court her! heaven forbid!—she's going to be married, sir.

Dupe. Well said, Simplicity! If you won't tell me *who* she is, tell me *what* she is?

Hur. She is one of the most charmingest, sweetest, delightfullest, mildest, beautifullest, modestest, genteellest, never-to-be-praised enough, young creatures in all the world!

Dupe. True courtier again! Who is her father, pray?

Hur. It is a wise child that knows its own father; Lord bless her! she does not want a father.

Dupe. Not while Mr Oldworth lives.

Hur. Nor when he is dead neither; every body would be glad to be her father, and every body wishes to be her husband; and so, sir, if you have more questions to ask, I'll answer them another time, for I am wanted here, and there, and every where. [*Bustles about.*

Dupe. Shew me my chamber to dress, and I'll desire no more of you at present.

Hur. Bless your honour for letting me go! I have been very miserable all the while you were talking to me—this way, this way, sir. [*Exit.*

Dupe. What a character!—yet he has his cunning, though the simplest swain in this region of

perfect innocence, as Sir Harry calls it—ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*An out-side Building, Workmen of all sorts passing to and fro.*

Arch. [*As speaking to Persons at work behind the Side Scene.*] Come, bustle away, my lads, strike the scaffold, and then for the twelve o'clock tankard; up with the rest of the festoons there on the top of the columns.

1*st Gard.* Holloa! you sir, where are you running with those flowers?

2*d Gard.* They're wanted for the arcades; we can have no deceit there—if you want more here, you may make them of paper—any thing will go off by candle-light.

1st Lamp. [*Running.*] They want above a hundred more lamps yonder; for the illumination of the portico.

2*d Lamp.* Then they may get tallow-candles; I sha'n't have enough to make the sky clear in the saloon—that damn'd Irish painter has made his ground so dingy, one might as soon make his head transparent as his portico.

Enter Irish Painter.

Paint. Arrah! what is that you say of my head, Mr Lamp-lighter?

2*d Lamp.* I say you have spoil'd the transparency, by putting black, where you should have put blue.

Paint. [*Dabbing his brush across his face.*] There's a black eye for you; and you may be thankful you got it so easily—Trot away with your ladder upon your shoulder, or the devil fire me but you shall have black and blue both, my dear.

Arch. [*Returning.*] Good words, good words, gentle-

men; no quarrelling.—Your servant, Mr O'Daub; upon my word, you have hit off those ornaments very well—the first painter we have here could not have done better.

Paint. No, faith, I believe not, for all his hard name; sure O'Daub was a scene-painter before he was born, though I believe he is older than I too.

Arch. You a scene-painter!

Paint. Ay, by my soul was I, and for foreign countries too.

Arch. Where was that, pray?

Paint. Faith, I painted a whole set for the Swish, who carries the Temple of Jerusalem about upon his back, and it made his fortune, though he got but a half-penny a-piece for his show.

Arch. [*Ironically.*] I wish we had known your merits, you should certainly have been employed in greater parts of the work.

Paint. And, by my soul, it would have been better for you if you had—I would have put out Mr Lanterbug's stars with one dash of my pencil, by making them five times more bright—Ho! if you had seen the sign of a setting sun, that I painted for a linen draper, in Bread-street, in Dublin—Devil burn me but the Auroree of O'Guide was a fool to it.

Arch. O'Guide!—Who is he? Guid-o, I suppose you mean.

Paint. And if he has an O to his name, what signifies whether it comes before or behind—Faith, I put it like my own of O'Daub, on the right side, to make him sound more like a gentleman—besides it is more melodious in the mouth, honey.

Enter Carpenters, &c.

1*st Carp.* Well, sir, the scaffold's down, and we are woundy dry—we have toil'd like horses.

Arch. Rest you merry, Master Carpenter—take a

draught of the 'squire's liquor, and welcome; you shall swim in it, when all is over.

Paint. Faith let me have one merry quarter of an hour before we at it again, and it will be no loss of time neither—we will make the next quarter after, as good as an hour—and so his honour and the *sham-pater* will gain by the loss.

1st Gard. Well said, O'Daub! and if you will give us the song you made, the quarter of an hour will be merrier still.

Arch. Can you rhyme, O'Daub?

Paint. Yes, faith, as well as paint—all the difference is, I do one with a brush, and t'other with a pen; I do one with my head, and both with my hands—and if any of the poets of 'em all can produce better rhymes and raisins too within the gardens, I'll be content to have one of my own brushes ramm'd down my throat, and so spoil me for a singer as well as a poet hereafter.

Arch. Well said, Master Painter!

Enter the several Tradesmen.

SONG.

By the Irish Painter, to an Irish tune.

I.

Then away to Champetre, Champetre come all away,
To work at Champetre is nothing at all but play;
As I know nothing of it, no more, my dear, will I say,
But Champetre for ever, for ever, and ay, I say!

II.

You may guess what a sight, for it never has yet been seen,
Heaven bless her sweet face! 'tis a sight for the lovely queen;
For lords, and for earls, and for gentlefolks too,
And the busy beau monde, who have nothing to do.
Then away to Champetre, &c.

III.

While 'tis light you'll see nothing, when darker, O then-
you'll see,
That the darker it is, the more light it will quickly be;
The moon and the stars, they may twinkle and go to bed,
We can make better sun-shine, than such as they ever made.
Then away to Champetre, &c.

IV.

Such crowds and confusions, such uproar and such delight,
With lamps hung by thousands, to turn day into night;
There will be Russians, Turks, Prussians, and Dutchmen, so
bright and gay,
And they'll all be so fine, they'll have nothing at all to say.
Then away to Champetre, &c.

V.

Then let's take a drink to the 'Squire of the Jolly Oaks,
May no crabbed critics come here with their gibes or jokes.
If they did, I could make the dear creatures soon change
their notes,
With my little black brush I could sweep clean their noisy
throats!
Then away to Champetre, &c.
[*Exeunt singing.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Oaks.*

MARIA *sitting under a great Tree.*

SINGS.

I.

Come sing round my favourite tree,
You songsters that visit the grove;
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,
And the bark is a record of love.

II.

Reclined on the turf by my side,
He tenderly pleaded his cause;
I only with blushes replied,
And the nightingale filled up the pause.
Da Capo.—Come sing, &c.

Enter OLDWORTH.

Old. Joy to my sweet Maria! may long succeeding years resemble this, her bridal hour! may health, and peace, and love, still inspire her song, and make the harmony of her voice an emblem of her life! But come, my girl, if there is a wish remaining in your heart within my power to gratify, I hope, in this last hour of my cares, I shall not be a stranger to it.

Mar. If I have a wish you have not indulged, sir, I fear it must be an improper one, or it would not have escaped you.

Old. You seem disconcerted, Maria; be more explicit.

Mar. My mind is incapable of reserve with you; the most generous of men is on the point of giving his hand to your—what shall I call myself? I am almost nameless; but as the creature of your bounty and cares, this title gives me a value in my own eyes; but I fear it is all I have to boast. The mystery you have kept, makes me apprehensive there is something in my origin ought to be concealed. What am I to interpret from your smiles?

Old. Every thing that is contrary to your surmises: be patient, sweet Maid of the Oaks; before night all mysteries shall be cleared. It is not an ordinary wedding I celebrate: I prepare a feast for the heart.——Lady Bab Lardoon, as I live!—the princess of dissipation! catch an observation of her while you can, Maria; for though she has been but three days out of London, she is as uneasy as a mole in sunshine, and would expire if she did not soon dive into her old element again.

Enter Lady BAB.

Lady Bab. Dear Maria, I am happy to be the first of your company to congratulate you.—Well, Mr

Oldworth, I am delighted with the idea of your fête; it is so novel, so French, so expressive of what every body understands, and nobody can explain; then there is something so spirited in an undertaking of expence, where a shower of rain would spoil it all.

Old. I did not expect to escape from so fine a lady, but you and the world have free leave to comment upon all you see here:

"Laugh where you must, be candid where you can."

I only hope, that to celebrate a joyful event upon any plan, that neither hurts the morals, or politeness of the company, and at the same time sets thousands of the industrious to work, cannot be thought blameworthy.

Lady Bab. Oh, quite the contrary, and I am sure it will have a run; a force upon the seasons and the manners is the true test of a refined taste, and it holds good from a cucumber at Christmas to an Italian opera.

Mar. Is the rule the same among the ladies, Lady Bab? is it also a definition of their refinement to act in all things contrary to nature?

Lady Bab. Not absolutely in all things, though more so than people are apt to imagine; for even in circumstances that seem most natural, fashion prompts ten times where inclination prompts once; and there would be an end of gallantry at once in this country, if it was not for the sake of reputation.

Old. What do you mean?

Lady Bab. Why, that a woman without a connection, grows every day a more awkward personage; one might as well go into company without powder—if one does not *really* despise old vulgar prejudices, it is absolutely necessary to affect it, or one must sit at home alone.

Old. Indeed!

Lady Bab. Yes, like Lady Sprose, and talk morals to the parrot.

Mar. This is new, indeed; I always supposed that, in places where freedom of manners was most countenanced, a woman of unimpeached conduct carried a certain respect.

Lady Bab. Only fit for sheep-walks and *Oakeries!* —I beg your pardon, Mr Oldworth—in town it would just raise you to the whist-party of old Lady Cypher, Mrs Squabble, and Lord Flimzey; and, at every public place, you would stand amongst the footmen to call your own chair, while all the macaronies passed by, whistling a song through their tooth-picks, and giving a shrug—*dem it, 'tis a pity that so fine a woman should be lost to all common decency.*

Mar. [*Smiling.*] I believe I had better stay in the *Oakery*, as you call it; for I am afraid I shall never procure any *civility* in town, upon the terms required.

Lady Bab. Oh, my dear, you have chose a horrid word to express the intercourse of the bon ton; *civility* may be very proper in a mercer, when one is chusing a silk, but *familiarity* is the life of good company. I believe this is quite new since your time, Mr Oldworth, but 'tis by far the greatest improvement the beau monde ever made.

Old. A certain ease was always an essential part of good breeding; but Lady Bab must explain her meaning a little further, before we can decide upon the improvement.

Lady Bab. I mean that participation of society, in which the French used to excel, and we have now so much outdone our models—I maintain, that among the *superior* set—mind, I only speak of them—our men and women are put more upon a footing together in London, than they ever were before in any age or country.

Old. And pray how has this happy revolution been effected?

Lady Bab. By the most charming of all institutions, wherein we shew the world, that liberty is as well understood by our women as by our men; we have our *Bill of Rights* and our *Constitution* too, as well as they—we drop in at all hours, play at all parties, pay our own reckonings, and in every circumstance (petticoats excepted) are true, lively, jolly fellows.

Maria. But does not this give occasion to a thousand malicious insinuations?

Lady Bab. *Ten* thousand, my dear—but no *great measures* can be effected without a contempt of popular clamour.

Old. Paying of reckonings is, I confess, new since my time; and I should be afraid it might sometimes be a little heavy upon a lady's pocket.

Lady Bab. A mere trifle—one generally wins them—Jack Saunter of the guards lost a hundred and thirty to me upon score at one time; I have not eat him half out yet—he will keep me best part of next winter; but, exclusive of that, the club is the greatest system of economy for married families, ever yet established.

Old. Indeed! but how so, pray?

Lady Bab. Why, all the servants may be put to board wages, or sent into the country, except the footman—no plunder of house-keepers, or maitres d'hotel, no long butcher's bills—Lady Squander protests she has wanted no provision in her family these six months, except potatoes to feed the children, and a few frogs for the French governess—then our dinner-societies are so amusing, all the doves and hawks together, and one converses so freely; there's no topic of White's or Almack's, in which we do not bear a part.

Maria. Upon my word, I should be a little afraid, that some of those subjects might not always be ma-

naged with sufficient delicacy for a lady's ear, especially an unmarried one.

Lady Bab. Bless me! why where's the difference? Miss must have had a strange education indeed, not to know as much as her chapron: I hope you will not have the daughters black-ball'd, when the mothers are chose; why, it is almost the only place where some of them are likely to see each other.

Enter Sir HARRY GROVEBY.

Sir Harry. I come to claim my lovely bride—here at her favourite tree I claim her mine!—the hour is almost on the point, the whole country is beginning to assemble; every preparation of Mr Oldworth's fancy is preparing,

> **And while the priests accuse the bride's delay,**
> **Roses and myrtles shall obstruct her way.**

Maria. Repugnance would be affectation; my heart is all your own, and I scorn the look or action that does not avow it.

Old. Come, Sir Harry, leave your protestations, which my girl does not want; and see a fair stranger.

Lady Bab. Sir Harry, I rejoice at your happiness—and do not think me so tasteless, Maria, as not to acknowledge attachment like your's preferable to all others, when it can be had—*filier le parfait amour*, is the first happiness in life: but that, you know, is totally out of the question in town; the matrimonial comforts in *our* way, are absolutely reduced to two; to plague a man, and to bury him;—the glory is to plague him first, and *bury him* afterwards.

Sir Harry. I heartily congratulate Lady Bab, and all who are to partake of her conversation, upon

her being able to bring so much vivacity into the country.

Lady Bab. Nothing but the fête champétre could have effected it, for I set out in miserable spirits—I had a horrid run before I left town—I suppose you saw my name in the papers ?

Sir Harry. I did, and therefore concluded there was not a word of truth in the report.

Maria. Your name in the papers, Lady Bab ! for what, pray ?

Lady Bab. The old story—it is a mark of insignificance now to be left out : have not they begun with you yet, Maria ?

Maria. Not that I know of, and I am not at all ambitious of the honour.

Lady Bab. Oh, but you will have it—the fête champétre will be a delightful subject !—To be complimented one day, laugh'd at the next, and abused the third ! you can't imagine how amusing it is to read one's own name at breakfast in a morning paper.

Maria. Pray, how long may your ladyship have been accustomed to this pleasure ?

Lady Bab. Lord, a great while, and in all its stages : they first began with a modest inuendo, " We hear a certain lady, not a hundred miles from Hanover-square, lost at one sitting, some nights ago, two thousand guineas—*O tempora ! O mores !*"

Old. [*Laughing.*] Pray, Lady Bab, is this concluding ejaculation your own, or was it the printer's ?

Lady Bab. His, you may be sure : a dab of Latin adds surprising force to a paragraph, besides showing the learning of the author.

Old. Well, but really I don't see such a great matter in this ; why should you suppose any body applied this paragraph to you ?

Lady Bab. None but my intimates did, for it was

applicable to half St George's parish; but about a week after, they honoured me with initials and italics: "It is said Lady B. L.'s ill success still continues at the quinze table: it was observed, the same lady appeared yesterday at court, in a *ribband collar*, having laid aside her *diamond* necklace, (diamond in italics) as totally bourgeoise and unnecessary for the dress of a woman of fashion."

Oldworth. To be sure this *was* advancing a little in *familiarity*.

Lady Bab. At last, to my infinite amusement, out I came at full length: "Lady Bab Lardoon has tumbled down three nights successively; a certain colonel has done the same; and we hear that both parties keep house with sprained ancles."

Oldworth. This last paragraph sounds a little enigmatical.

Maria. And do you really feel no resentment at all this?

Lady Bab. Resentment!—poor silly devils, if they did but know with what thorough contempt those of my circle treat a remonstrance—but hark, I hear the pastorals beginning. [*Music behind.*] Lord, I hope I shall find a shepherd!

Oldworth. The most elegant one in the world, Mr Dupeley, Sir Harry's friend.

Lady Bab. You don't mean Charles Dupeley, who has been so long abroad?

Sir Harry. The very same; but I'm afraid he will never do, he is but half a macaroni.

Lady Bab. And very possibly the worst half: it is a vulgar idea to think foreign accomplishments fit a man for the polite world.

Sir Harry. Lady Bab, I wish you would undertake him; he seems to have contracted all the common-place affectation of travel, and thinks himself quite an overmatch for the fair sex, of whom his opinion is as ill founded as it is degrading.

Lady Bab. O, is that his turn? what, he has been studying some late posthumous letters, I suppose?—'twould be a delight to make a fool of such a fellow!—where is he?

Sir Harry. He is only gone to dress; I appointed to meet him on the other side the Grove; he'll be here in twenty minutes.

Lady Bab. I'll attend him there in your place—I have it—I'll try my hand a little at *naiveté*—he never saw me—the dress I am going to put on for the fête will do admirably to impose upon him: I'll make an example of his hypocrisy, and his *graces*, and his *usage du monde.*

Sir Harry. My life for it, he will begin an acquaintance with you.

Lady Bab. If he don't, I'll begin with him: there are two characters under which one may say any thing to a man,—that of perfect assurance, and of perfect innocence: Maria may be the best critic of the last; but under the *appearance* of it, Lord have mercy!—I have heard and seen such things!

Enter HURRY, *running.*

Hurry. Here they come! here they come! give them room! pray, sir, stand a little back—a little further your honourable ladyship, let the happy couple stand foremost—here they come!

Old. And, pray, when you can find breath to be understood, who or what is coming, Hurry?

Hurry. All the cleverest lads and girls that could be picked out within ten miles round; they have garlands in one hand, and roses in another, and their pretty partners in another, and some are singing, and all so merry!

Old. Stand still, Hurry; I foresaw you would be a sad master of the ceremonies; why they should not have appeared till the lawn was full of company;

they were to have danced there—you let them in too soon by an hour.

Hurry. Lord, sir! 'twas impossible to keep them out.

Old. Impossible! why, I am sure they did not knock you down.

Hurry. No, but they did worse; for the pretty maids smiled and smirked, and were so coaxing; and they called me dear Hurry, and sweet Hurry, and one call'd me pretty Hurry, and I did but just open the door a moment, flesh and blood could not resist it, and so they all rushed by.

Old. Ay, and now we shall have the whole crowd of the country break in.

Hurry. No, sir, no, never be afraid; we keep out all the old ones.

Sir Harry. Ay, here they come cross the lawn—I agree with Hurry, flesh and blood could not stop them—Joy and gratitude are overbearing arguments, and they must have their course.

Hurry. Now, Sir Harry! now, your ladyship! you shall see such dancing, and hear such singing!

Enter First Shepherd, very gaily, followed by a group of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

SONG.

Shepherd.

Hither, ye swains, with dance and song,
Join your bands in sportive measure;
Hither, ye swains, with dance and song,
Merrily, merrily trip it along:
'Tis holiday, lads, from the cares of your tillage,
Life, health, and joy, to the lord of the village.
Scenes of delight,
Round you invite,
Harmony, beauty, love, and pleasure:
Hither, ye swains, with dance and song,
Join your bands in sportive measure.
Chorus.—Hither, ye swains, &c.

Shepherdess.

Hither, ye nymphs, and scatter around
Every sweet the spring discloses;
Hither, ye nymphs, and scatter them round,
With the bloom of the hour enamel the ground:
The feast of the day is devoted to beauty,
Sorrow is treason, and pleasure a duty:
Love shall preside,
Sovereign guide!
Fetter his wings with links of roses;
Hither, ye nymphs, and scatter around
Every sweet the spring discloses.
Chorus.—Hither, ye nymphs, &c.

Both.

Lasses and lads, with dance and song,
Join your bands in sportive measure;
Lasses and lads, with dance and song,
Merrily, merrily trip it along;
An hour of youth is worth ages of reason,
'Tis the sunshine of life, take the gift of the season:
Scenes of delight,
Round you invite,
Harmony, beauty, love, and pleasure.
Chorus.—Lasses and lads, &c.

Hurry. So much for singing, and now for dancing; pray give 'em room, ladies and gentlemen.

[*Here a grand Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Garden Gate.*

Noise without.

Indeed, sir, we can't! it is as much as our places are worth: pray don't insist upon it.

Enter Old GROVEBY, *booted and splashed, pushing in* HURRY.

Groveby. I must see Sir Harry Groveby, and I will see him. Do ye think, ye jackanapes, that I come to rob the house?

Hurry. That is not the case, sir; nobody visits my master to-day without tickets; all the world will be here, and how shall we find room for all the world, if people were to come how they please, and when they please?

Grove. What, have you a stage-play here, that one cannot be admitted without a ticket?

Hurry. As you don't know what we have here to-day, I must desire you to come to-morrow.—Sir Harry won't see you to-day, he has a great deal of business upon his hands; and you can't be admitted without a ticket; and moreover you are in such a pickle, and nobody will be admitted but in a fanciful dress.

Grove. This is a dress after my own fancy, sirrah; and whatever pickle I am in, I will put you in a worse, if you don't immediately show me to Sir Harry Groveby—— [*Shaking his whip.*

Hurry. Sir Harry's going to be married—What would the man have?

Grove. I would have a sight of him *before* he goes to be married. I shall mar his marriage, I believe. [*Aside.*] I am his uncle, puppy, and ought to be at the wedding.

Hurry. Are you so, sir? Bless my heart! why would you not say so?—This way, good sir! it was impossible to know you in such a figure; I could sooner have taken you for a smuggler than his uncle; no offence, sir—If you will please to walk in that grove there, I'll find him directly—I'm sorry for what has happened—but you did not say you were a gentleman, and it was impossible to take you for one—no offence, I hope.

Grov. None at all, if you do as I bid you.

Hur. That I will, to be sure. I hope you are come to be merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Grov. O, aye to be sure—It is true, I see; I come at the very instant of his perdition—whether I suc-

ceed or not, I shall do my duty, and let other folks be merry if they like it—Going to be married! and to whom? to a young girl, without birth, fortune, or without any body's knowing any thing about her; and without so much as saying to me, his uncle, *with your leave, or by your leave*—if he will prefer the indulgence of a boyish passion to my affection and two thousand pounds per annum, let him be as merry as he pleases. I shall return to Gloomstock-hall, and make a new will directly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Changes to a Grove.*

Enter MARIA.

Maria. I wish I may have strength to support my happiness: I cannot get the better of my agitation; and though this day is to complete my wishes, my heart, I don't know how, feels something like distress —But what strange person is coming this way? How got he admitted in that strange dress?

Enter GROVEBY.

Grov. Madam, your servant; I hope I don't intrude: I am waiting here for a young gentleman—If I disturb you, I'll walk at the other end.

Maria. Indeed, sir, you don't disturb me. Shall I call any body to you, sir?

Grov. Not for the world, fair lady; an odd kind of a pert, bustling, restless fellow, is gone to do my business; and if I might be permitted to say a word or two, in the mean time, to so fair a creature, I should acknowledge it a most particular favour: but I intrude, I fear.

Maria. Indeed you don't, sir—I should be happy to oblige you.

Grov. And you make me happy by such civility —This is a most lovely creature! [*Aside.*

Maria. Who can this be? [*Aside.*

Grov. I find, madam, there is going to be a wedding here to-day.

Maria. Yes, sir; a very splendid one, by the preparations.

Grov. A very foolish business, to make such a fuss about a matter which both parties may have reason to curse this time twelve-month.

Maria. I hope not, sir—Do you know the parties?

Grov. One of them, too well, by being a near relation—Do you know the bride, young lady?

Maria. Pretty well, sir; my near acquaintance with her makes me attend here to-day.

[MARIA *seems confused.*

Grov. Might I, without being impertinent, beg to know something about her—but you are partial to her, and won't speak your mind.

Maria. I am, indeed, partial to her—every body is too partial to her—her fortune is much above her deserts.

Grov. Aye, aye, I thought so—sweet lady, your sincerity is as lovely as your person: you really think, then, she does not deserve so good a match?

Maria. Deserve it, sir! so far from deserving it, that I don't know that human creature that can deserve Sir Harry Groveby.

Grov. What a sensible sweet creature this is! [*Aside.*] Young lady, your understanding is very extraordinary for your age—you sincerely think, then, that this is a very unequal match?

Maria. Indeed I do, very sincerely—

Grov. And that it ought not to be?

Maria. Ought not to be, sir! [*Hesitating.*] That, sir, is another question—If Sir Harry has promised—and the young lady's affections——

Grov. Aye, to be sure, the young lady's affections! they are more to be consider'd than the young man's credit, or the old man's happiness—But pray,

fair young lady, what are your real sentiments of this incognita?

Maria. Upon my word, sir—[*Hesitates*] I scarce know how to answer your question——

[*Much confused.*

Grov. Your delicacy to your friend won't let you speak out; but I understand your objections—Nay, I feel 'em so much, that I am come on purpose to break the match.

Maria. [*Astonished.*] Indeed, sir!

Grov. Aye, indeed am I—a silly young puppy! without acquainting me with it, to go so far—I suppose some interested creature, with a little beauty, and more cunning, has laid hold of this precious fool of a nephew of mine——

Maria. Your nephew, sir!

Grov. Yes, yes, my nephew; but he must give up his girl, or renounce the relationship.

Maria. But consider, sir, what the poor young woman must suffer!

Grov. She *ought* to suffer, a designing baggage! I'll be hang'd if it is not some demure-looking chit, with a fair skin, and a couple of dimples in her cheeks, that has done all this mischief; you think so too, but you won't speak out.

Maria. But if Sir Harry is contented with such small accomplishments——

Grov. *He* contented, a simpleton! don't say a word in his favour; have not you confessed, though her friend, that she does not deserve him? I'll take your word for it; you have good sense, and can see his folly: you can't give up your friend to be sure; I see your affection struggling with your understanding; but you have convinced me that the fellow's undone.

Maria. For heaven's sake, sir! *I* convinced you!

Grov. Had the young blockhead but half an eye, he would have fallen in love with *you*; and if he had,

there had been some excuse for his folly; on my word, you are so sensible and sincere, I could fall in love with you myself—don't blush, maiden—I protest I never was half so much smitten in so short a time, when I was as young a fool as my nephew—— don't blush, damsel—

Maria. You overpower me with your goodness: but, sir, pray let me plead for him.

Grov. Nay, nay, sweet young lady, don't contradict yourself; you spoke your sentiments at first—truth is a charming thing, and you're a charming creature, and you should never be asunder. My nephew (as you hinted at first) is a very silly fellow, and in short it is a damn'd match.

Enter Sir HARRY, *who starts at seeing his Uncle, and looks ashamed.*

Maria. I cannot stand this interview. [*Exit.*

Grov. O, your humble servant, Sir Harry Groveby.

Sir Harry. My dear uncle, I am so happy—

Grov. O, to be sure—you are very happy to see me here. [*Sir* HARRY *looks confused.*] O, ho, you have some modesty left—And so you are going to be married, and forgot that you had an uncle living, did you?

Sir Harry. Indeed, sir, I was afraid to trust your prudence with my seeming indiscretion; but were you to know the object of my choice—

Grov. Aye, to be sure, I shall be bamboozled as you have been; but where is the old fox, that has made a chicken of you? I shall let him know a piece of my mind.

Sir Har. Mr Oldworth, sir, is all probity; he knew nothing of my having an uncle, or he would never have given his consent, without your's.

Grov. Aye, to be sure, they have set a simpleton-trap, and you have popp'd your head into it; but I

have but a short word to say to you—give up the lady, or give up me.

Sir Har. Let me entreat you to see her first.

Grov. I have seen a young lady; and I am so put upon my mettle by your ingratitude, that if she would but talk to me half an hour longer, I'd take her without a petticoat to Gloomstock-hall, and have my champetre-wedding too.

Sir Har. You are at liberty, sir—

Grov. To play the fool as you have done—her own friend and companion told me she was undeserving!

Sir Har. That Maria was undeserving! where is she who told you so? who is she?

Grov. Your aunt, sir, that may be, if I could get to talk to her again—so don't be in your airs—

Sir Har. Should she dare to hint, or utter the least injurious syllable of my Maria, I would forget her sex, and treat her—

Grov. And if you should dare to hint, or mutter the least injurious syllable of my passion, I should forget our relationship, and treat you—zounds! I don't know how I should treat you.

Sir Har. But, dear sir, who is the slanderer; she has deceived you.

Grov. I don't know her name, and you must not call her names.

Sir Har. Where did you see her?

Grov. Here, here.

Sir Har. When, sir?

Grov. This moment, sir.

Sir Har. As I came in, sir?

Grov. Yes, sir, yes—she could not bear the sight of you, and went away.

Sir Har. Dear sir, that was Maria herself.

Grov. Maria! what?

Sir Har. Maria, the Maid of the Oaks, my bride that is to be.

Grov. That's a fib, Harry, it can't be, and sha'n't be.

Sir Har. It can be no other, and she is the only person upon earth that could speak without rapture of herself.

Grov. And she is the person you are going to marry?

Sir Har. I cannot deny it.

Grov. If you did, you ought to be hanged—follow me, sir, follow me, sir—show me to her this moment—don't look with that foolish face, but lead the way, and bring me to her, I say.

Sir Har. What do you mean, sir?

Grov. What's that to you, sir—show me the girl, I say; she has bamboozled you and me too, and I will be revenged.

Sir Har. But, dear sir——

Grov. Don't dear me; I won't rest a moment till I have seen her; either follow me or lead the way, for I must, I will see her directly, and then you shall know, and she too, that I am—zounds! I'll show you what I am—and so come along, you puppy you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Flower Garden.*

Enter Lady BAB, *dressed as a Shepherdess, passing over the Stage,* OLDWORTH *following.*

Old. Hist, hist, Lady Bab. Here comes your prize; for the sake of mirth, and the revenge of your sex, don't miss the opportunity.

Lady Bab. Not for the world; you see I am dress'd for the purpose. I have been out of my wits this half hour, for fear the scene should be lost, by interruption of the company—what, is that he?

Old. Yes, he is looking out for us.

Lady Bab. Step behind that stump of shrubs, and you shall see what an excellent actress I should have made, if fortune had not luckily brought me into the world an earl's daughter.

Old. Don't be too hasty, for it is a pity Sir Harry should not be a witness; he owes him vengeance, too.

Lady Bab. Away, away— [*Exit* OLDWORTH.

[*Lady* BAB *retires to a corner of the Stage.*

Enter DUPELEY.

Dup. Where the devil is Sir Harry? this is certainly the place where I was appointed to find him; but I suppose I shall spring him and his bride from under a rose bush by and by, like two pheasants in pairing time—[*Observing Lady* BAB.] Hah! I wish that was a piece of game, she should not want a mate: is that a dress now for the day, or is she one of the natives of this extraordinary region?—Oh! I see now, it is all pure Arcadian; her eyes have been used to nothing but daisy-hunting; they are as awkward to her, when she looks at a man, as her elbows would be in a French Berline.

Lady Bab. [*Aside.*] My spark does not seem to want observation, he is only deficient in expression; but I will help him to that presently. Now to my character. [*Settles herself.*

Dup. [*Aside.*] What a neck she has! how beautifully nature works, when she is not spoiled by a damn'd town stay-maker; what a pity she is so awkward! I hope she is not foolish.

[*During this observation, he keeps his eye fixed upon her neck; Lady* BAB *looks first at him, then at herself; unpins her nosegay, and with an air of the most perfect* naiveté, *presents it to him.*

Lady Bab. You seem to wish for my nosegay, sir, it is much at your service.

[*Offers the flowers, and curtseys awkwardly.*

Dup. Oh, the charming innocent!—my wishes extend a little further. A thousand thanks, my fair one; I accept it as a faint image of your own sweets. To whom am I so much obliged?

Lady Bab. To the garden-man, to be sure; he has made flowers to grow all over the garden, and they smell so sweet; pray smell 'em, they are charming sweet I assure you, and have such fine colours—law! you are a fine nosegay yourself, I think.

[*Simpers, and looks at him.*

Dup. Exquisite simplicity! [*Half aside.*] sweet contrast to fashionable affectation—Ah, I knew at first glance you were a compound of innocence and sensibility.

Lady Bab. Lack-a-dazy heart! how could you hit upon my temper so exactly?

Dup. By a certain instinct I have, for I have seen few, or none of the sort before; but, my dear girl, what is your name and situation?

Lady Bab. Situation!

Dup. Ay, what are you?

Lady Bab. I am a bride-maid.

Dup. But, my sweet image of simplicity, when you are not a bride-maid, what is your way of life? how do you pass your time?

Lady Bab. I rise with the lark, keep my hands always employ'd, dance upon a holiday, and eat brown bread with content. [*With an innocent curtsey.*

Dup. O, the delicious description!—beachen shades, bleating flocks, and pipes and pastorals. [*Aside.*] What an acquisition to my fame, as well as pleasure, to carry off this quintessence of champetre!—'tis but an annuity job—I'll do it.

[*During this soliloquy she examines him round and round.*

Lady Bab. And pray, what may you be? for I never saw any thing so out of the way in all my life!—he, he, he! [*Simpering.*

Dup. Me, my dear? I am a gentleman.

Lady Bab. What a *fine* gentleman! bless me, what a thing it is!—this is a fine gentleman!—ha, ha, ha! I never saw any thing so comical in all my life—ha, ha, ha!—and this is a fine gentleman, of which I have heard so much!

Dup. What is the matter, my dear? is there any thing ridiculous about me that makes you laugh? What have you heard of fine gentlemen, my sweet innocence?

Lady Bab. That they are as gaudy as peacocks, as mischievous as jays, as chattering as magpies, as wild as hawks—

Dup. And as loving as sparrows—my beauteous Delia; do not leave out the best property of the feather'd creation.

Lady Bab. No, no, I did not mean to leave out that; I know you are very loving—of yourselves; ha, ha, ha! You are a sort of birds that *flock*, but never *pair*.

Dup. Why you are satirical, my fairest; and have you heard any thing else of fine gentlemen?

Lady Bab. Yes, a great deal more—That they take wives for fortunes, and mistresses for show: squander their money among tailors, barbers, cooks, and fiddlers; pawn their honour to sharpers, and their estates to Jews; and at last run to foreign countries to repair a pale face, a flimsy carcase, and an empty pocket—that's a fine gentleman for you!

Dup. [*Surprised.*] Hey-day! where has my Arcadian picked up this jumble!

Lady Bab. I am afraid I have gone too far. [*Aside.*

Dup. [*Still surprised.*] Pray, my dear, what is really your name?

Lady Bab. [*Resuming her simplicity.*] My name is Philly.

Dup. Philly!

Lady Bab. Philly Nettletop, of the vale.

Dup. [*Still suspicious.*] And pray, my sweet Philly, how did you learn this character of a fine gentleman?

Lady Bab. O, I learnt it with my catechism—Mr Oldworth has it taught to all the young maidens here about.

Dup. [*Aside.*] O, the glutton!—have I found at last the *clue*—I'll be hang'd if old sly-boots has not a rural seraglio, and this is the favourite sultana.

Lady Bab. [*Aside.*] I fancy I have put him upon a new scent—why, a real fool now would not have afforded half this diversion.

Dup. [*Significantly.*] So it is from Mr Oldworth, is it, my charming *innocence*, that you have learnt to be so afraid of fine gentlemen?

Lady Bab. No, not at all afraid; I believe you are perfectly harmless if one treats you right, as I do our young mastiff at home.

Dup. And how is that, pray?

Lady Bab. Why, while one keeps at a distance, he frisks, and he flies, and he barks, and tears and grumbles, and makes a sad rout about it—Lord, you'd think he would devour one at a mouthful!—but if one does but walk boldly up, and look him in the face, and ask him what he wants, he drops his ears, and runs away directly.

Dup. Well said, rural simplicity again!—Oh damn it, I need not be so squeamish here!—Well but, my dear heavenly creature, don't commit such a sin as to waste your youth, and your charms, upon a set of rustics here; fly with me to the true region of pleasure—my chaise and four shall be ready at the back gate of the park, and we will take the opportunity, when all the servants are drunk, as they cer-

tainly will be, and the company is gone tired to bed.

Lady Bab. [*Fondly.*] And would you really love me dearly now, Saturdays and Sundays, and all?

Dup. [*Aside.*] Oh, this will do without an annuity, I see!

Lady Bab. You'll forget all this prittle-prattle gibberish to me now, as soon as you see the fine strange ladies, by and by—there's Lady Bab Lardoon, I think they call her, from London.

Dup. Lady Bab Lardoon, indeed!—Oh, you have named a special object for a passion—I should as soon be in love with the figure of the Great Mogul at the back of a pack of cards—If *she* has any thing to do with *hearts*, it must be when they are trumps, and she pulls them out of her pocket—No, sweet Philly; thank heaven that gave me insight into the sex, and reserved me for a woman in her native charms—here alone she is to be found, and paradise is on her lips! [*Struggling to kiss her.*] Thus let me thank you for my nosegay.

During the struggle, enter HURRY.

Hur. Oh, Lady Bab, I come to call your ladyship. [*Pauses.*] Lord, I thought they never kiss'd at a wedding till after the ceremony; but they cannot begin too soon—I ask pardon for interruption.

[*Going.* DUPELEY *stares, Lady* BAB *laughs.*

Dup. Stay, Hurry; who was you looking for?

Hur. Why, I came with a message for Lady Bab Larder, and would have carried her answer, but you stopp'd her mouth.

Dup. Who! what! who!—This is Philly Nettletop!

Hur. Philly Fiddlestick—'Tis Lady Bab Larder, I tell you; do you think I don't know her, because she has got a new dress? But you are surprised and busy, and I am in haste, so your servant. [*Exit.*

Dup. Surprised indeed!—Lady Bab Lardoon!

Lady Bab. No, no, Philly Nettletop! [*Curtseys.*

Dup. Here's a damn'd scrape! [*Aside.*

Lady Bab. In every capacity, sir—*a rural innocent, Mr Oldworth's mistress, or the great Mogul,* equally grateful for your favourable opinion.

[*Slowly, and with a low curtsey.*

Enter OLDWORTH *and Sir* HARRY, *laughing.*

Mr Oldworth, give me leave to present to you a gentleman remarkable for second sight: he knows all women by instinct.

Sir Har. From a princess to a figurante, from a vintage to a May-pole—I am rejoiced I came in time for the catastrophe.

Lady Bab. Mr Oldworth, there is your travell'd man for you! and I think I have given a pretty good account of him.

[*Pointing at* DUPELEY, *who is disconcerted.*

Old. I hope the ladies are not the only characters in which Mr Dupeley has been mistaken!

Lady Bab. Upon my word, Mr Dupeley, considering you have not been two hours in the house, you have succeeded admirably, to recommend yourself to your company! why you look as if you had gone your *va toute* upon a false card.

Dup. The devil's in her, I believe; she overbears me so, that I have not a word to say for myself.

[*Aside.*

Lady Bab. Well, though I laugh now, I am sure I have most reason to be disconcerted, for that blundering fellow spoiled my fortune.

Sir Har. How so?

Lady Bab. Why, I should have had an annuity.

Old. Come, come, my good folks, you have both acquitted yourselves admirably: Mr Dupeley must forgive the innocent deceit; and you, Lady Bab,

a generous conqueror, should bear the triumph moderately.

Dup. I own myself her captive, bound in her chains, and thus I lay all my former laurels at her feet. [*Kneels.*

Lady Bab. The laurels have been mostly poetical —gathered in imagination only; he, he, he!

Dup. Quarter, quarter, my dear invincible!

Sir Har. Now this scene is finished, let me open another to you—Maria's charms have been as much signalised as her ladyship's wit—my old uncle Groveby——

Lady Bab. Of Gloomstock Hall?

Sir Har. The same, and full primed with the rhetoric of sixty-five, against the marriage of inclination; but such a conversion! such a revolution!

Old. Your uncle here! I must chide you, Sir Harry, for concealing from me that you had a relation so well entitled to be consulted—which way is he?

Sir Har. I left him all in a transport with my bride; he kisses her, and squeezes her hand—'gad, I sha'n't get her away from him, without your help.

Dup. Poor Sir Harry!

Lady Bab. If she has sweetened that old crab, that his sourness will not set our teeth on edge, she has worked miracles indeed.

Sir Har. There you totally mistake his character, Lady Bab:—no—he has the heart of an Oldworth, [*Addressing himself to Mr* OLDWORTH,] though I confess with very different manners; his expression often puts me in mind of the harsh preparation of instruments; your ear is jarred before it is delighted—but attend to his sentiments, and, as Hamlet says—

He will discourse most excellent music.

He never said or did an ill-natured thing in his life.

Lady Bab. I wish I had him in town, to contrast

with some *smooth* successful characters of my acquaintance, who will smile upon you, even though you affront them, and always flatter your judgment, when they mean to pick your pocket—but here he is, I declare, and looks as if he were quite in tune.

Enter GROVEBY, *with* MARIA *under his arm.*

Sir Har. [*Running to her.*] I was coming to seek you, my Maria.

Grov. *Your* Maria! Sir, *my* Maria—*she* will own me, if you won't—there, sir, let her teach you your duty. [*Quitting* MARIA, *who retires with Sir* HARRY *to the bottom of the Stage.*

Old. Sir, I have many pardons to ask of you, but Sir Harry will be my witness, that my fault was in my ignorance; had I known your name and situation, I should have paid you my respects months ago.

Grov. Sir, I don't wonder the graceless rogue forgot me, but I'll be even with him; he sha'n't have a guinea from me.

Old. Good sir, you are not serious that he has offended you——

Grov. I am serious, that I have found another inheritor for Gloomstock-Hall—I have got a niece, worth twenty such nephews. [MARIA *and Sir* HARRY *approaching.*] Aye, you may look, sir, but *she* shall have every acre of it. [*Taking* MARIA *by the hand.*

Sir Har. I ever found your kindness paternal, and you now give me the best proof of it.

Grov. No, sir, had I been your father, and you had surprised me with a match like this, I should have taken another method.

Sir Har. What would that have been, my dear uncle?

Grov. I would have loaded you with all the rents, and you should have been forced to keep me, at your own expence, for the rest of my life, sirrah.

Lady Bab. There is a sort of humour about this

old fellow, that is not unpleasant; I must have a little laugh with him before the day is over.

Grov. Well, Mr Oldworth, I intend there shall be no more ceremony between us; I shall not quit your champetre, I assure you—but what shall I do, to equip myself? one shall look like a fool, it seems, dressed in one's own clothes.

Old. Sir, your good humour and compliance will be a new compliment to the day—you shall be supplied—I took care to be provided with plenty of habits for chance comers.

Grov. Why, then, this lady, who looks like a merry one, shall choose for me, if she will do me that favour.

Lady Bab. With great pleasure, sir; and before I have done with you, I'll make you look——

Grov. Aye, what shall I look, fair lady?

Lady Bab. Why, like Old Burleigh revived from the champetre Leicester gave to Queen Elizabeth at Kennelworth-Castle.

Grov. And no bad compliment neither—Gad, fair lady, if you could revive more of 'em, it would do the country no harm, I believe.

Old. Well, my good friends—now for a slight refreshment, and then for the happy rites. Who must lead the bride?

Grov. That will I—she is my niece, and only your ward. Give me your hand, Lady Paramount, of Gloomstock-Hall. [*Leads* MARIA *off.*

Dup. And may I be thought worthy to offer mine to the lovely Phillida?

Lady Bab. She accepts of your sagacity as Cavalier Servante and Cecisbeo, [*Going off.*] and as we go along, we will talk of the annuity.

Dup. [*Half aside.*] Gad, you deserve one—and, if I durst, I'd make it a jointure—and now, if you please, you may overhear that, my Lady Quickears.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Grove.*

Enter HURRY, *in great spirits.*

Hur. Here, lass, take this basket, and run away to the church, or you'll be thrown out, and then you won't be married this year—tell all the girls to be sure they strew in time to the music; and bid Dolly Dump smile, and not look as if she was at a funeral.

[*Exit Girl.*

What a day of joy is this! I could leap out of my skin, and into it again—here, you, Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. What say you, Master Hurry?

Hur. What signifies what I say, when you are running and fluttering about, that you can neither hear, see, nor understand!

Rob. Law, master, I try to do every thing after you—where shall I go next?

Hur. Run away to the ringers, and set the bells a-going directly——and, do you hear? [ROBIN *returns.*] Huzza all of you, till nobody can hear the bells.

[*Exit* ROBIN.

What have I to do now?—ho, I must go down to the tents. [*Going.*] No, I'll go first to the Shrubbery, and tell the musicianers—[*Going and returns.*] That I have done already—I must take care that none of the servants——that will do by-and-by. I must bid the maids——'gad I must not go near *them* neither in these rampant spirits—I am so full of every thing, that I can think of nothing but to be mad with joy.

[*Exit, singing and capering.*

SCENE II.—*Arcades of Flowers.*

Procession from the Marriage, Bells ringing, Music playing, Huzzas at a distance.

SONG.

Female Voice.

Breezes that attend the spring,
Bear the sound on rosy wing,
Waft the swelling notes away,
'Tis Maria's wedding day.

Chorus of Female Voices.

Spread the tidings o'er the plain,
Call around each maid and swain,
Dress'd in garlands fresh and gay,
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

Male Voice.

Hence, suspicion, envy, strife,
Every ill that poisons life,
Sculking vice, and specious art,
All that spoils, or cheats the heart.

Chorus of Male Voices.

Here the chastened Loves invite,
Harmless dalliance, pure delight,
Choral sonnet, festive play,
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

Female Voice.

Plenty come with ceaseless hoard,
Mirth to crown the evening board,
Truth the nuptial bed to guard,
Joy and peace its bright reward.

Female Voices.

But the chief invited guest,
Health, in rosy mantle drest,
Come, and with thy lengthened stay,
Make her life a bridal day.

Chorus.

Spread the tidings o'er the plain,
Call around each maid and swain,
Dress'd in garlands fresh and gay,
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

Old. Thank you, my honest friends and neighbours; if *your* hearts overflow with joy, how must it be with *mine?* I beg you to retire a moment. [*They retire. He walks about greatly agitated.*] Oh, my heart! my heart! what a moment is this! I cannot bear it! the tide's too strong, and will overwhelm me.

Mar. What is the cause of this?

Old. You are, Maria—you!

Mar. Am I, sir? heaven forbid!

Old. Heaven has granted it, and I avow it. I have lived to see in these times, successful merit, and disinterested love; my hopes and wishes are accomplished! my long-projected joys are full, and I will proclaim them! I have a child!

Mar. Sir!

Old. Come to my arms, Maria! thy father's arms! If my lips fail me, let my heart, in throbs, speak the discovery.

Mar. O, sir, explain this mystery!

Old. I have a father's right! my child's conduct has made it a proud one.

Mar. How, how, sir! I am lost in rapture and amazement!

Grov. So we are all.

Old. Excuse me, brother, madam, all—my story is very short, Maria; the hour of your birth made *me* a widower, and *you* a splendid heiress; I trembled at the dangers of that situation, made more dangerous by the loss of your mother; to be the object of flattery in the very cradle, and made a prey to interest is the common lot attending it. These reflec-

tions, call them whims, call them singularities, what you please, induced me to conceal your birth; being abroad at the time, the plan was easily executed.

Mar. How blind have I been! Benevolent as you are to all, I might still have perceived and interpreted the distinction of your unremitting tenderness —how could I mistake the parent's partiality, the parent's fondness?

Old. Your happiness has been the motive of my actions, be it my excuse: the design has answered wonderfully; for though Maria's virtues would have adorned any station, yet she wanted the humble station of the Maid of the Oaks to give her due proof of a disinterested lover.

Mar. O, sir, expect not *words*—where shall I find even *sentiments* of tenderness, gratitude, and duty, that were not yours before!

Old. The life of my ward, is a pledge for that of the daughter and the wife. To you, Sir Harry, I shall make no apology for my secrecy; it has served to give scope and exercise to your generosity, a sensation more gratifying to minds like your's, than any acquisition of fortune—that pleasure past, accept now, with Maria's hand, the inheritance of Oldworth's Oaks.

Sir Har. Sir, your conduct does not surprise, but it overwhelms me; long may you remain the possessor of Oldworth's Oaks! when you cease to be so, he will ill deserve to succeed you, who does not make your example the chief object of his imitation.

Dup. New joy to the disinterested lover, and to the destined Queen of the Oaks!

Lady Bab. To the amiable pair, and the rewarder of their merits! Mr Oldworth, you promised us a singular regale, but you have outdone yourself.

Grov. Regale! 'gad I don't know what to call it; he has almost turned the champetre into a tragedy, I think: I never felt my eyes twinkle so oddly before; have at your double bottles and long corks!

Old. My worthy friend, brother let me call you! I have robbed you of a pleasure; I know you also had your eye upon my Maid of the Oaks, for an exercise of your generosity.

Grov. It is very true, I should have been as well pleased as her lover to receive her only with an under-petticoat, though not quite for the same reason; but you may perceive how cursedly vexed I am at the disappointment. [*Pauses.*] Aye, I must alter the disposition of my acres once more: *I* will have no nabobs nor nabobesses in my family.

Lady Bab. The females would be the better of the two, for all that: they would not be guilty of so much rapacity to acquire a fortune, and they would spend it to better purposes.

Dup. By as much as a province is better disposed of in a jewel at the breast of a Cleopatra, than when it is melted down in the fat guts of mayors and burgesses of country corporations.

Grov. I agree in your preference between the two; but an honest country gentleman, and a plain English wife, is more respectable and useful than both! so, do you hear, madam, take care to provide me a second son, fit for that sort of family; let him be an honest fellow, and a jolly fellow, and in every respect a proper representative for Gloomstock-hall.

Enter HURRY.

Hur. An't please your honour and worship, here are all the quality persons in fanciful dresses: you never saw such a sight, they are for all the world like the Turks and Prussians; do but look at them, how they come prancing along through the grove! I never saw any thing so fine, and so proud, and so fantastical. Lord, I wonder any body will ever wear a coat and waistcoat again. This is *Sham-Peter* indeed!

[*Exit.*

Grov. My friend Hurry is in the right. Harry,

come and help to dress me, for till I have got my fool's coat on, I can't make one among them. [*Exit.*

Sir Har. I'll wait upon you. My sweet Maria, I must leave you for a few minutes—for an age. [*Exit.*

Old. My heart is now disburthened, and free to entertain my friends. Come, Maria, let us meet them, and show in our faces the joy of our hearts. Will your ladyship and Mr Dupeley assist us?

[*Exeunt* OLDWORTH *and* MARIA.

Lady Bab. O, most willingly, Mr Oldworth.

[*As she is going out, she sees* ACTÆA *coming.*

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

Dup. Hey-day! what is coming, Lady Bab?

Lady Bab. O, that most hideous of all goblins, a country cousin; and I can neither avoid her, nor overlook her, as I should do in town.

Dup. Where is the barbarian?

Lady Bab. Mistake her if you can—the lovely Diana there that is talking to Maria, with a tin crescent upon her head, big enough for a Turkish mosque.

Dup. [*Looking through his glass.*] Oh, I have her.

By her step the goddess is revealed.

Lady Bab. What can I do with her? she'll suffocate me if you don't take her off my hands.

Enter ACTÆA, *followed by six Hunters.*

Act. O cousin! Lady Bab, here am I at the head of my hunters. I left the company to come to you. I want to practise my song before I sing it in public, you shall hear me, ha! ha! ha!

Lady Bab. O you delicate creature! pray let us hear it: while she is singing we'll steal off, and join the company. [*Aside to* DUPELEY.] Come, my dear, pray begin.

ACTÆA sings her Hunting Song, during which Lady BAB *and* DUPELEY *steal off laughing.*

SONG.

Come, rouse from your trances,
The sly morn advances,
To catch sluggish mortals in bed!
Let the horn's jocund note
In the wind sweetly float,
While the fox from the brake lifts his head!
Now creeping,
Now peeping,
The fox from the brake lifts his head;
Each away to his steed,
Your goddess shall lead,
Come follow, my worshippers, follow;
For the chace all prepare,
See the hounds snuff the air,
Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hollo!

Hark Jowler, hark Rover,
See Reynard breaks cover,
The hunters fly over the ground;
Now they skim o'er the plain,
Now they dart down the lane,
And the hills, woods, and vallies resound;
With dashing,
And splashing,
The hills, woods, and vallies resound!
Then away with full speed,
Your goddess shall lead,
Come follow, my worshippers, follow;
O'er the hedge, ditch, and gate,
If you stop you're too late,
Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hollo!

After the Song, the Scene opens, and discovers the Gardens illuminated.

ACTÆA *and her Followers join the Company.*

Another set of Company dance Quadrilles.

Enter OLDWORTH.

Old. This is as it should be—a dance, or a song, or a shout of joy, meets me at every turn; but come, ladies, I shall trust you no more in the gardens; at least not my fair dancers; though the evening is fine, it may be deceitful; we have prepared a place under cover for the rest of the entertainment.

Enter HURRY.

Hur. Gentlemen, nobility, ladies and gentry, you are all wanted in the Temple of Venice, to——but I'll not say what, that you may be more surprised; and if you are surprised here, you'll be more surprised there, and we sha'n't have done with you there neither. Pray make haste, or you'll get no place.

[*They all crowd off.*

Hur. [*Alone.*] Bless my heart, how the whole place goes round with me! my head seems quite illumationed as well as that there. [*Pointing to the Building.*] See what it is to have more business than one's brains can bear! I am as giddy as a goose, yet I have not touched a drop of liquor to-day, but two glasses of punch, a pint of hot negus to warm me, a bottle of cyder to cool me again, and a dram of cherry-bounce to keep all quiet. I should like to lie down a little; but then what would become of the *Sham-Peter?*—No, as I am entrusted with a high office, I scorn to flinch; I will keep my eyes open, and my head clear—aye, and my hands too—and I wish all my countrymen had done the same at the general election.

[*Reels off.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Saloon.*

A Minuet.

After the Minuet, enter a Shepherdess, drawing forward a Shepherd by the Arm.

Duetto.

She. Simon, why so lost in wonder,
At these folk of high degree?
If they're finer, we are fonder;
Love is wealth to you and me.

He. Phœbe, stop, and learn more duty:
We're too lowly here to please:
Oh, how splendour brightens beauty!
Who'd not wish to be like these?

She. Pr'ythee, Simon, cease this gazing,
They're deceitful, as they're fair;
He. But their looks are all so pleasing,
Phœbe, how can I forbear?

She. Simon, stop, and learn more duty;
He. Honest freedom can't displease;

Both.

He. Riches give new charms to beauty.
She. Riches give no charms to beauty.
He. Who'd not wish to be like these?
She. Who wou'd wish to be like these?

SONG.

O Simon, simple Simon, know,
The finest garments cover woe;
The outside glitter never tells
The grief of heart that inward dwells.

We rustic folk so true and plain,
Can never charm the light and vain;
Whate'er without our fortune wears,
Within no pang our bosom tears.

O Simon, simple Simon, know,
That lack of wealth is lack of woe.
Then homewards go, and let us prove,
The greatest bliss, content with love.

The Character of FOLLY *enters from the Top of the Stage, to a lively Symphony.*

SONG.

Make room, my good neighbours, of every degree,
My name it is Folly, who does not know me?
Of high ones, of low ones, of great, and of small,
I've been the companion, the friend of you all:
Wherever I come I drive away care,
And if there's a crowd, I'm sure to be there.
I'm here, and there,
And every where,
All know me—all know me,
Where'er I come,
Nobody's dumb;
Prating, prancing,
Singing, dancing;
Running o'er with mirth and glee.

From country elections, I gallop'd post haste,
For there, I am always the most busy guest;
And whether it be in the country or town,
I'm hugg'd very close, by the cit and the clown:
The courtier, the patriot, the turn-coat and all,
If I do not sweeten, breed nothing but gall.
I'm here, and there, &c.

The statesman, without me, unhappy would be;
No lady so chaste, but gallants it with me;
The gravest of faces, who physic the land,
For all their grimaces, shake me by the hand;
At the play-house, a friend to the author, I sit,
And clap in the gallery, boxes, and pit.
I'm here, and there, &c.

[*A slow Symphony—all the Company retire to the Wings on each side; the Curtains of the Saloon are drawn up, and discover the Company at Supper.*

Enter Druid.

Druid. Folly, away, nor taint this nuptial feast!
I come, a friendly, self-invited guest;
The Druid of these Oaks, long doom'd to dwell
Invisible, till Beauty broke the spell;
Beauty, which here erects her throne,
And every spell dissolves, except her own.

Beauty breaks the magic spell,
Her power can every power subdue;
Can charm the Druid from his cell,
To revel and rejoice with you!
What cannot Beauty, spotless Beauty, do?

Stand all apart, while mortals learn
The recompence their virtues earn;
When thus the generous court *their* power,
Celestial guardians find the dower,
And these are mansions they prepare,
For the disint'rested and fair. [*He waves his Wand.*

The Scene breaks away, and discovers the Palace of Celestial Love.

Maria, take this oaken crown,
The region round is all your own:
See every Dryad of the groves,
With bending heads salute your loves:
And Naïads, decked in constant green,
With homage due, avow their queen;
Here all of autumn, all of spring,
The flower and fruit to you they bring;
And, while they heap the lavish store,
A father's blessing makes it more.

Mar. It does, indeed! my heart o'erflows with happiness.

Old. Long, long may it do so! my dear, my matchless daughter! Come then, my friends and children; I see our joys are too sincere and spirited to be any longer celebrated in magic and allegory.

Grov. I ask your pardon, friend Oldworth; this reverend old gentleman Druid has charmed me, and I hope we shall have more of his company: a contempt for old times may be fashionable, but I am pleased with every thing that brings them to my remembrance. I love an old oak at my heart, and can sit under its shade till I dream of Cressy and Agincourt; it is the emblem of British fortitude, and, like the heroic spirits of the island, while it overtops, it protects the undergrowth.—And now, old son of Misleto, set that sentiment to music.

Old. And he shall, brother.

[*Druid gives sign to the Musicians.*

SONG.—*Two Voices.*

Grace and strength of Britain's isle,
May'st thou long thy glories keep,
Make her hills with verdure smile,
Bear her triumphs o'er the deep.
Chorus.—Grace and strength, &c.

Dup. Well, Lady Bab, are your spirits quite exhausted, or have the events of the day made you pensive? I begin to believe there are more rational systems of happiness than ours: should my fair instructress become a convert, my ambition would be still to follow her.

Lady Bab. I am no convert; my mind has ever been on the side of reason, though the torrent in which I have lived has not allowed me time to practise, or even to contemplate it as I ought—but to follow fashion, where we feel shame, is surely the strongest of all hypocrisy, and from this moment I renounce it.

Grov. And you never made a better renounce in your life.

Lady Bab. Lady Groveby, accept the friendship of one sincerely desirous to imitate your virtues—Mr Oldworth, you do not know me yet; you forbad your company masks upon their faces, I have worn one upon my character to you, and to the world.

Old. Lady Bab wanted but the resolution to appear in her genuine charms, to make her a model to her rank, and to the age.

Dup. To those charms I owe my conversion—and my heart, hitherto a prodigal, justly fixes with her, from whom it received the first impression of love and reason—there wants but the hand of Lady Bab, to make Oldworth's Oaks distinguished by another union, founded on merit in her sex, and discernment in mine.

Lady Bab. Sir, your proposal does me honour; but it is time enough to talk of hearts and hands—Let us follow the example before us in every thing—after the life we have led, six months probation may be very proper for us both.

Old. Amiable Lady Bab! Confer the gift when you please; but my fete champetre shall be remembered as the date of the promise—and now for such a song and dance as will best conclude so happy a day. [*Short Flourish of Instruments.*

VAUDEVILLE

Shepherd.

Ye fine-fangled folks, who from cities and courts,
By your presence enliven the fields,
Accept for your welcome the innocent sports,
And the fruits that our industry yields.

Chorus. Ye fine-fangled folks, &c.

No temple we raise to the idol of wealth,
No altar to interest smokes,
To the blessings of love, kind seasons and health,
Is devoted the Feast of the Oaks
Chorus.—No temple we raise, &c.

Shepherdess.

From the thicket and plain, each favourite haunt,
The villagers hasten away,
Your encouraging smile is the bounty they want,
To compensate the toils of the day.
Chorus.—From the thicket, &c.

The milkmaid abandons her pail and her cow,
In the furrow the ploughman unyokes,
From the valley and meadow all press to the brow,
To assist at the Feast of the Oaks.
Chorus.—The milk-maid, &c.

Shepherd.

The precept we teach is contentment and truth,
That our girls may not learn to beguile,
By reason to govern the pleasures of youth,
And decorate age with a smile.
Chorus.—The precept we teach, &c.

No serpent approaches with venomous tooth,
No raven with ominous croaks,
No rancorous critic, more fatal than both,
Shall poison the Feast of the Oaks.
Chorus.—No serpent approaches, &c.

Shepherdess.

Bring roses, and myrtles, new circlets to weave,
Ply the flutes in new measures to move,
And lengthen the song to the star of the eve,
The favouring planet of love.
Chorus.—Bring roses and myrtles, &c.

Oh Venus! propitious attend to the lay,
Each shepherd the blessing invokes;
May he who is true, like the youth of to-day,
Find a prize like the Maid of the Oaks.
Chorus.—Oh Venus! propitious, &c.

Druid, stopping the Musicians.

Yet hold, though Druid now no more,
He's wrong who thinks my spells are o'er.
Thus midst you all I throw them round,
Oh, may they fall on genial ground!
May every breast their influence prove!
The magic lies in *truth of Love.*
'Tis that irradiates ev'ry scene,
Restores from clouds the blue serene,
And makes, without a regal dome,
A palace of each humble home.

The whole finishes with a grand Dance.

TOM THUMB;

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

ALTERED BY

KANE O'HARA, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING ARTHUR,	*Mr Dowton.*
TOM THUMB,	*Master West.*
MERLIN,	*Mr Denman.*
LORD GRIZZLE,	*Mr Matthews.*
NOODLE,	*Mr Taylor.*
DOODLE,	*Mr Grove.*
GHOST,	*Mr Denman.*
QUEEN DOLLALLOLLA,	*Miss Tyrer.*
PRINCESS HUNCAMUNCA,	*Mrs Taylor.*
GLUMDALCA,	*Miss Leserve.*
FRIZALETTA,	*Miss Vining.*
PLUMANTE,	*Mrs Kendall.*

TOM THUMB.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Palace Yard.*

Enter DOODLE *on one Side of the Stage, and* NOODLE *on the other; after a long obeisance, they embrace.*

DUET.

Dood. Sure such a day,
So renowned, so victorious—
Such a day as this was never seen;
Courtiers so gay,
And the mob so uproarious—
Nature seems to wear a universal grin.

Nood. Arthur to Doll
Is grown bobbish and uxorious;
While both she and Huncamunca tipple, talking tawdry;
Even Mr Sol,
So tifted out, so glorious,
Glitters like a beau in a new birth-day embroidery.

Dood. Oh, 'tis a day
Of jubilee, cajollery;
A day we never saw before;
A day of fun and drollery.

Nood. That you may say,
Their majesties may boast of it;
And since it never can come more,
'Tis fit they make the most of it.

Dood. Oh, 'tis a day, &c.
Nood. That you may say, &c.
Dood. Sure such a day, &c.
Nood. Courtiers so gay, &c.

Dood. Yes, Noodle, yes;—to-day the mighty Thumb
Returns triumphant.—Captive giants swarm
Like bees behind his car. [*Flourish of Trumpets.*
Nood. These trumpets speak the king at levee.
I go.
Dood. And I also—to offer my petition.
Nood. Doodle, do. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Inside of the Palace.*

The King and Queen seated on a Throne.—Lord GRIZZLE, *Courtiers, and Attendants.—*DOODLE *and* NOODLE *apart.*

King. Let no face but a face of joy be seen!
The man who this day frowns shall lose his head,
That he may have no face to frown withal—
Smile, Dollallolla! [*Kisses her.*
Dood. [*Kneeling.*] Dread liege,
This petition—
King. [*Dashes it away.*] Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day;
To-day it is our pleasure—to be drunk,
And this our queen shall be as drunk as we.

Queen. Is't so? why then perdition catch the failers!
Let's have a row, and get as drunk as tailors.

AIR. *Queen.*

What though I now am half seas o'er,
I scorn to baulk this bout,
Of stiff rack punch fetch bowls a score,
'Fore George, I'll see them out.
What though, &c.

But, sir, your queen 'twould ill become,
T'indulge in vulgar sips;
No drop of brandy, gin, or rum,
Should pass these royal lips.
But, sir, &c.

Chorus.—Rum ti iddity, row, row, row,
If we'd a good sup, we'd take it now.

King. Though rack, in punch, ten shillings were a quart,
And rum and brandy be but half-a-crown,
Rather than quarrel, thou shalt have thy fill.
[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*]

Nood. These martial sounds, my liege, announce the general.

King. Haste we to meet, and meetly to receive him. [*Rises from the Throne.*
[*Martial Music.*]

Enter TOM THUMB, *Attendants, and* GLUMDALCA *in Chains.*

Welcome, thrice welcome, mighty Thomas Thumb!
Thou tiny hero—pigmy giant-queller!
What gratitude can thank away the debt
Thy valour puts upon us!
[*Takes him up and embraces him.*

Queen. Oh! ye gods! [*Aside.*

Tom. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough—
I've done my duty, and I've done no more. [*Bows.*
Queen. Was ever such a godlike creature seen!
King. Thy modesty's a flambeau to thy merit;
It shines itself, and shews thy merit too.
O Tommy, Tommy Thumb! what to thy prowess do we owe!
Ask some reward—great as we can bestow.
Tom. I ask not kingdoms, I can conquer those;
I ask not money,—money I've enough:
If this be called a debt, take my receipt in full:
I ask but this, to sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.
King. [*Aside.*] Prodigious bold request!
Queen. Be still, my soul!—
King. [*After a pause.*] It is resolved!
The princess is thy own! [*To* THUMB.
Tom. O happy Tommy! super happy Thumb;
Whisper, ye winds, that Huncamunca's mine!
The bloody bus'ness of grim war is o'er,
And beauty, heavenly beauty, crowns my toils.

AIR. *Tom.*

As when the chimney-sweeper
Has all the live-long day,
Through darksome paths a creeper,
Pursued his sooty way:

At night, to wash with water
His hands and face he flies;
And, in his t'other tatter,
With his Brickdusta lies.

[*Exit.—Flourish of Trumpets.*

King. [*Looking fondly at* GLUMDALCA.] I feel a sudden pain across my breast; [*Aside.*
Nor know I whether it proceed from love
Or the wind-colic—but time will shew.—Hugeous queen of hearts,

Sure thou wert form'd by all the gods in council;
Who, having made a lucky hit, beyond their journey-work,
Cried out—"This is a woman!"

Glum. Then were the gods confoundedly mistaken.
We are a giantess—I tell thee, Arthur,
We yesterday were both a queen and wife;
One hundred thousand giants own'd our sway;
Twenty whereof were wedded to ourself.

Queen. Oh blest prerogative of giantism! [*Aside.*

King. Oh! vast queen!—Think our court thine own;
Call for whate'er thou likest—there's nought to pay,
Nor art thou captive, but thy captive we.

[*Takes off her chains.*

Queen. [*Aside.*] Ha! Arthur faithless!
This gag my rival, too, in dear Tom Thumb!
Revenge!—but I'll dissemble—
Madam, believe that with a woman's eye
I view your loss—take comfort—for, to-morrow
Our grenadiers shall be called out, then choose
As many husbands as you think you'll want.

Glum. Madam, I rest your much obliged and very humble servant. [*Exit.*

Queen. Though greater yet Tom's boasted merit was,
He shall not have my daughter, that is pos.

[*Advancing to the King.*

King. Ha! say'st thou?

Queen. Yes, I say he sha'n't.

King. How, sha'n't!
Now by our royal self, we swear—I'll be damn'd but he shall.

AIR.—*Queen.*

Then tremble all, who weddings ever made,
And tremble more who did this match persuade;

For, like a worried cat, I'll spit, I'll squall,
I'll scratch, I'll tear the eyes out of ye all.

[*The King throws his Hat at the Queen.*]

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Dood. Her majesty, the queen, is in a passion.
King. She may be damn'd. Who cares? We were indeed
A pretty king of clouts, were we to truckle
To all her maudlin humours.

AIR. *King.*

We kings, who are in our senses,
Mock our consorts violences;
Pishing at their moods and tenses,
Our own will we follow.
If the husband once gives way
To his wife's capricious sway,
For his breeches he next day
May go whoop and hollo.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Changes to the Outside of the Palace.*

Enter Lord GRIZZLE.

Griz. ——————Arthur wrongs me!
Cheats me of my Huncamunca!
Rouse thee, Grizzle! 'Sblood, I'll be a rebel.
Alas! what art thou, honour?
A Monmouth Street laced coat, gracing to-day
My back; to-morrow glittering on another's—
To arms! to arms!

Enter QUEEN [*in a rage.*]

Queen. Teach me to scold, O Grizzle!
Griz. Scold, would my queen?—say, ah! where-fore!
Queen. Wherefore!
Faggots and fire—my daughter to Tom Thumb!

Griz. I'll mince the atom into countless pieces.
Queen. Oh! no; prevent the match, but hurt not
him—
Him!—thou!—thou kill the man
Who kill'd the giants?
Griz. Giants!—why, madam, 'tis all flummery:
He made the giants first, and then he kill'd them.
Queen. How! hast thou seen no giants? Are there
not
Now in our yard ten thousand proper giants?
Griz. Madam, shall I tell you what I'm going to say? I do not positively know, but, as near as I can guess, I cannot tell; though I firmly do believe there is not one.
Queen. Out from my sight, base Pickthank, hie,
begone!
By all my stars, thou enviest Tom Thumb.
Griz. Yes, yes, I go; but, madam, know,
(Since your majesty's so pert)
That a flood of Tommy's blood,
To allay this storm shall spirt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Anti-chamber.*

The King on a Couch.

King. ——————Methought
I heard a voice say, "Sleep no more!"
Glumdalca exiles sleep—and therefore, Arthur
Can sleep no more.

The Ghost of GAFFER THUMB *rises, with a blue Lantern on a long Staff.*

Ghost. Oh, Arthur! Arthur! Arthur!
Soon shalt thou sleep enough.
King. Ah! what art thou?
Ghost. The ghost of Gaffer Thumb.

King. A ghost!—stand off!
I'll have thee laid in the Red Sea.
Ghost. Oh, Arthur! take heed.
My thread is spun—list, list, oh, list!

AIR. *Ghost.*

Pale death is prowling,
Dire omens, scowling,
Doom thee to slaughter,
Thee, thy wife, and daughter.
Furies are growling,
With horrid groans:
Grizzle's rebellion,
What need I tell thee on?
Or by a red cow,
Tom Thumb devoured?
Hark! the cock crowing. [*Cock crows.*
I must be going,
I can no more. [*Vanishes.*

King. No more! and why no more, or why so much?
Better quite ignorant, than half instructed.
By Jove, this bo-peep ghost makes game of us,
Therefore, Fate, keep your secret to yourself.

AIR. *King.*

Such a fine king as I don't fear your threats of a rush,
Do shew your sweet phiz again, and I'll quickly call up a blush.
For I am up, up, up,
But you are down, down, down,
Do pop up your nob again,
And egad I'll crack your crown.
Who cares for you, Mr Ghost? or all that you can do;
I laugh at your stupid threats, and your cock-a-doodle-do;
[*Cock crows.*
For I am up, up, up,
But you are down, down, down;
Draw your sword like a man,
Or I'll box you for a crown.
Rum ti iddity, &c. [*Scene closes.*

SCENE IV.—HUNCAMUNCA'S *Dressing-Room.*

HUNCAMUNCA *at her Toilet*, FRIZALETTA *waiting.*

Hunc. Give me some music,—see that it be sad.

[*Band plays a strain.*

Oh, Tommy Thumb! why art thou Tommy Thumb?
Why had not mighty Bantam been thy father?
Why not the king of Brentford, old or new?

Friz. Madam, Lord Grizzle.

Enter Lord GRIZZLE.

Griz. [*Kneeling.*] Oh, Huncamunca! Huncamunca, oh!

Hunc. This to my rank,—bold man!

Griz. Ah, beauteous princess!
Love levels rank, lords down to cellar bears,
And bids the brawny porter walk up stairs.—
Nought is for love too high, nor aught too low—
Oh, Huncamunca! Huncamunca, oh!

Hunc. My lord, in vain a-suitoring you come,
For I'm engaged this instant to Tom Thumb.

Griz. Play not the fool! that less than baby shun,
Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one.

Hunc. Am I thus fobb'd?—then I my words recal.

Griz. Shall I to Doctor's Commons?

Hunc. Do so, pray——
I now am in the mood, and cannot stay.

AIR. GRIZZLE.

In hurry post for a licence,
In hurry ding dong I come back;
For that you sha'n't need bid me twice hence,
I'll be there, and here in a crack.
Hey ting,
My heart's on the wing,

I now could leap over the moon,
Let the chaplain
Set us grap'ling,
And we'll stock a baby-house soon.

Hunc. Oh!
Griz. Ah! [*Exit.*

Enter TOM THUMB.

Tom. Where is my Huncamunca? where's my princess?
Where those bright eyes, the card-matches of Cupid,
That light up all with love my waxen soul?
Hunc. Put out the light, nor waste thy little taper.
Tom. Put out the light? impossible!
As well Sir Solomon might put out his rush-light.
Hunc. I am to Lord Grizzle promised.
Tom. Promised!
Hunc. Too sure, 'tis entered in fate's journal.
Tom. Entered!
Zounds! I'll tear out the leaf—I'll blot the page—
I'll burn the book.
I tell thee, princess, had I been thy help-mate,
We soon had peopled this whole realm with Thumbs.
Hunc. O fie! I shudder at the gross idea!
Tom. Then go we to the king—let him decide,
Whether you shall be Grizzle's or my bride.
[*Going out hand-in-hand, are met by* GLUMDALCA.
Glum. Stop, brandy-nose! hopest thou the wight,
Who once hath worn my easy chains, will toil in thine?
Hunc. Easy, no doubt, by twenty husbands worn.
Tom. In the balcony which o'erhangs the stage,
I've seen one wench two 'prentices engage:
This half-a-crown doth in his fingers hold,
That just lets peep a little bit of gold.
Miss the half-guinea wisely doth purloin,
And scorns the bigger and the baser coin.

TRIO.

Glum. Oh ! the vixen pigmy brat,
Of inches scarce half six ;
To slight me for a chit like that,
Ah ! Mr Tom, are these your tricks ?

Hunc. Oh ! the coarse salacious trull,
Who giant paramours twice ten
To bed can pull,
With hugs can lull,
Yet still would gull
Young gentlemen.

Tom. Little though I be,
I scorn the sturdy strum ;
Nor ever she,
My dear, from thee
Shall debauch thy own Tom Thumb.
Glum. Oh the vixen, &c.
Hunc. Oh the coarse, &c.
Tom. Little though I be, &c. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Court of the Palace.*

Enter NOODLE.

Nood. Sure Nature means to unhinge the solid globe!
Chaos is come again—all's topsy-turvy.

AIR.

King Arthur in love ancle deep—speed the plough,
Glumdalca will soon be his punk-a ;
The queen Dollallolla's as drunk as a sow,
In bed with Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.

Enter Lord GRIZZLE *hastily.*

Griz. If this be true, all woman kind are damn'd.
Nood. If it be not, may I be damn'd myself.
[*Exit.*

Griz. Then, get out, patience! oh, I'm whirlwind all;
Havock, let loose the dogs of war, halloo!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter Queen.

Queen. Ah! wherefore from his Dollallolla's arms
Doth Arthur steal? Why all alone,
And in the dark, leave her, whose feeble nerves
He knows are harrow'd up with fears of spirits?

Enter King.

King. We hoped the fumes, sweet queen, of last night's punch,
Had glued thy lovely eyes; but, ah! we find
There is no power in drams to quiet wives.

Enter NOODLE.

Nood. Long life to both your majesties,—if life
Be worth a fig—Lord Grizzle, at the head
Of a rebellous rout, invests the palace;
He swears—unless the princess straight
Be yielded up with Tom Thumb's pate,
About your ears he will beat down the gate.

King. The devil he will!—but see the princess!

Enter HUNCAMUNCA.

Say, where's the mighty Thumb, our sword and buckler?
Though 'gainst us men and giants league with gods,
Yet Thumb alone is equal to more odds.

Hunc. About an hour and a half ago
Tom sallied forth to meet the foe,
And soon, who's who, he'll make them know.

King. Oh! oh!
Come, Dollallolla: Huncamunca, come;
Within we'll wait in whole skins for Tom Thumb.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Plain.*

Enter Lord GRIZZLE, NOODLE, *and Rebels.*

[*A March.*]

Griz. Thus far with victory our arms are crown'd;
For, though we have not fought, yet have we found
No enemy to fight withal.

[*Drums and Trumpets.*]

Enter THUMB, DOODLE, *and Soldiers.*

Tom. Art thou the man, whom men famed Grizzle call?
Griz. Art thou the much more famed Tom Thumb the small?
Tom. The same.
Griz. The same.
Tom. His prowess now each prove.
Griz. For liberty I stand.
Tom. And I for love.

[*A Battle between the two Armies.—They fight off.*]

Enter GLUMDALCA, *and meets* GRIZZLE, *while fighting with* THUMB.

Glum. Turn, coward, turn! nor from a woman fly!
Griz. Thou art unworthy of my arm.
Glum. Am I?
Have at thy heart then!

[*Thrusts at, but misses him.*

Griz. Rampant queen of sluts!
Now have at thine. [*Strikes.*

Glum. [*Falling.*] You've run me through the guts.

Griz. Then there's an end of one. [*Going.*

[*Is met by* TOM THUMB, *who runs him through.*]

Tom. An end of two,
Thou hast it. [*Exit.*

Griz. Oh, Tom Thumb! [*Falls.*] thy soul beshrew!
I die—Ambition! the fates have made their tour,
And the black cart is waiting at the door.

AIR.

Grizzle. My body is a bankrupt's shop,
My cruel creditor, grim Death;
Who puts to life's brisk trade a stop,
And will be paid with my last breath.—
Oh! Oh! Oh! [*Dies.*

Enter TOM THUMB *and Attendants.*

Tom. Bear off the carcases; lop off his knob,
'Twill witness to the king Tom Thumb's good job:
Rebellion's dead, and now—I'll go to breakfast.
[*Exit.*

[*Attendants lay hold of* GRIZZLE.]

Griz. Why dost thou call me from the peaceful grave?

Atten. Sir, we came to bear your body off.

Griz. Then I'll bear it off myself.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Presence-Chamber.*

Enter King, Queen, HUNCAMUNCA, DOODLE, PLUMANTE, FRIZALETTA, *and Attendants.*

King. Open the prisons, set the wretched free!
And bid our treasurer disburse five guineas
To pay their debts.—Let our arch necromancer,
Sage Merlin, straight attend us:—we the while
Will view the triumph of our son-in-law.
Hunc. Take note, sir, that on this our wedding-day
Two victories hath my gallant husband won.

Enter NOODLE.

Nood. Oh, monstrous, dreadful, terrible! oh! oh!
King. What means the blockhead?
Nood. But to grace my tale with decent horror.
Tom Thumb is no more!
A huge red cow, larger than the largest size, just now i' the open street,
Before my eyes, devour'd the great Tom Thumb!
[*A general groan.*
King. Shut, shut again the prisons:
Let our treasurer
Not issue out three farthings. Hang all the culprits,
And bid the schoolmasters whip all their little boys.
Nood. Her majesty the queen is in a swoon.
Queen. Not so much in a swoon, but to have still
Strength to reward the messenger of ill.
[*Queen kills* NOODLE.
Friz. My lover kill'd—
His death I thus revenge. [*Kills the* QUEEN.
Hunc. Kill my mamma!
O base assassin! there! [*Kills* FRIZALETTA.
Dood. For that, take this! [*Kills* HUNCA.

Plum. And thou, take that. [*Kills* DOODLE.
King Die, murderess vile! [*Kills* PLUM.
Ah! Death makes a feast to-day,
And but reserves ourself for his *bon bouche.*
So when the boy, whom nurse from danger guards,
Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards;
Kings, queens, and knaves, tip one another down,
Till the whole pack lie scatter'd and o'erthrown.
Thus all our pack upon the floor is cast,
And my sole boast is, that I will die the last.
[*Stabs himself.—They all lie on the Stage dead.*

MERLIN *rises.*

Thunder and Lightning.

Merlin. Blood, what a scene of slaughter's here!
But I'll soon shift it, never fear.
Gallants, behold! one touch of Merlin's magic,
Shall to gay comic change this dismal tragic.

[*Waves his wand.*]

SCENE *changes, and discovers the Cow.*

First at my word, thou horned cannibal,
Return again our England's Hannibal.
[*Thunder.*

[THUMB *is thrown out of the Cow's mouth, and starts fiercely.*]

Next to you, king, queen, lords, and commons,
I issue my hell-bilking summons.

INCANTATION.

Arise, ye groupes of drunken sots!
Who deal out deaths, you know not why;
No more of porter pots, or plots,
Your senseless jealousy lay by.

Your souls cannot as yet be far
Upon their way to dreary night,
My power remands them.

[*The dead all start up as* MERLIN *touches them.*

Enter GLUMDALCA *and* GRIZZLE.

——————Here ends jar,
Live, love, and all this will be right.

King. [*To the Queen.*] One kind buss, my Dolly Queen;
When we two last parted,
We scarce hoped to buss again;
My heart! lord, how it smarted!

Queen. [*To the King.*] Dear king Atty, pitty, patty,
Mine too went a fleeting;
Now we in a nipperkin
May toast this merry meeting.

Tom. [*To Hunc.*] Come, my Hunky, come, my pet,
Love's in haste, don't stay him;
Deep we are in Hymen's debt,
And 'tis high time we pay him.

Hunc. [*To Tom.*] Have, dear Tommy,
Pity on me;
I am by shame restricted;
Yet I obey,
So take your way,
I must not contradict it.

Griz. [*To Glum.*] Grandest Glum, in my behoof,
To love's law be pliant;
Me you'll find a man of proof,
Although not quite a giant.

Glum. [*To Griz.*] Indeed, Lord Griz,
Though for that phiz
Few amorous queens would choose you;
Yet thus bereft,
Not one chum left,
I think I can't refuse you.

Merlin. Now love and live, and live and love.

All. Sage Merlin's in the right on't;

Merlin. Each couple prove like hand in glove;

All. Agreed.

Queen. 'Fore George we'll make a night on't.

All. Let discord cease,
Let all in peace
Go home and kiss their spouses;
Join hat and cap
In one loud clap,
And wish us crowded houses.

[*Exeunt.*

THE DOCTOR

AND

THE APOTHECARY.

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THOMASO,	*Mr Parsons.*
STURMWALD,	*Mr Dodd.*
CARLOS,	*Mr Kelly.*
JUAN,	*Mr Bannister, jun.*
GUZMAN,	*Mr Sedgwick.*
DR BILIOSO,	*Mr Suett.*
PEREZ,	*Mr Burton.*
ANNA,	*Mrs Crouch.*
ISABELLA,	*Miss Romanzini.*
THERESA,	*Mrs Booth.*

THE DOCTOR AND THE APOTHECARY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Outside of* THOMASO'S *House,*—*a View of distant Hills, with the Sun setting behind them.*

Enter STURMWALD, GUZMAN, ANNA, ISABELLA, *and* THERESA.

Trio.—ANNA, ISABELLA, *and* GUZMAN.

Now the sun so faintly glancing
O'er the western hills his ray;
Ev'ning shadows quick advancing,
Triumph o'er the fading day.

Duet.—ANNA *and* ISABELLA.

Timorous love, at day affrighted,
Blushing, courts the silver moon;

STURMWALD.

"Bacchus' sons are now delighted,
Night's the jolly fellow's noon."

Trio.

Ev'ning thus our joys uniting,
To her power due homage pay,
Mirth, to dance and song inviting,
Bids us hail the close of day.

Enter THOMASO.

Thom. What, moping yet, my friend Guzman?—For shame, you a sailor, and carry sorrow aboard! Zounds! if I had lost a mistress,—nay, had it been my wife,——

Ther. Well, sir?

Thom. I think I could have comforted myself. Ah, captain, how far preferable are the charms of peace and a country life to all the bustle and danger of a campaign!

Sturm. It may be so to you, Signor Thomaso, who slumber in the inglorious lap of peace: but war is my element; glory is my mistress; and I have courted her amid the cannon's thunder.

Thom. "Many men of many minds," captain; for my part, I always preferred a more quiet kind of courtship; but i'faith you are a man of true gallantry to remain so partial to your mistress, after having lost the use of a leg and an eye in her service.

Sturm. A leg and an eye! Psha,—trifles!—while my honour, a soldier's vital spark, has escaped unhurt.—You may be a very good apothecary, Signor Thomaso, and may understand lotions and potions; but as to a soldier's honour——

Ther. Ah, very true, captain. He is a most provoking man, though he is my husband. For shame, after our good friend, Captain Sturmwald, has come all the way from Germany to marry our daughter Anna.

Thom. Nay, I'm sure, the captain knows I mean no harm.—Anna, come hither, child—[*Aside to* ANNA.]

Why don't you smile upon your husband, that is to be?

Anna. Do not, my dear father, persist in this cruel solicitation.

Thom. [*Aside to her.*] Psha! how can you be so obstinate!—though the captain is not very handsome, he is very rich. 'Tis true, he is rather old; but then you know you have the better chance of being a widow soon; and as to his having but one eye, it ought to be his recommendation, for you'll have no trouble in discovering his blind side.

Ther. Look ye, Anna, you know my way of arguing, and so does your father. It is my pleasure that you marry Captain Sturmwald; and have him you shall.

Guz. Have a little patience with her, my dear madam.

Anna. Then you are resolved to render me miserable!

AIR.—ANNA.

On Love's blest altar burns the flame
Whence Hymen's torch should kindle bright;
To bliss, which boasts fair virtue's name,
It casts its pure and radiant light.

But, ah! should avarice interpose,
With sordid and unhallowed fires,
The prospect which their light bestows,
Repentance and despair inspires. *Da Capo.*

[*Exeunt* ANNA, ISABELLA, *and* GUZMAN, *into the House.*

Ther. Anna's reluctance is certainly owing to that impertinent slut, her cousin. I'm sure she does not inherit her obstinacy from me. When my mother proposed a husband to me, I gave my consent without a moment's hesitation. Didn't I, my dear?

Thom. True, my love; but then I had not lost any of my limbs in pursuit of glory, like the captain.

[*Aside to her.*

Sturm. I was thinking whether I had not better talk to the young lady myself.

Ther. To be sure; how the deuce else are you to gain her consent?

Sturm. I'faith I will. She'll find me very entertaining. I'll breakfast with her to-morrow, and give her the history of my last campaign. I'll come early in the morning, that I may finish the story before dinner.

Ther. Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit* THERESA.

Thom. Well, captain, now my wife is gone, I want to have a little talk with you about my new-invented miraculous drops, as I call them, that cure all disorders.

Sturm. Do they cure gun-shot wounds?

Thom. Every thing.

Sturm. I wish then I had had a bottle in that engagement where I was wounded by a French dragoon in the shoulder. I'll tell you how it happened.

Thom. Unfortunate man that I am! He'll talk like my wife. [*Aside.*

Sturm. We were fording a river, and I was about the middle of the stream—

Thom. [*Aside.*] He won't be out of the water this half hour.

Sturm. A scoundrel French dragoon, upon a black horse—

Thom. A grey horse.

Sturm. Black—black as jet.

Thom. I beg your pardon, captain, it was a grey horse. I have heard you tell the story twenty times, and you always said the horse was grey. So much for that. Now you must know my drops—

Sturm. You have heard me tell the story then?

Thom. Often—So my drops—

Sturm. And what d'ye think of it?

Thom. One of the best stories I ever heard in my life. So—

Sturm. I'm very glad you like it. I'll tell you another.

Thom. Curse his stories. [*Aside.*] To-morrow, captain, I shall be happy to hear it.

Sturm. Well; if you are tired of my company, I'll go and get a bottle of good wine, to make me sleep soundly; and so adieu, my dear father-in-law.

Thom. Adieu, my dear son-in-law. [*Aside.*] What a cursed bore he is for talking! [*Exit.*

Sturm. A good kind of a man enough; but can't bear to hear any body talk, except himself. [*Exit.*

The Sun sets, and THOMASO'S *Shop is lighted up.*

Enter CARLOS.

AIR.

Carlos.

When wilt thou cease, thou pleasing pain,
With cruel sway to rend my heart?
Yet, though of torment I complain,
Alas! I fear to cure the smart.

Enter JUAN, *with a Guitar.*

AIR.

Juan.

Sighing never gains a maid!
I'll tell you what is better far;
Call good humour to your aid,
And play the lass a tune upon the sweet guitar.
If a heart has nature dealt her,
Music's charms will surely melt her;
But should the gipsey answer, No,
Sing tol de rol, and let her go. *Da Capo.*

Car. [*Aside.*] Zounds! I see some one at the door. A rival, perhaps!

[*They approach, each with his hand on his Sword, till* CARLOS *perceives it to be* JUAN.]

Juan!

Juan. Carlos! my dear boy, how d'ye do?

Car. I'm heartily glad to see you—no, i'faith, now I think again, I am not glad to see you, till I know what brought you hither.

Juan. I was going to tell you, I have an appointment with a very pretty girl in this house—

Car. Ah! my fears. [*Aside.*

Juan. So I am sure you will be complaisant enough to wish me a good night.

Car. Faith, I am sorry to deny you. But I happen to have an assignation here myself. You perceive a light in that window?

Juan. That light is my signal.

Car. Egad, 'tis my signal too. So I'm sure you will be complaisant enough to wish *me* a good night.

Juan. Sir, this insult—

Car. Insult, sir!

[*Laying their hands on their Swords.*

Juan. Though, now I recollect myself, perhaps we are going to cut throats without any cause. There are *two* fair damsels in that house. What is the name of your mistress?

Car. Anna, the daughter of old Thomaso, the apothecary; and your mistress is—

Juan. Isabella! her laughing little cousin.

Car. Then I *am* glad to see you, after all; and yet I am an unlucky dog, Juan. They are going to marry my dear Anna to old Sturmwald, the German captain. I dare not acquaint my father of my passion for her; you know he and Thomaso are the bitterest enemies. The only resource left is, to carry her off; and I have, for this week past, in vain sought an opportunity of seeing her.

Juan. Oh, the devil!—Old Thomaso's man to shut the shop up. Stand aside—

[THOMASO's *Man shuts up the Shop, while they talk aside.*]

Give me your hand, Carlos—you shall see Anna, speak to her, and carry her off this night.

Car. My dear Juan, how is this to be accomplished?

Juan. The first thing is to get the old fellow out of the house.

Car. And how is that to be managed?

Juan. Very easily—as thus: I'll act an old woman, and bring him down, I'll warrant you. [*Knocks.*] Say nothing, and stand aside. [*Knocks louder.*]

[THOMASO *opens the window and looks out.*

Thom. What the devil is all that noise for?

Juan. [*In a feigned voice.*] Pray, is this Signor Thomaso's?

Thom. Why, what do you want with Signor Thomaso, good woman?

Juan. The sick gentleman, signor, at the next inn, is much worse.

Thom. I'm sorry for it; I wish the gentleman had been much worse an hour ago; because then I could have attended him; but at present I'm going to bed.

Juan. Dear signor, you won't leave the poor man to the mercy of an ignorant physician?

Thom. Why, who attends him?

Juan. Dr Bilioso.

Thom. Then I give him over. Good night to you, good woman. [*Shuts the window.*

Car. Our plot is ruined.

Juan. Not yet, Carlos. [*Knocks again still louder.*

Thom. [*Again opens the window.*] Zounds! what's the matter with the woman? Go about your business.

Juan. [*Again in a female voice.*] The sick man has heard wonders related of your famous drops, signor.

Thom. Eh! what!—Oh ho! he has heard of my drops. Well, madam?

Juan. And he wishes you would come to him directly, and bring a bottle in your pocket.

Thom. Aye, that I will—poor soul! poor soul!—I'll cure him in spite of his physician. [*Calls within.*] Hallo! Pedro!—[*To Juan.*] I'll go with you, good woman, and as we walk, I'll tell you some of the cures I have performed. I'll wait on you instantly.

[*Shuts the window.*

Car. This is a prosperous beginning, Juan.

Juan. Hush, not a word—we must retire.

[*They retire.*

Enter THOMASO, *from the House.*

Thom. And so, good woman, you say,—Hey-day, she is gone! The poor gentleman's case is urgent, I suppose—so I'll lose no time. What a pleasure it is to attend sensible patients! I dare say he is a shrewd fellow, by his wishing to try my drops.

[*Exit* THOMASO.

Juan. Ha! ha! ha! The old fox is fairly unkennell'd.

Car. But how are we to get into the house?

Juan. The door is fast. Eh! i'faith this shutter is unbolted. [*Opens part of the shutter.*] So we'll e'en get in at the shop window.

Car. My best friend!

[*Going to climb in at the window.*

Juan. Hold! let me reconnoitre first. I know every part of the house—follow me.

Car. Kind Cupid light us on our way!

Juan. Psha! Zounds! a lantern would light us much better. So, rot your heroics, and follow me.

[*Gets in at the window, and* CARLOS *follows.*

Enter STURMWALD, *drunk.*

Sturm. Tol de rol, de rol—halt!—Stand to your

arms, Captain Sturmwald. Do my eyes deceive me, or have the enemy besieged my father-in-law's house, and made a practicable breach in the shop-window? Who the devil are they?—Thieves! No, i'faith, that can't be—Who'd think of stealing any thing out of an apothecary's shop! Perhaps they are gallants—have at you, my boys; I must enter and defend my father-in-law. [*Going to climb in at the window, he stops.*] But hold! a prudent general should know what force he has to contend with—besides, I forget—old Bolus is not at home—I remember I met him just now—Egad, I'll go and fetch him, and we'll surprise the enemy together. How lucky it is that I am sober! If I had taken the other bottle, my senses might have been confused; but now I am cool and collected. Ah! there is nothing like drinking in moderation. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Inside of* THOMASO'S *Shop.*

Enter JUAN *and* CARLOS.

Car. Hush! tread softly, for your life.

Juan. Why, what are you afraid of?

Car. If Thomaso should return! and then, perhaps—

Juan. Perhaps what? Why, your whole conversation is composed of Ifs—Buts—Perhapses—and Supposes—a mere vocabulary of doubts.

Car. Hark! I hear Anna's voice—the sound transports me. Oh, Juan, I scarcely know where I am!

Juan. Why, then, I'll tell you.—This is an apothecary's shop; it is dark, and you are surrounded with phials, therefore take care you break none—Those are stairs before us, and lead to the room where our dear girls are—I shall go up first, and you may follow, unless you prefer staying here—I have now given you full information, and so come along.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* THOMASO'S *House. The Moon is seen through a Window.*

Anna and Isabella.

DUET.

Two maidens sat complaining,
And mourn'd their hapless lot,
The pangs of absence paining,
Each by her love forgot.

On every former token
Of love, while fancy hung,
Of vows so sweet, yet broken,
They, deeply sighing, sung.

" At ev'ry sound they hear,
" With fond alarm they start;
" Alternate hope and fear,
" Now joy, now pain impart."

But by each sound misguided,
Alas! they only find
Their tears, their sighs, derided,
By mocking rain and wind.

On every former token
Of love, &c.

Anna. Isabella, 'tis a whole week since I saw my Carlos. How can he say he loves me, and yet suffer them to marry me to this hateful German officer?

Ther. [*Within.*] Anna, why don't you go to your chamber, child?

Isa. Heavens! your mother is not gone to bed yet.

Anna. And do you think my Carlos has really forsaken me? My Carlos, did I say—Yes, I will repeat it—My heart yields to the fond delusion of my tongue; and I think I love him better every time I call him mine. [*Exit.*

ISABELLA *sola.*

Poor Anna! I love her sincerely, and yet I am not sorry she is gone—I think Juan must be here soon—and—and perhaps our conversation would be very uninteresting to her.

Re-enter ANNA.

Anna. Oh, Isabella, I'm frightened out of my wits. Two men have got into the house; and I think it is your lover and mine.

Isa. Well, my dear, and what is there so alarming in all that?

Enter CARLOS *and* JUAN.

Car. My dear Anna!

Anna. Ah! [*Screams.*]

Juan. My dear Isabella!

Isa. Hush! you'll wake your mother.

[*Carlos shews* ANNA *a marriage-contract.*

Ther. [*Within.*] Anna! What's the matter, child!

Isa. My cousin was frightened at something; but I am sure there was no reason to be afraid.

Anna. Do you know, Isabella, this unreasonable creature has brought me a marriage-contract, and would have me seize this moment to elope with him!

Car. [*To* ISABELLA.] And do you know, madam, this unreasonable creature hesitates, though she promised me long ago to elope, whenever I could find an opportunity.

Juan. Psha! Marry first, and dispute afterwards; that would be much more in the common order of things.—Come, my dear Isabella, let us set them a good example; leave dissimulation to knaves and coquettes, and lead up the dance of Hymen as first couple.

Isa. Why, if I were sure you would never wish to change partners—

Car. Consider, my dear Anna, the moments fly.

Isa. [*Peeping through the key-hole.*] I vow, your mother is not in bed yet—[*To* ANNA.] Away, away instantly, and leave me to keep her quiet; I'll follow you directly. [*Exeunt* ANNA, CARLOS, *and* JUAN.] I'll sing, that she may suspect nothing.

AIR.

Isabella.

I.

Ye hours that part my love and me,
And slow with envy creep,
The dawn of bliss obscured by clouds
Of doubt, in vain ye keep.
Still I through Sorrow's tedious night,
Hope's friendly star discern;
On that I fix my anxious eye
Until my love return.

II.

By Jealousy's pernicious power,
Untainted are my sighs;
Confiding in my Juan's truth,
My fondest wishes rise.
Still I through Sorrow's, &c.

Thom. [*Without.*] Hey, Guzman! Pedro! where the devil are ye?

Re-enter CARLOS, JUAN, *and* ANNA.

Anna. Oh, Isabella, my father is come home! all the doors are locked.

Car. And our retreat cut off.

Isa. Then we are all lost.

Juan. No, faith, I'm afraid we are all found. Where can we hide ourselves?

Isa. Go into our chamber.

Anna. My father is now at the chamber-door.

Car. In here then.

[*Going into* THERESA'S *chamber.*

Anna. That's my mother's room.

Isa. We are in luck. My uncle, in his hurry to visit his patient, has left the door of his study open. In, in, directly. [*Exeunt* CARLOS *and* JUAN *into the closet.*] Here comes your father.

Enter THOMASO *and* STURMWALD.

Thom. Anna! Theresa! Isabella! there are thieves in the house.

Anna. Thieves! bless me, sir, what shall we do?

Sturm. Take 'em, to be sure; take 'em, dead or alive.

Enter THERESA.

Ther. What's that you say.—Thieves in our house?

Thom. The captain saw them get in. He'll tell you the whole story.

Sturm. That I will, with a great deal of pleasure. As I was coming from the tavern, where I had been drinking a glass in moderation, as sober as I am now—I saw two men getting into my father-in-law's house. What's to be done, thought I; for this was enough to stagger me, you may suppose——

Thom. Oh! certainly. [*Aside.*] That you had enough to stagger you, I believe.

Ther. [*Taking the contract from* ANNA'S *pocket.*] Yes, and here is enough to stagger us all. This paper explains to me, that these thieves are of Cupid's gang; gentlemen who commit sentimental robberies on the hearts of young ladies. There, Thomaso, read that!

[*Gives the contract.*

Thom. What do I see! a contract of marriage between my daughter and Carlos!

Sturm. Carlos! What the devil! the enemy surprise us in our own camp! Egad, we'll hold a council of war immediately; I have something in my head—

Thom. [*Aside.*] Yes, rather more than you ought to have.

Ther. I tell you, I am sure young Carlos is in the house.

Sturm. Is he? Why, then, we'll break up the council—Bella! horrida bella! is our resolve; and so let us search for the enemy.

[*Going to open* THERESA's *chamber-door.*

Ther. Bless me, Captain Sturmwald—do you know that is my chamber?

Sturm. Well, my dear mother-in-law; and is not a lady's chamber the most likely place to find a man of gallantry? However, I'll wheel to the right about, if you please.

[*Goes to* THOMASO's *closet-door.*

Thom. Stop, captain; no person ever enters that closet but myself—'Tis there where I compose my miraculous drops.

Sturm. Aye, aye, I understand you—'Tis your hocus pocus shop.

Thom. No, sir, 'tis my miracle shop.

Sturm. Your magazine for the destructive ammunition of physic.

Thom. My laboratory for the arcana of the Materia Medica. 'Tis the Temple of Health; and the rosy Goddess herself presides over my pestle and mortar.

Sturm. A small room for the Temple of Health, I think, and rather dark.—Suppose, father-in-law, instead of confining the poor Goddess of Health to her room, you were to let her visit some of your patients?

Thom. You may sneer as you please, Captain Sturmwald; I have the key of that closet in my pocket, and there it shall remain—So let us finish a foolish adventure, by wishing each other a good night.

Ther. I shall take you with me, young ladies, to

prevent further accidents. Captain Sturmwald, where will you sleep ?

Sturm. Nowhere, madam—I suspect the enemy is in ambuscade. I will be the centinel of the night—Rest securely, while I guard you—Here I take my post, and shall be on the watch, in case the enemy should make a sally.

Thom. Well, Captain, I have no objection. Here is the key of the house, in case you choose to refresh yourself with a walk in the morning.

[*Hangs up the key.*

QUINTETT.

ANNA, ISABELLA, THERESA, STURMWALD, *and* GUZMAN.

But see the moon ascending high,
Reigns the empress of the sky ;
And in the zenith of her power,
Presides o'er Midnight's solemn hour.

[*Ther.* You must bid adieu—[*To Anna*]
Yes, miss, so must you—[*To Isabella.*]

Anna and Isa. Must we bid adieu ?
Wherefore should we part ?
Spare my aching heart.

Thom. Come, let's go to bed ;
Spare my aching head.

Sturm. Let him go to bed ;
Spare his aching head.

All. Bid adieu !

[*Exit* THERESA, *with* ANNA *and* ISABELLA.

[*Exeunt* THOMASO *and* GUZMAN *at the door in the middle of the Scene, and* STURMWALD *places himself on a couch, before* THOMASO'S *closet-door.*

AIR.

Sturmwald.

Come on, my boys, now I'm commander,
Though you're as brave as Alexander,
—Heigho! [*Yawning*]
——You lie.
On my guard here am I.
I fear no ambush, no entrapping;
No one shall catch old Sturmwald napping.
[*Falls asleep.*

JUAN *and* CARLOS *come out of the closet.*

Car. Softly, softly—First let us secure the key of the shop-door, to let ourselves out. [*Takes the key.*

Juan. That this old remnant of mortality should think of rivalling a young fellow, with his five senses in perfection!

Car. But to our plot, good Juan—our plot. We have no time to lose.

Juan. Faith, that's very true—So in you must go, my old commander.

[*They wheel the couch into* THOMASO'S *closet.*

AIR.

Carlos.

Bacchus now his nap is taking;
But his power can ne'er subdue
Watchful Love, who, ever waking,
Bids the sleeping sot adieu.

Bacchus should, on Venus waiting,
Hold the cup with bended knee;
None but fools, his worth o'er-rating,
With the servant make too free.

JUAN *comes out of the closet, and brings with him* STURMWALD'S *cloak, hat, and patch.*

DUET

Carlos and Juan.

Bacchus now his nap is taking;
But his power can ne'er subdue
Watchful Love, who, ever waking,
Bids the sleeping sot adieu.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Outside of Dr* BILIOSO'S *House.*

Enter GUZMAN *and* PEREZ.

Guz. But pray, Perez, is Doctor Bilioso informed of his son's attachment to my cousin Anna?

Per. Oh, dear, no. My old master hates Signor Thomaso to that degree, that he would rather see his son hanged than married into the family.

Guz. Though unacquainted with poor Carlos, I sympathize with him—had my Leonora lived—

Per. Ah! but she is gone—and your honour has been doleful and dumpish, as one may say, ever since you came home from sea. Oh, I love to hear you talk of old stories—you make me so melancholy and so happy, that I cry by the hour together.

Guz. Poor fellow!

Per. And pray, good Signor Guzman, when you was voyaging about on the stormy main, and fighting the Algerines, was not you now and then frightened too much to think of your love?

Guz. No, Perez—true love purifies the soul from every base alloy.

AIR.

Guzman.

I.

Let angry Ocean to the sky,
In proud despite his billows roll;
Let thunders to his threats reply,
Fear is a stranger to my soul.
Within the heart which Love illumes,
And blesses with his sacred rays,
If meaner passion e'er presumes,
It fades before the hallowed blaze.

II.

Though War with sullen aspect low'r,
And crimson o'er the troubled wave,
And emulate the lightning's power,
The dangers of the fight I brave.
Within the heart, &c.

[*Exit.*

Per. Here comes my master—and as cross as usual.

Enter Dr BILIOSO.

Dr Bil. What a cursed neighbourhood is this for a physician to live in! No such thing as an asthma, or a fit of the gout, to be met with from year's end to year's end. All the villagers are such a set of d—n'd vulgar, healthy dogs—never have the pleasure of seeing a meagre, bilious, gentleman-like man within ten miles of the place.—How comfortable it would be to live at Constantinople, where the plague rages all the year!—And then people laugh more here than in all Spain besides.—Ah! I don't like laughing. Well, Perez—any body ill this morning?

Per. [*Sighing.*] No, sir, all well.

Dr Bil. Aye—and will remain so as long as this plaguy fine weather lasts—no chance of another in-

fluenza.—I, who am the physician, am the only sick man in the parish.

Per. Yes, your worship seems stuck up here by way of a medical scarecrow, to frighten away sickness.

Dr Bil. Or rather, like an electrical conductor, I save the neighbourhood from danger, by attracting it to myself.—Ah! I lost the only good patient I had, in my friend Alvarez—as fine a corpulent inactive subject as a physician would wish for. What with repletion, and want of exercise, the good soul was always ailing. I had great expectations from him—but he grew stingy as he grew rich—avarice produced abstinence, and he starved away the only hopes I had left.

Per. There's the traveller who was taken ill at the next inn.

Dr Bil. Aye, the only person I have at present under my care, and he is a foreigner—no native would have behaved so civilly as to be taken ill—Not got well, I hope?

Per. Yes, so they say—the apothecary, Thomaso, was sent for to him last night.

Dr Bil. What! send for my enemy—my antagonist, Thomaso, the apothecary? A man of honour would have sooner died under his physician's hands, than have played him such a trick.

Per. And he took some of Thomaso's quack medicine.

Dr Bil. O curse his quack medicine—I hate all violent remedies—they make an end of a business so soon. They either kill or cure; and then, either way, one loses the patient.

Per. And so Thomaso—

Dr Bil. Oh rot him—I'll go to the rascally quack directly; my patients are my property—and shall I tamely suffer my property to be taken from me? I'll trounce the dog. No, no, if a doctor's patients are

permitted to slip through his fingers, and get well by stealth, there's an end to all law and justice.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* THOMASO'S *House.*

Enter THOMASO.

Thom. Ah, ha! the captain off already—I didn't expect he had shaken off the effects of last night's dose quite so soon. I can hardly reconcile it to myself to sacrifice poor Anna to such a sot. My conscience revolts against it, and whispers Aye—but then my wife talks so much louder than my conscience; and so there's an end of the matter.

Enter JUAN [*behind*] *disguised as* STURMWALD, *and* CARLOS, *disguised as a Notary, who listens at the corner of the Scene.*

Juan. [*In a hoarse voice.*] Father-in-law, good morning to you.

Thom. Eh! what! bless my soul, son-in-law, how do ye do? There seems to be a wonderful change in your voice.

Juan. All the effects of last night.

Thom. I suppose so—a violent cold, no doubt—my drops are remarkably good for the voice.

Juan. No, no, never mind—I'll tell you a story—

Thom. I'd rather you'd let it alone. Come, now—one spoonful will be enough.—'Tis a most wonderful remedy—I have it here in this closet.

Juan. Curse your drops.—I am sure the lovers of your daughter and niece are now in the house.

Thom. Well, captain, perhaps you know best—but, upon my soul, I don't believe a word of the matter. Now, let me fetch a bottle of drops.

Juan. My jealousy is alarmed, sir—and I must be your son-in-law this morning, or not at all—No reply! I have brought this gentleman with me; he is

my notary, and has drawn up a marriage-contract. So call your wife and the bride; let us sign and seal, and then to church immediately.

Thom. Well, but, captain—

Juan. I'm commanding officer to-day; so no more words, father-in-law. [*Exit* THOMASO.] Ha! ha! ha! Well, Carlos, how have I imitated the old German captain?

Car. To a miracle. I wish I may play my part half as well.

Juan. Psha! what difficulty is there in it?—the old folks will take you for the notary who has prepared the contract of marriage between Anna and Sturmwald; instead of that, you will substitute the other contract, in which your own name is inserted. But here they come.

Enter THOMASO, THERESA, *and* ANNA.

Anna. No, nothing shall shake my constancy—every obstacle you raise, serves but to increase my affection.

AIR.

Anna.

The summer heats bestowing
Their influence on the rose,
Perfect its charms when blowing,
And every sweet disclose.

Yet summer suns denying
The zephyr and the shower;
Their fervid glow applying,
Destroy their fav'rite flower.

The love-sick heart requiring
The sunshine of success;
Continual bliss desiring,
Yet sickens with excess.

The fond, the secret tear,
Soft passion keeps alive;
The breath of doubt and fear,
Like zephyrs, bids it thrive.

Juan. Well, Signor Thomaso, have you looked over the contract?

Thom. I have; and find it perfectly right.

Juan. Very well; but where's Isabella?

Ther. Oh, I'll call her.—Isabella!—but I assure you I would not trust her with any body else.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. My dear Juan, what means—

Juan. [*Aside to her.*] Hush, my love—ask no questions—persuade Anna to sign that paper—it is a contract of marriage between her and Carlos, who you see personates the notary.

[CARLOS *offers the contract to* ANNA, *who puts it aside.*

Anna. No, nothing shall induce me to sign this hated paper. Oh, Carlos, why are you not here to snatch me from impending ruin!

Thom. Daughter, do not oblige me to exert my authority.

Ther. Let her beware of my authority, which is much greater.

Juan. Psha, psha! persuasion is better than authority. Let her cousin talk to her. [ISABELLA *whispers* ANNA.] These girls know the way to each other's hearts; there—mother-in-law, you see, she hangs out a smile of truce already.

Ther. My dear daughter, you transport me!

Juan. Come, sign your consent to the marriage.

Ther. Sign it—aye, that I will—Come, husband.

[ANNA *and* THERESA *sign the contract.*

Thom. Egad, captain, I don't understand that notary's whispering my daughter, I—

Juan. 'Tis his way—come, sign your name.

Thom. No, sir—[*To* CARLOS.] I insist upon knowing what you mean.

Car. What I mean!

Juan. If you put him in a passion, take care of

yourself; he is the most choleric fellow—you had better sign at once.

AIR.—CARLOS.

This marriage article, [*To* THOMASO.
In every particle,
Is free from flaw, sir;
I know what's law, sir.
Zounds, sir, my character none shall accuse!
Behold this artifice, true love devising, [*To* ANNA, *aside.*
Your Carlos thus to all but you disguising;
Witness—Thomaso my skill dares abuse. [*To* JUAN.
My only chance, I see, is pique pretending;
[*To* ANNA, *aside.*
On that alone success is now depending.
Throughout this nation, [*To* THOMASO.
High my reputation,
For law precision is,
And expedition is,
In bonds, conveyances, d'ye mind,
And instruments of any kind.
Kind fortune see, at length, our prayers heeding,
Relenting, gives us promise of succeeding. [*To* ANNA, *aside.*
In this transaction [*To* THOMASO.
The law is my friend;
I'll bring my action,
Which you must defend.
[THOMASO, *frightened, signs the contract.*

Juan. Come, come, now all's finished, let us away to church.

Ther. Well, I'll be with you in a moment. [*Exit.*

Car. [*Aside to* JUAN.] For heaven's sake, Juan, let us be gone. If Sturmwald should wake, we are ruined.

Juan. [*Aloud.*] I beg your pardon for detaining you. Mr Notary, conduct these ladies to my house, and I'll follow you immediately.

[*Exeunt* ANNA, ISABELLA, *and* CARLOS.

Thom. Stop! stay—What, without my wife's leave!

Sturm. [*In the closet.*] Halloo! death and fury! where am I?

Thom. Eh, what's that?

Sturm. Thieves! thieves!

Thom. I'm lost in amazement.

Juan. Did not I tell you one of the rogues was hid there! I'll run and fetch an alguazil.

Thom. You run?—Why, you forget you are lame!

Juan. [*In his natural voice.*] Egad, so I do—but I am so interested in this business.

Thom. And you have recovered your voice too!

Juan. [*Resuming his hoarse voice.*] No, faith, I think I'm as hoarse as ever.

Sturm. Thomaso! Signor Thomaso!

Thom. 'Tis the captain's voice. Egad, I'll fetch an alguazil myself, and make sure of one of ye. [*Exit.*

Sturm. Signor Thomaso!

Juan. Have a little patience. [*Aside.*] What's to be done! If I attempt the door, I meet the alguazil. I must e'en try this chamber-window.

[*Pulls off* STURMWALD'S *hat, cloak, and patch; throws them down at the closet-door, and then goes into* THERESA'S *chamber.*

Re-enter THOMASO.

Thom. An alguazil will be here presently, and then, Mr Scoundrel—[*Sees the cloak and patch.*] Hey-day! what's all this? [*Takes them up.*]

Sturm. [*In the closet.*] Will nobody hear me!

Thom. It is Sturmwald! Oh, my mind misgives me. [*Going to the door.*

[*He hears the noise of phials breaking in the closet, and rushes in.*

Re-enter THOMASO *and* STURMWALD.

Thom. All my phials of drops broken! Let me tell you, Captain Sturmwald—

Sturm. Zounds! sir, you shall tell me nothing but

what I desire to know. I say, sir, how did I come in that closet?

Thom. That's the very question I want to ask you; and, if we both ask the same question, how the devil are we to get an answer?

Sturm. Why, you dirty scrap of an apothecary, how dare you laugh at me thus?

Thom. I laugh! Look at the bottles you've broke —I believe I shall never laugh again.

Sturm. You are all in the plot—'tis a trick to abuse me; but I'll be revenged. S'blood and thunder! to make a jest of me who have fought in sixteen different battles! Did you know that?—

Thom. Yes, you have often told me the names of them all. But do you hear me, captain?

Sturm. I'll hear nothing but revenge. To cram me up in a dark closet among pickled snakes, and stuffed alligators; *me,* who have lived amidst fire and smoke, who have fought for every prince in Europe by turns, and always had the honour to be wounded! Who, to this hour, bear the trophies of war in every limb, and rejoice in the aches, the cramps, and the twinges of glory!

THERESA *enters, and* THOMASO *explains to her, in dumb show, what has passed.*

Ther. I am sure, captain, I don't wonder at your being angry with my husband—he's a poor blundering creature, as I often tell him.

Thom. Nay, the captain knows I never mean to offend him. I've done all I can—

Ther. Psha! so you always say. Go, get an Alguazil, and seek for the rogues that have stolen our two girls, do. [*Exit* THOMASO.] Come, captain, suppose you and I follow him? For my sake be patient. The brave never refuse the requests of the fair.

Sturm. ever; and to prove it, I'll tell you a story of what happened when I was in Germany. [*Exeunt.*

JUAN *comes softly out of* THERESA'S *Room, in Women's Clothes.*

Juan. This confounded window is too closely barred even for a mouse to creep through. However, in this disguise, I think I shall get off undiscovered;—or, if I should be questioned, I'll pass for a patient come to ask Thomaso's advice.

Dr Bil. [*Speaking to a Servant as he comes on.*] Don't tell me—I say he is at home, and I will see him.

Juan. Who comes here!—Dr Bilioso himself!

Enter Dr BILIOSO. [*Seeing* JUAN.]

Dr Bil. But I beg pardon; you want advice, I presume;—let me feel your pulse. [*Attempting to take Juan's hand.*]

Juan. [*Struggling.*] Zounds! I shall be discovered. [*Aside.*] Dear sir, pray let me alone—my nerves are so weak—and you agitate me so—

Dr Bil. Why, really madam, you have rather agitated me. I think I never yet met with a lady so strong in the arm. Pray, what is your complaint, ma'am?

Juan. My complaint is against Thomaso, who has killed a poor friend of mine.

Dr Bil. Oh, he has done worse than that—he has taken a patient away from me, after I had given him over. So, if he recovers the man, he ruins my reputation.—There's an unfeeling scoundrel for you!

Juan. Ah, you and I mean the same person—the poor gentleman at the next inn.—But Thomaso's drops have done for him—my poor friend is no more.

Dr Bil. I'm heartily glad of it—very sorry for it, I mean. I thank you for the news, however.—Now I have that rogue, Thomaso, in my gripe!

Juan. Lose no time, sir, but get an officer immediately, and secure Thomaso.

Dr Bil. That I will.—Aye, aye—[*Going.*]

Juan. Surely, sir, you will have the gallantry to conduct me safe out of this house, if I should be insulted.

Dr Bil. Insulted! Lord, ma'am, there's no danger of that. Nature has furnished you with such powers of defence; united the charms of your sex to the strength of ours. You are a glass of Nature's choicest cordial, madam; sweet and strong at the same time.

[*Exit, leading* JUAN *off.*

SCENE III.—*Changes to a Wood, with a Village seen at a Distance through the Trees.*

Enter ANNA *and* CARLOS.

Car. Consider, my dear Anna, we have your father's signature to our contract of marriage.

Anna. But will he give his voluntary consent to what has been procured by artifice?

Car. Fear nothing, my dear; trust to me.

AIR.—CARLOS.

Am I beloved? Can you refuse?
Alas! my heart for pity sues,
That heart whose constancy you've known;
That heart you've fondly call'd your own.
Every moment, as it flies,
Warns us where our danger lies.
Ah! there's ruin in delay;
Lovely Anna, let's away.

Enter ISABELLA.

Car. Well, Isabella, any news of Juan?

Isa. Alas! none—Every human being that passed

at a distance, did my pliant fancy conjure up into a likeness of Juan.

Car. The rising ground, on the left hand, commands a prospect of the road—Let me try whether friendship may not see more clearly than love.

Anna. Are not we a couple of wild girls, Isabella?

Isa. Not incorrigible, my dear cousin, however; we have pursued a very effectual mode of taming ourselves,—by getting married.

Anna. To be sure, we have uttered the fatal *Yes.*

Isa. The fatal *Yes!* Why, my dear, do you think our lovers are such fools, as to think the better or the worse of our affection for them, because we have said *Yes?*

AIR.—ISABELLA.

How mistaken is the lover,
Who on words builds hopes of bliss!
And foodly think we love discover,
If perchance we answer *Yes.*
Prompted often by discretion
Is the seeming kind expression,
When the tongue, the heart belying,
Dares not venture on denying;
But in spite of discontent,
Gives the semblage of consent.
How mistaken, &c.

Ah! how vain is art's profession,
Though the faultering tongue comply!
What avails the cold confession,
If the averted eyes deny!
Happier far, the experienced swain
Knows he triumph must attain,
When in vain successless trial,
Language gives the faint denial;
While the eyes betray the fiction
In delightful contradiction:
And the cheeks with blushes glow,
And the tongue still faulters *No.*
How mistaken, &c.

Enter CARLOS.

Car. Here is Juan—So all we have to do, is to mount our horses, and gallop off.

Enter JUAN.

Juan. Hold! you're mistaken—You've something else to do, I assure you. We have certainly been traced from the village—Dr Bilioso and Signor Thomaso are both coming up the hill, different ways, and will most likely meet at this spot—But they are here.

[ANNA, ISABELLA, CARLOS, *and* JUAN, *retire up the Stage.*

Enter Dr BILIOSO *and* THOMASO, *meeting, each with an Alguazil.*

Dr Bil. Oh, you vile quack! Where's my patient?

Thom. Where is my daughter, you old rogue! You have assisted your son to run away with her. Lay hold of him, alguazil.

Dr Bil. What! why I brought an officer to seize you. Here, do your duty. [*To the Alguazil.*

Juan. [*Coming forward.*] Dear gentlemen, what's the matter?

Dr Bil. Why, sir, that fellow is a quack, and has killed one of my patients.

Thom. That's impossible; for though he calls himself a physician, he has no patients to kill.

Dr Bil. What! do you forget the poor gentleman at the inn?

Thom. Well, he was fair game. You had given him over.

Dr Bil. Zounds, sir, what does that signify? I have given over fifty people in my time, who have recovered afterwards.

Juan. [*Aside.*] My plot has taken, I perceive; they believe him dead yet.—[*To* THOMASO.] I'faith, this is

a serious affair. You had better compound this business.

Thom. He won't agree to it; he hates me so.

Juan. [*Aside to* THOMASO.] Let me talk to him.—[*Aside to Dr* BILIOSO.] Sir, when I see so valuable a life as yours in danger—

Dr Bil. My life in danger!

Juan. From that bloody-minded apothecary. I find your son has eloped with his daughter, and he is resolved to be revenged, by assassinating you and your whole family. See, how he looks at you!

Dr Bil. Ratsbane and arsenic in his countenance!

Juan. [*Aside to* THOMASO.] Did you ever see such a determined dog. He is resolved to hang you!

Thom. I dare say he has the rope in his pocket. Pray, mollify him.

Dr Bil. [*Aside to* JUAN.] I'faith, I don't half like him. Tell him, I'll forgive him.

Juan. Dismiss your alguazils.—[*Exeunt Alguazils.*] You bind yourselves to stand by my determination?

Dr Bil. and Thom. We do.

Juan. Then, I believe, all parties are satisfied.—Appear, appear.

ANNA, CARLOS, *and* ISABELLA, *come forward.*

Anna. My dear father!

Thom. Zounds, what is all this!

Enter THERESA, STURMWALD, *and* GUZMAN.

Sturm. A general muster of the whole corps, egad; deserters and all. You are my prisoner, madam. [*To* ANNA.

Car. No, sir, not while I can defend her.

Anna. [*To* STURM.] Oh, sir, hear me! the brave are ever generous: do not attempt a life so dear to me—

Sturm. Bullets and gunpowder! why, don't you love me then? I thought you told me, mother-in-law, it was all maiden coyness in her.

The. Stuff and nonsense! Take her, Captain Sturmwald, she is yours. Defend your honour.

Sturm. And that my honour may be worth defending, I'll take care it shall not be tarnished by an unjust action.—Anna, your mother says you are mine. If so, I dispose of what is mine—thus: [*Giving her hand to* CARLOS.] Come, come, we have by mistake opposed the union of hearts on their march to form a junction, and we are defeated. So much the better; who would wish to conquer in a bad cause? You must consent to unite these turtles. [*To* THOMASO.

Tho. Has my wife any objection?

The. I'll have nothing to do with it; so act as you please.

Tho. Why then give me your hand, doctor, [*To Dr* BILIOSO.] and here's an end of old quarrels. Take my daughter, young man, [*To* CARLOS.] and you take my niece, [*To* JUAN.] and you [*To* STURMWALD.] take my wife, if you will. Egad, I am in such a good humour, I could give away any thing.

FINALE.

'Tis joy inspires the vocal lay,
And animates the choral song;
Of love we sing the gentle sway,
May constancy the theme prolong!
Old Time, with joys unceasing,
Shall add to Hymen's store;
Our friendship still increasing,
When youth shall be no more.

[*Exeunt.*

THE FIRST FLOOR;

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WHIMSEY,	*Mr Baddeley.*
MONFORD,	*Mr Whitfield.*
YOUNG WHIMSEY,	*Mr R. Palmer.*
TIM TARTLETT,	*Mr Bannister, jun.*
FURNISH,	*Mr Suett.*
SIMON,	*Mr Burton.*
FRANK,	*Mr Spencer.*
SNAP,	*Mr Jones.*
LANDLORD,	*Mr Chaplin.*
POSTBOY,	*Mr Alfred.*
MRS PATTYPAN,	*Mrs Hopkins.*
CHARLOTTE,	*Miss Collins.*
NANCY,	*Mrs Wilson.*

THE

FIRST FLOOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Inn in London.*

Enter LANDLORD *and* MONFORD.

Land. Welcome to town, your honour!—a long while since I saw your honour—was saying but this very morning that it was many months since I saw my worthy master, Squire Monford.

Monf. Say so still, landlord—for I am come to town incog, and wish to conceal my arrival here.

Land. Ah! a pair of fine eyes in the case! you have sprung all the game about the country, and now you are coming to poach on some poor fellow's manor in London.

Monf. No faith, there is no poaching in the case; I mean to take out a licence for sporting on a certain manor, called Matrimony.

Land. Matrimony! Lord, sir, 'tis well enough for your dog-trots—we must, to be sure, have cattle for the high road business of life; but who the devil

would think of running a race-horse in a post-chaise? —'tis time enough to put him in harness when he is no longer able to win a sweepstakes.

Monf. Why look'e, landlord, I don't think that twenty years of dissipation will qualify me the better for a husband: I look on marriage as a sort of partnership, in which I mean to engage whilst I can bring youth, good spirits, and a good constitution, as my share of the stock in trade: but when a pretty girl finds herself entrapped into a connection with a bankrupt trader, can he be angry with her for taking measures to dissolve the partnership?

Land. Well, your honour—and this intended fair partner of yours—

Monf. She is coming to town with her father, and will be in this house in the course of an hour or two.

Land. The old story, I suppose—the father averse to the match.

Monf. Yes, unfortunately for me—but my charmer has consented to a private marriage; I am now going in search of lodgings for us, and shall be with you again presently. [*Exit.*

Land. Ah! there he goes—as pretty a fellow, aye, and as good a customer, as an inn-keeper wou'd wish to live by—never knew him look at the items of a bill in my life—always paid it the moment he saw the sum total, and submitted to be cheated like a gentleman.

Enter SIMON.

Simon. Landlord! how are you, my boy? Come, let's have a glass.—[*Sitting down at the Table.*]—You are a jolly fellow.

Land. And i'faith you seem to be the same—I think it is now three days since you came to town on the Bury-fly, during which time you have scarcely been sober three hours.

Simon. Psha! psha! 'tis only my not being used to ride on the roof of the coach that made me giddy—a sudden exaltation may turn better heads than mine.

Land. And pray have you no business in town?

Simon. None of my own.

Land. But you have some of your master's?

Simon. Yes, I have a letter from my master to his son, which I was ordered to deliver directly, but faith I forgot it; and it don't much signify: I hate to be a messenger of ill news.

Land. You know the contents then?

Simon. Yes, yes; my old master is coming to town to visit his son: aye, here is the letter.—"To Mr John Whimsey junior, at Mrs Pattypan's, Pastry-cook, in Piccadilly."

Land. Hey-day! why you are not going to open your master's letter?

Simon. Certainly I will; my master would make no ceremony in opening a letter of mine—[*Reading the letter.*] "Dear John, I send you this by my man Simon, who will deliver it to you immediately on his arrival in London"—

Land. And you have been here three days already.

Simon. Come, landlord, you don't drink—here's t'ye—[*Drinks.*]

"I am coming to town to complete the purchase of my neighbour Squander's estate, and shall take up my quarters at your lodgings for two or three days; I shall bring your sister with me, as I hear there is a rakish young dog, of the name of Monford, has taken it in his head to fall in love with her, and I don't chuse to trust her out of my sight."

Land. Zounds! why did not you tell me at first who was your master?—[*Aside.*] If I had but known it before Monford left the house!

Simon. Why, between you and me, I am half-ashamed to own my master—he is as suspicious of

every body about him, as if he had been bred a rogue himself—A servant has not much credit in the place, I assure you.

Land. Hey-day! here's a post-chaise come to the door.

Simon. With my master and his daughter in it, as I live.

Whim. [*Without.*] Mind the portmanteau, sirrah, d'ye hear, and take care none of the bundles are stolen.

Simon. Aye, there, his suspicions are beginning already—if he has lost but a button from his coat, he'll put the postillion to his oath, and have the very horses taken before a magistrate.

Land. Well, I must run, and prepare to receive him. [*Exit.*

Simon. Yes, so must I; and with the same kind of reception—a good lie, and a smiling countenance.

Enter WHIMSEY, CHARLOTTE, *and* LANDLORD.

Land. This way, madam—this way, sir—I hope your honour has had a good journey.

Whim. No, I have not had a good journey; I have had lame horses, and drunken drivers—dust from the road—extortion from the inn-keepers, and bad half-pence from the turnpikes.—A blight upon honesty and good manners blows from this city of London, to every point of the compass.—It is a mere ocean of knavery, with a continual spring-tide, which infects all the streams of fresh-water round the country, and makes them brackish up to their very source.

Land. 'Tis very true, your honour, travelling is very dear now.

Whim. Dear, with a vengeance!—I remember the time when a man could be choaked upon a dusty road for sevenpence a mile; but now one must pay a shilling a-mile for the pleasure of being smothered, because it is one of the luxuries of life.—[*To* CHARLOTTE.] You have not lost your watch, have you?

Char. Oh, no, sir, all is safe about me—[*Aside.*] except my heart.

Whim. My pockets were all safe when I got out of the chaise; I suppose I have hardly lost any thing since I came into the house.

Land. Lord, sir, what do you mean?—In my house!

Whim. Egad, I don't know, friend; but there are much finer houses than yours in this town, where a man may go in with full pockets, and come out with empty ones.—But where is my rascal?

Simon. [*Coming forward.*] Here am I, sir.

Whim. Well, sirrah, I suppose my son and you have been laying your heads together to cheat the old fellow, when he came to town—what did he say when he read my letter?

Simon. He presents his dutiful respects, and anxiously expects the pleasure of seeing you—

Whim. Go to be buried, I dare say he does—but I'm resolved to live temperately, out of spite to him. ——Landlord, see if the coach is come. [*Exit Landlord.*] And you [*To* SIMON.] go and see all the luggage put safely into it—[*Exit* SIMON.] Come, Charlotte, uncloud your countenance—don't tell me of having lost your heart—a young girl's heart is like a tame pigeon, let her throw it away ten times in a month, it will be sure to come back again.

Enter SIMON.

Simon. The coach is ready, sir.

Whim. Very well, be sure then and take the number; and, d'ye hear, if there is any cordage from the trunks left, save it, Simon—though it be ever so little, it may serve to tie up something or other.

Simon. Certainly, sir, if it is but a yard of rope—I think I should know how to apply it properly.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*Mrs* PATTYPAN'S *Shop.*

Mrs PATTYPAN *and* YOUNG WHIMSEY.

Mrs Patt. Upon my word, Mr Whimsey, your behaviour is beyond all bearing—It is a disgrace to any sober family to have such a rake for a lodger.

Y. Whim. Come, come, my dear Mrs Pattypan—thou peerless princess of all pastry-cooks—let us talk over the matter coolly.

Mrs Patt. Talk, indeed! I'm tired of talking, Mr Whimsey.

Y. Whim. I'm glad of it—I never expected you would have been tired of that.

Mrs Patt. What signifies reasoning with you? you are so thoughtless, so dissipated—keep such company, and such hours—you'll shorten your days.

Y. Whim. But then, as the old saying is, I lengthen my nights, Mrs Pattypan, and so it comes pretty nearly to the same end.

Mrs Patt. How often must I beg of you to quit the premises? I've given you warning every day for this month past, and you won't take it.

Y. Whim. 'Tis a common complaint against young people, that they won't take warning.

Mrs Patt. I have put up a bill in the shop window already--A First Floor to be let furnished—it will not long remain empty, I dare say—nay, a gentleman was here just now to view the apartments.

Y. Whim. You take equal care of your lodgings as of your heart, I perceive, Mrs Pattypan—you let nothing of yours remain long unoccupied—I think your late husband has been dead about two months, and you are now preparing for the reception of a second.—

Mrs Patt. Who do you mean, sir?

Whim. I mean your apprentice, Tim Tartlett;

and a very good choice too, let me tell you, Mrs Pattypan, he has served his time to his master's business—and, I dare say, you will find him a very useful partner—But I see him coming, and I won't interrupt a love conversation.

Mrs Patt. I understand your sneers, sir. But I hope, before you quit the house, you mean to discharge your debts—you are pretty much in my books.

Y. Whim. That is owing to my great respect for you—I hope I shall never be out of your books—Adieu, my dear old girl! If I can't get a bed elsewhere—perhaps I may pop in here—so you'll let your maid Nancy sit up for me. [*Exit.*

Mrs Patt. Impudent fellow!

Enter TIM TARTLET.

Oh, your servant, sir; ready drest, I see, for going abroad; you are always gadding, Tim Tartlett.

Tim. Lord, mistress! why, you are always scolding one for taking a little harmless recreation—you know I loves to see life—because vy, 'tis so agreeable.

Mrs Patt. Well, sir, and is there nothing due to me for my attention to you? What do you think made me take you from your poor relations, and place you in my own family?

Tim I'm sure I can't tell, mistress; you must know best.

Mrs Patt. Hav'n't I put money in your pocket, and made a gentleman of you?—have not I taught you breeding?

Tim. Very true.

Mrs Patt. Have not I at length resolved to make you master of my shop, my fortune, and myself?

Tim. But then you won't let me be my own master.

Mrs Patt. Your own master, indeed!—then you wou'd be ruined presently.

Tim. Vell, and if so be I vas, what then? Vy there's some of the great folks, that pass in their strip'd coaches and pheatons, and look as fine as a king on a twelfth-cake—our Nancy says they have been ruined for some years—and yet, i'cod, they seem as gamesome and airy as if nothing had happen'd.

Mrs Patt. Our Nancy, indeed!—there is another of your follies; always laughing and hallooing with that trapes in the shop, as if you were mad.

Tim. Vy, I can't help toying with her a little now and then, she is such a merry humoursome soul.

Mrs Patt. The trollop shall not stay within my doors—Oh, Tim, Tim! I wish you had pride enough to keep such wretches at a distance.

Tim. Vy, so I have, sometimes—I can be as proud as Old Scratch to our journeymen and the shop-boy—but when I looks at a pretty girl, Lord, mistress, all my pride melts away, like our ice-cream in the sunshine.

Mrs Patt. Don't provoke me, Timothy—I declare—

Enter MONFORD.

Monf. The card in your shop-window informed me, madam, that you have a First Floor to let ready furnished.

Mrs Patt. Yes, sir; and as pretty a floor, though I say it—will you please to look at the rooms?

Monf. I have seen them already.

Mrs Patt. Oh! you are the gentleman who called just now, while I was out.

Monf. I only wish to know, whether I can take possession of the lodgings this afternoon?

Mrs Patt. This hour, sir, if you please.

Monf. I expect my sister from the country this evening; and as I cannot accommodate her at my chambers, am obliged, at this short notice, to take lodgings.

Mrs Patt. Very well, sir.

Monf. I am now going to the place where she will arrive, to leave a card of your shop, and shall be back time enough to receive her. [*Exit.*

Mrs Patt. Short and sweet, indeed!

Tim. I wonder vether his sister is a comely girl.

Mrs Patt. What is that to you, sir?—Do, be so good as to send your favourite Nancy to me immediately—we must get every thing in order for the lady.

Tim. If she has but black eyes!—I likes black eyes monstrously.

Mrs Patt. Never to ask the price of the lodgings!—I declare I can't tell what to make of him.

[*Exit.*

Tim. I'cod you'll make a pretty penny of him before you have done with him, I warrant. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Mrs* PATTYPAN'S *House.*

Mrs PATTYPAN *discovered.*

Mrs Patt. Bless me, what a litter this room is in!—I shall be ashamed for the young lady to see it.

Enter NANCY.

Nancy. Ma'am, here is one of the oddest old gentlemen below; all we can get out of him is, that these are his son's lodgings, and he will come up stairs.

Mrs Patt. His son's lodgings!

Nancy. There is a young lady with him, ma'am.

Mrs Patt. Oh! the sister of my new lodger, undoubtedly—shew them up immediately.

Nancy. They are shewing themselves up, ma'am—here they are. [*Exit.*

Enter WHIMSEY *and* CHARLOTTE.

Whim. Ma'am, your most obedient—I find my son has taken lodgings here—I presume you are Mrs Pattypan.

Mrs Patt. At your service, sir.

Whim. Then we are all right—and so you are welcome to your brother's lodgings, Charlotte——

Mrs Patt. That you are, madam, I'll be sworn—Your brother seem'd very anxious for your arrival, he will be home soon.

Enter SIMON *with a Portmanteau.*

Whim. There, sirrah, put the portmanteau in the corner—one shou'd always have an eye to one's property. [*To Mrs* PATT.] Well, Mrs Pattypan, what do you think of my son—how d'ye like him for a lodger?

Mrs Patt. Indeed, sir, he seems to be a mighty civil, agreeable young gentleman—quite the reverse of my late lodger—a dissipated good-for-nothing—but give me leave to shew you the apartments, ma'am.

Whim. Mrs Pattypan, let us have tea as soon as you can—I am rather fatigued with my journey. [*Exeunt Mrs* PATT. *and* CHARLOTTE, WHIM. *solus.*] I'faith, I like Jack's lodgings mightily—here are all the pictures I gave him, and the library of books—he has taken great care of them, I see—all look as good as new; and not a volume displaced—he is a careful reader, I dare say—I shall fancy myself quite at home among my old acquaintance. [*Looking round*] But who have we here?

MONFORD [*Speaking as he enters.*]

Let me know the moment the lady comes.

Whim. [*Aside.*] Some friend of my son's, I suppose.

—[*To him.*] Sir, your most obedient—very pretty apartments, sir.

Monf. Yes, sir—I don't dislike them.

Whim. I beg, sir, you will be seated.

Monf. Sir, I, I—[*Aside.*] I see you don't wait for the same invitation.

Whim. What d'ye think of those pictures, sir?—they are reckon'd pretty good.

Monf. They seem to be very fine, indeed, sir.

Whim. Very glad you like 'em—I bought 'em—Indeed I partly furnish'd this room.—[*Rings the bell.*]

Monf. Furnish'd the room!—[*Aside.*] Some upholsterer, egad!

Enter FRANK.

Whim. Let me have a pair of slippers, my lad, directly—I long to be out of my boots. [*Exit* FRANK.] Nothing so pleasant as to be perfectly at one's ease—that's my opinion—

Monf. So I perceive, sir! [*Re-enter* FRANK, WHIMSEY *pulls off his boots.*

Whim. I expect my son presently—You'll stay to tea, sir?—

Monf. Ha! ha! ha! I believe I shall, sir.—[*Aside.*] A most impudent old fellow this seems to be.

Whim. [*Aside.*] Believe I shall—he might as well have said, thank ye.

Frank. [*Aside.*] A curious acquaintance my master seems to have pick'd up— [*Exit.*

Monf. Sir, I should be extremely sorry to be guilty of any rudeness to you—but I apprehend you are not apprized who has taken these lodgings.

Whim. O yes, I am, sir.

Monf. In short, I expect my sister from the country every moment; and perhaps the presence of a third person might not be quite agreeable to her.

Whim. Oh, as to that, I expect my daughter every moment too, and we may all drink tea together. [*Tea brought in by* NANCY.]—[*To* NANCY.] Do tell my daughter to make haste. [*Exit* NANCY.]—[*Aside.*] There can be no harm to invite him, as he is a friend of Jack's.—May I ask your name, sir?

Monf. Monford, sir.

Whim. [*Aside.*] Monford!—the very fellow who wants to run away with Charlotte!

Enter FRANK.

Frank. [*Aside to* MONFORD.] Miss Whimsey is now in the house, sir.

Monf. In the house!—Here, Frank, kick this damn'd portmanteau down stairs. [FRANK *offers to take it, but* WHIMSEY *prevents him.*] You must really pardon me, sir—any other time I shall be glad to see you. [*Attempting to force* WHIMSEY *out.*]

Whim. Zounds, sir! What d'ye mean by that?

Enter CHARLOTTE. MONFORD *catches her in his arms.*

Monf. My Charlotte! am I indeed so blest as to hold you in my arms again!—[*To* WHIMSEY.] Give me leave, sir, to introduce you to my sister.

Char. [*Aside.*] Good heavens! what an adventure!

Whim. A fine girl, Mr Monford—Pray are you both by the same father?

Monf. Sir!

Whim. I am sure, till this moment, I did not know I could boast of such a hopeful offspring as you.

[*Exit* FRANK.

Char. Hear me, my dear father.

Monf. [*Aside.*] His daughter!—a curse on my unlucky stars!

Whim. Don't be disappointed, young man—you have had a devilish lucky escape in missing my daughter, I assure you—for not a shilling wou'd I

have given her, had she thrown herself away on you.

Monf. [*Aside.*] What the devil shall I say?

Whim. I suppose you are muttering curses against the old fellow, because he won't suffer you to hum him—come, use no ceremony—let me hear what I am.

Monf. [*Aside.*] I have it—You are, sir, indeed a friend.

Whim. For depriving you of your wife—that is indeed the part of a modern friend.

Monf. I thank you for your candour—you have discovered to me my mistake.

Whim. You expected then that the old codger wou'd have whimper'd a little, joined your hands, and have given you half his fortune, for making a fool of him?

Monf. I own it—but I see I was in an error. Miss Charlotte, I thought you were a woman of fortune—your father has convinced me that you will no longer be such, if you marry me; I shou'd therefore be guilty of the greatest injustice in wishing to sacrifice your happiness to the gratification of my passion.

Char. Sir—you—you are perfectly in the right—I feel the delicacy of your conduct—and—you may be sure I approve it. [*Exit* CHARLOTTE.

Whim. Give me your hand, Monford—Egad, I begin to think you are a devilish sensible fellow.

Monf. Between you and I, Mr Whimsey, it won't do for younger brothers, like me, to fall in love.

Whim. Certainly not. It may well be call'd falling in love. 'Tis in truth a false step, and many a man, who has once met with the accident, has found the ill effects of it afterwards.

Monf. Right, sir; suppose now you were to recommend me to a wife—a rich widow, for instance.

Whim. Eh! why what say you to the lady of this

mansion, Mrs Pattypan?—My son Jack tells me, in his letters, she is worth a round sum.

Monf. A good thought, sir; with your permission, I'll step to Miss Whimsey, and tell her my resolution of courting the old lady directly.

Whim. Don't trouble yourself—I'll step to Miss Whimsey myself; and return immediately, to have a little more talk with you on the subject. Od'so! but while I am looking after my daughter, I may lose my portmanteau. [*Exit* WHIMSEY, *and drags off his portmanteau.*]

Enter FRANK.

Frank. So, sir, you are in a fine hobble here; this old man is the father of your mistress.

Monf. Even so, Frank—luckily a thought occurred to me, which I flatter myself has put him off his guard—I have pretended to give up his daughter, and pay my addresses to the old pastry-cook below stairs.

Frank. Lord, sir, this scheme is too absurd to pass on any man, however credulous he may be.

Monf. To be sure—but if I can make him believe this absurdity but for a few hours, all may yet be well—I think I can easily find means to convey my dear girl out of the reach of her father's power this evening.—Go instantly, Frank, and order a chaise to be at the corner of the street exactly at twelve o'clock.

[*Exit* FRANK.

Enter Mrs PATTYPAN.

Mrs Patt. Sir, your most obedient humble servant.—I did not understand that you expected your father in town.

Monf. Nor I neither, madam.—[*Aside.*] So I must pass for the old fellow's son, I find.

Mrs Patt. I hope, sir, you like the lodging, and don't think them dear at three guineas a-week.

Monf. Certainly not.

Enter WHIMSEY.

Mrs Patt. Aye; I knew we should agree, sir, Ha! ha! ha!

Whim. Egad, he has put the question to her.—[*Aside.*] Monford, I perceive you have begun the attack.

Monf. And have conquer'd too—only don't interrupt me in my victory.

Whim. Not I—you may say what you will before me.

Monf. Aye; but the lady won't care to speak before you. Pray now, sir, leave us to ourselves.

Mrs Patt. [*To* WHIM.] Your servant, sir; we had come to terms before you came in.

Whim. Oh, you had?

Mrs Patt. Yes; we were proceeding to settle every thing.

Whim. Then I'm sure I won't interrupt you; and so good bye.—[*Aside.*] I'll take the liberty of listening to their conversation, however—nothing but the evidence of my own ears can remove my suspicions.

[*Exit.*

Monf. Don't mind my father, Mrs Pattypan; old folks have their peculiarities.

Mrs Patt. True, sir—I dare say it will be the same with you and I, when we grow old.—[*Enter* WHIMSEY, *and retires to the back scene.*] But, however, to return to business—right reckoning makes long friends, as I used to tell my first husband—

Monf. Aye, I dare say we shall be very happy together.

Whim. [*Aside.*] Happy together!

Mrs Patt. I presume, sir, you generally dine out?

Monf. Constantly.

Whim. [*Aside.*] Zounds, that's odd enough! not to dine at home, during the honey-moon at least.

Mrs Patt. And you keep good hours, I hope, sir?

Monf Oh, yes, you'll always find me in bed by twelve o'clock.

Whim. [*Aside.*] That's a material article.

Monf. I think you have no family, Mrs Pattypan?

Mrs Patt. No, sir, I never had any yet—but as I think of altering my situation, it may happen that—

Monf. I understand you—but that will make no sort of difference to me.

Mrs Patt. Indeed! I am very happy to hear it—for you know, sir, some gentlemen have an objection to children.

Whim. [*Aside.*] Egad, there can be no deceit in all this—it will be a match, I see that—[*Coming forward.*]—[*Aloud.*] I wish you both joy with all my soul—don't be confused, Mrs Pattypan—you know this isn't the first bargain of the sort you have struck.

Mrs Patt. Oh dear, no, sir; nor I hope it will not be the last.

Whim. [*Aside.*] D—d good encouragement for a man to venture on her! I suppose she expects to bury two or three husbands yet.

Monf. [*Aside to* WHIM.] Well, sir, what do you say to all this?

Whim. [*Aside.*] Why—why—why—you are a bold man, that's all—[*Aloud.*] Come, as it is a bargain, take hands on it—take hands—nay, salute her—come, kiss her, my boy.

Mrs Patt. [*Aside.*] My boy!—the old gentleman seems mighty fond of his son.

Monf. [*Aside.*] Egad, I wish this ceremony were well over, I shall never be able to carry on the farce. —[*Salutes her.*]

Whim. [*Joining their hands.*] May you live long

together, and may no domestic quarrels obtrude on your happiness!—May you, Mrs Pattypan, be surrounded by a numerous and lovely offspring!

Mrs Patt. [*Aside.*] A numerous offspring!

Monf. Pray, my dear sir, drop the subject—you see it distresses her; and you know one must consult a woman's feelings on some occasions.

Whim. Certainly! certainly!

Monf. I am sure I should be sorry to hurt Mrs Pattypan's delicacy.

Whim. So shou'd I—when a woman has but just enough left for her immediate use, it wou'd be cruel indeed to damage that—I'll change the subject, Monford, depend upon it. [*He converses with Mrs* PATTYPAN *in dumb shew.*]

Enter FRANK.

Frank. [*Aside to* MONF.] Sir, it is an impossibility for you to procure an interview with Miss Charlotte.

Monf. Impossible, Frank!

Frank. Absolutely so—she is so closely watched—but I've engaged one in your interest, who will take any message to her for you. No less a person than Mr Timothy Tartlett.

Monf. But how can he assist me?

Frank. By communicating to your mistress any message you wish; he will never be suspected.

Monf. Not a bad thought, i'faith.

Frank. He is awaiting to speak to you below stairs—slip away from the old gentleman directly.

Whim. Now, what the devil can they be whispering about?—I always suspect a man to be a rogue when I see him whisper. [WHIMSEY *interrupts, and looks anxiously at them.*] Eh! why you have not changed your mind as to matrimony, have you?

[*Exit* FRANK.

Monf. Not in the least, I promise you, sir—I am now going on some business which, I flatter myself, will hasten the match, and a few hours will, I hope, cure all your suspicions. [*Exit.*

Whim. Egad, tho', I'll ask the old woman some questions about him; there can be no harm in that. ———Pray, Mrs Pattypan, if I don't hurt your delicacy by the question, how long may you have been acquainted with this young man whom you are going to marry?

Mrs Patt. [*Aside.*] Young man whom I am going to marry! how the deuce cou'd he hear of my intending to marry Tim Tartlett?

Whim. You'll excuse my curiosity—but pray is not he rather wild?

Mrs Patt. [*Aside.*] Yes, yes—he means Tim—[*To him.*] Why, sir, I fear he is rather flighty—he has his little gallantries.

Whim. Look ye, Mrs Pattypan—as to his little gallantries, as you call them, perhaps I know more of the matter than you do.

Mrs Patt. Dear sir, you awaken my curiosity.

Whim. But, really, when I consider how disagreeable a task it is to interfere between man and wife—for such I consider you to be—

Mrs Patt. 'Tis very true, sir—in all the quarrels that I had with my poor dear soul that's dead and gone (and many they were) we never admitted any body to interfere, but fought them out by ourselves.

Whim. However, on this occasion, my friendship for you overcomes every other consideration.—In a word, your intended husband has made love to my daughter.

Mrs Patt. What do I hear! I shall certainly faint.

Whim. [*Attempting to support her.*] For Heaven's

sake don't faint yet, for I can't support you, upon my soul.

Mrs Patt. An ungrateful fellow!—who owes all he has in the world to me!

Whim. Then, of course, all he has in the world ought to be at your disposal: but he didn't own to me that he was even acquainted with you.

Mrs Patt. I have been a mother to him.

Whim. Perhaps he thought you fitter to be his mother than his wife.

Mrs Patt. Oh, sir, it is not to be repeated what I have done for that young man.

Whim. If it is not to be repeated, I'm sure I don't wish to hear it, Mrs Pattypan.—But, between you and me, I suspect the girl is fond of him.

Mrs Patt. Fond of him!

Whim. Indeed I don't wonder at it—he is a handsome dog.

Mrs Patt. He is, to be sure, a likely young fellow—not that I consider his person—the mind is my choice—what are fine eyes—flowing locks—brilliant complexions?—

Whim. [*Interrupting her.*] Mighty pretty things to look at, Mrs Pattypan—[*Aside.*] tho' you never found them in your glass.

Mrs Patt. But what are they, compared to the beauties of the mind?

Whim. Faith, I don't know—Comparisons are odious, and therefore I sha'n't attempt them.

Mrs Patt. Beauty is but skin deep—

Whim. [*Aside.*] Then i'faith your skin conceals it more effectually than any skin I ever saw in my life.

Mrs Patt. But pray, sir, how did you first discover this affair—tell me all the particulars—

Whim. I would, if I had thought of it a little sooner—but for aught I know, at this moment your scapegrace may be explaining to my daughter some parti-

culars of which I shou'd wish her at present to remain ignorant—so it behoves me to look about me. [*Exit.*

Mrs Patt. [*Sola.*]—Why here they come!—yes, to be sure!—Madam ogles, and simpers; how ugly she looks when she smiles!—

[*Retreats to the back of the Stage.*

Enter CHARLOTTE *and* TIM.

Char. And what time is the chaise to be ready?

Tim. At twelve o'clock, Miss—that was the time Squire Monford fix'd. Ah! how he'll be in the fidgets!——I know what it is to be a true lovier myself, as our Nancy can vitness.

Char. Oh! Mr Timothy, I own to you my courage fails me, now I come to the point.

Mrs Patt. [*Aside.*] I think your ladyship seems to have a pretty good share of courage, to come to the point so soon.

Tim. As to the matter of that, Miss, as I told you before, I am as much in love as you are—

Mrs Patt. [*Aside.*] A mutual declaration of love!

Tim. Never mind—by this time to-morrow you'll be out of your father's reach.

Mrs Patt. [*Aside.*] Gracious me! he is going to elope with her!

Tim. How the old gentleman vill storm!

Char. You know, as people grow in years, their sentiments of love affairs naturally change.

Tim. E'cod tho'—that is not the case with old mistress.

Mrs Patt. Old mistress, indeed!

Tim. By all accounts she is just as loving now as she was thirty years ago.

Mrs Patt. [*Aside.*] His ears shall pay for this.

Tim. If the old girl was to hear me now—what wou'd she say to it? Ha! ha! ha!—Well, Miss, I'll take my leave of you till twelve o'clock. I'm just a-going to make merry with a few friends for an hour

or two—I'll take care that you shall have an excellent chaise, and as good a pair of horses as ever passed Hyde-Park Corner.

Char. Many thanks to you, kind Mr Timothy.

Tim. Courage, miss—true love endures to the end, as the song says. And so a fig for your father and old Mother Pattypan.

[*Exeunt* CHARLOTTE *and* TIM.

Mrs Patt. [*Coming forward.*] Old Mother Pattypan! Old!—I shall run mad! What a plot!—'Tis lucky, however, I have discovered it—I'll take care there shall be no elopement.—Old, indeed!—and too loving!—I don't know what the deuce the fellows wou'd have; when we are young, we are not half loving enough, forsóoth!—and when a few years have taught us how to remedy the defect, they treat our improvement with contempt! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Mrs* PATTYPAN'S *House, with two Windows in the back Scene.*

Enter YOUNG WHIMSEY *and* NANCY.

Y. Whim. Ah! my dear little Nancy—how lucky I am, to meet with you alone.

Nancy. I wish then, sir, you would leave me alone as you found me; upon my word, Mr Whimsey, I'll tell my mistress how rude you behave.

Y. Whim. Pray don't, my dear—she will want to try my rudeness herself.—By the bye, where is the old woman?

Nancy. At a neighbour's over the way—you know she is as jealous as Old Scratch of poor Mr Timothy, and so she means to watch his coming home.

Y. Whim. Oh! ho! then she is out [*Aside.*] so

much the better.—[*To her.*] Nancy, I want to give you a little good advice—step into my room with me, and—

Nancy. Into *your* room! you have no room in this house, Mr Whimsey; we have let the lodgings.

Y. *Whim.* Let the lodgings! with all my furniture in them!—

Nancy. Pay what you owe, and you may have your furniture.

Y. *Whim.* Death and—but I can't stay to be in a passion—and so the lodgings are let?

Nancy. Aye—there is an old gentleman, and one of the sweetest young ladies—

Y. *Whim.* A young lady!—Egad I must see her.

Nancy. And give *her* a little good advice too, eh?

Y. *Whim.* To be sure—nobody better qualified than myself to give good advice—I have received a great deal more than I make use of; and, as I scorn to be a miser, am ready to give it away to any one who will take it.

Nancy. Bless me, here comes Mr Furnish, the upholsterer, who has been so often after you with his bill, and our neighbour, Mr Snap, the bailiff, with him, I vow.

Y. *Whim.* Furnish! that is the man to whom you have denied me so often—What shall I do?—he never saw me, I believe?

Nancy. Never.

Y. *Whim.* Then I fear nothing. However, a little disguise of my dress may not be amiss—here is an old laced hat, and a morning-gown, which I guess, from its antique appearance, belongs to your old lodger.

Nancy. Yes; his servant has just been unpacking his portmanteau.

Y. *Whim.* Then on they go—in cases of necessity one cannot stand upon punctilio.

[*Putting on the hat and morning gown.*

Enter FURNISH.

Nancy. Your servant, Mr Furnish; I suppose you want Mr Whimsey?

Furn. Yes, my dear, I own a part of my business is with him.

Nancy. I'll go and see if he's at home. [*Exit.*

Furn. You may save yourself that trouble, my dear: I am pretty sure he is within.

Y. Whim. I think, sir, Mr Whimsey is indebted to you for the furniture of a house, taken by a very fine girl, who referred you to him for payment—I have read many of your letters to him.

Furn. Yes, sir—a number of letters pass'd between us.—I suppose I have received a quire of paper from him at different times: and egad that is all I ever received from him.—You are his friend, I presume, sir?

Y. Whim. I am partial to him, I own; though I confess he has been duped by women.

Furn. That I can pardon, sir. Gallantry has always been a part of my business.

Y. Whim. Rather a small part of your business at present, I shou'd think, Mr Furnish.

Furn. But you were speaking of Mr Whimsey, sir;—I fear the poor gentleman is much distressed. Ah, sir, there is no putting an old head on young shoulders.

Y. Whim. And, really, if that could be done, I don't think it would be any great addition to a man's appearance.

Furn. I dare say you would take pleasure in affording him relief.

Y. Whim. That I would, I assure you.

Furn. Mine is not a large bill, [*Giving him the bill.*] and I believe I could afford to make a small abatement in it—a trifling sum will save an unhappy youth from disgrace.—Consider the exquisite luxury

of a feeling mind in relieving distress—consider that generosity is part of the business of man.—Consider compassion—[Y. WHIM. *shakes his head.*] You won't pay the bill—then come in, Mr Snap, and do your duty—follow me, and arrest him directly.

Enter SNAP.

Y. Whim. Hey-day! what's become of the exquisite luxury of a feeling mind in relieving distress?

Furn. It may do very well for people of fortune; but a tradesman should never indulge in luxury.

Y. Whim. Consider, generosity is part of the business of man.

Furn. And a d—d losing trade it is—therefore it sha'n't be a part of my business.

Y. Whim. Ha! ha! ha! egad, Furnish, you are very right not to engage in a business where you have no stock in trade to begin with.

Enter NANCY.

Nancy. [*Aside to* Y. WHIM.] Lud, Mr Whimsey, here's the old gentleman our lodger coming this way in a confounded huff about something.

Y. Whim. [*Aside to* NANCY.] I'm very glad of it; I'll have a little sport with the old boy—and engage him with Furnish whilst I get a peep at the young lass.—[*To* FURN.] My dear Furnish, I've been jesting with you hitherto, I assure you.—So far from meaning to be young Whimsey's advocate, I would advise you to arrest him by all means.

Nancy. [*Aside.*] What can he mean now?

Y. Whim. Let your friend, Mr Snap, retire for a minute, and I'll explain myself.—[*Exit* SNAP.] Between you and me, he is now here in disguise.

Furn. Here! where?

Y. Whim. You will see the old fellow presently—Nancy tells me he is coming this way—

Nancy. Ha! ha! ha! I wish I dared laugh out.

Furn. Old fellow! Why I thought he was not above two-and-twenty.

Y. Whim. Very true; but in his present disguise he appears thrice that age.

Furn. His present disguise!

Y. Whim. To deceive his creditors is, as you call it, a part of his business. He wears as many different sorts of wigs in a month as a barber's block; and all Monmouth-street can scarcely supply him with a sufficient change of wardrobe.

Furn. Egad, he must be a comical dog!—I shall be ready to laugh in his face.

Nancy. Here he comes, I vow.

Y. Whim. Aye, here he is—[*Aside.*] Eh!—what the devil———my father, by all that's whimsical!

Furn. What's the matter, sir?—You are not going?

Y. Whim. No, no, sir;—only if Mr Whimsey should discover that I have told you this—a disagreeable altercation might ensue.

[*Goes to the corner of the Scene.*

Enter OLD WHIMSEY, *with open letters in his hand.*

Whim. What an extravagant dog is this son of mine!

Furn. [*Aside to* Y. WHIM.] His son!—so he pretends to have a son:—that's a devilish good thought, i'faith.

Whim. Egad it is lucky I broke open his letters and discovered his tricks. But I'll make him pay for all this when he comes home.—[*Turns and sees* NANCY.] Ah! my little blossom of beauty, are you there?—[*Aside.*] To spend two hundred pounds upon a painted doll in three months!—[*To her.*] Why, you look mighty pretty to-night, child! but what the devil are you tittering about?

Nancy. Dear, sir, I don't know—I'm in a merry humour, that's all.

Whim. Ah! you dear little—Egad I'm in a merry humour too.—No,—I lie, I am not merry—[*Aside.*] That scoundrel Jack—I'll disinherit him. [*To her.*] Well, my little dear, and how d'ye do? the slut fires me—but then again that dog Jack fires me—so that I'm in a manner between two fires.

Nancy. You seem in a fluster, sir.

Whim. Yes, my love, I am in a fluster—[*Aside.*] That spendthrift!—What eyes she has!—He must have his wench, forsooth!—the dog has no excuse for his fault!—There is no resisting that girl, i'faith.

Y. Whim. [*Aside.*] Well said, Philosophy at three-score.

[*Just as old* WHIMSEY *is going to take* NANCY'S *hand,* FURNISH *comes forward.*]

Furn. [*Aside*] Aye! aye! his young blood begins to boil—Mr Whimsey, I kiss your hand.—

Nancy. A lucky release.

[*Exeunt* NANCY *and* Y. WHIM.

Whim. Sir, your humble servant—You really have the advantage of me in knowing me.

Furn. Yes, sir, I really deem it an advantage, and hope to avail myself of it—My name, sir, is Furnish. [*Aside.*] Who the deuce would think he is but two-and-twenty years old!—I hope you have had your health lately, sir?

Whim. Very well, I thank ye; I have not been better for these forty years past.

Furn. [*Aside.*] Forty years past!—And then his coat—a devilish smart coat, to come from Monmouth-street.

Whim. Why, you seem to be mighty well acquainted with me, Mr Furnish.

Furn. Ha, ha, ha! I know you, sir, by name, to be sure; and I believe I can form a nearer guess at

your age than any one would do merely from your appearance.

Whim. [*Angrily.*] Eh! well, sir, ánd how old do you suppose I am, then?—Damme, d'ye take me for threescore, you blockhead?

Furn. Not I, upon my soul, sir.

Whim. [*Less angry.*] Then I suppose you think me near fifty.

Furn. Nothing like it, I assure you.

Whim. Perhaps then, my good friend, you imagine me to be about forty.

Furn. Indeed I do not, Mr Whimsey.

Whim. [*Shaking hands with him.*] Nay, nay, my dear fellow, 'tis impossible you can suppose me to be much under fifty, ha, ha, ha!

Furn. Egad but I do tho', ha, ha, ha!—[*Aside.*] How well he counterfeits the laugh of an old man! [*Both laugh some time.*]

Whim. Upon my soul, Furnish, you are a mighty pleasant fellow.

Furn. I believe I am—I make it a part of my business to be pleasant—but there is another part of my business which I must not forget—I have a small bit of paper here—a little slip, which I must trouble you to look over. [*Giving him a bill.*]

Whim. Certainly—I am always ready to look over the little slips of my friends, Mr Furnish—let me put on my spectacles.

Furn. [*Aside.*] Spectacles, too! he carries on the joke rarely.

Whim. [*Reading.*] "John Whimsey, Esquire, Debtor, for furnishing Miss Fanny Flighty's house in Newman-street?"—Why what the devil's all this? I know nothing of Miss Flighty's house in Newman-street.

Furn. I believe you have pass'd many a night there.

Whim. I pass the night at Miss Fanny Flighty's!

Furn. Don't think to deceive me, young gentle-

man—don't I know that you have not paid for the three last gigs you had?—that you have as many tricks as a juggler to chouse your creditors?—that you keep women in every corner of the town, and change them as often as your horses?

Whim. I can't tell what you may know—but curse me if I know a word of the matter.

Furn. This I know, that I will have my money.

Whim. So you may—but d—n me if you shall have any of *mine.*

Furn. Why, you brazen young dog!—you'll break your poor parent's heart.

Whim. I'll break *your* head first, however. [*Attempting to strike him.*]

Enter SNAP.

Furn. Mr Snap, there's your prisoner.

Snap. I ax your pardon, Master Furnish—he shall be no prisoner of mine—Why I find you have mistaken the father for the son—'Tis lucky the business stopt here—False imprisonmont is a dangerous mistake in this land of liberty. [*Exit.*

Furn. False imprisonment! Bless me—why I met a fellow here, who told me a cock-and-a-bull story about you—and yet as gentleman-like a man, with a red morning gown and a gold-laced hat.

Whim. [*Aside.*] Eh! i'faith there is some trick in all this—My hat and gown have not been borrowed for nothing—[*To him.*] but what a cursed fool must you be, to trust to appearances!

Furn. If I had trusted to your appearance, I should not have mistaken a gouty old rake of threescore for a young rake of two-and-twenty.

Whim. Why, you abusive dirty plebeian—you rascally vamper of crazy moveables—out of the house directly!

Furn. With all my heart—I'm sure I've no rea-

son to like my company—only don't threaten me—if you dare to lay one of your rheumatic old bones upon my person—I'll knock you down, I will, egad—Remember, I'm an auctioneer—and to knock down a lot of old lumber is often a part of my business.

[*Exit.*

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Whim. Oh! I am glad you are come—you must set off for home to-night.

Char. To-night, sir!—

Whim. Aye, ma'am—to-night—I have been plunder'd, abused, laugh'd at, and nearly arrested, all in the course of half an hour—I have lost my morning-gown and my best hat—but I'll find my property, if it is in the house.

Charl. Dear sir, what can they mean by a trick of that sort?

Whim. Mean! why, to be witty, to be sure—I suppose there is some clever creature in the house, who, having no room for wit in his skull, has learnt to jest with his fingers—I am always treated thus whenever I visit this cursed town—Thank Heaven, however, I shall be off in an hour.—Let all the things be pack'd up again—I'll just stay to recover my hat and gown—leave a letter to tell Jack he is disinherited, and then trundle into the country, where the people are not sufficiently well bred to laugh at the follies of their betters.

[*Exit.*

Char. To-night, did my father say, we were to set off?—Perhaps he may order the chaise even before the hour I've appointed to elope with Monford—Surely this is about the time Monford was to meet me here—but this unlucky accident!

Enter NANCY *in tears.*

Nancy. Ah! Madam, I think there is nothing but

unlucky accidents in this house—I know you are in love, ma'am, as well as me—Tim told me all—we are such true lovers, that we never hide any thing from each other.

Char. Am I then betrayed?

Nancy. I hope not, ma'am—I'm sure your sweetheart must be a vile fellow to betray such a pretty lady; and yet there is no answering for youth, when they get into company.

Char. What d'ye mean, child?

Nancy. Young men will be young men—but I didn't think Tim would have served me so, when he knew the consequences.

Char. [*Aside.*] Serve her so, when he knew the consequences!

Nancy. Oh, ma'am, if you did but know my situation.—I tremble to think what a noise old mistress will make—I am sure the whole story will come out. Tim has got—got—got—[*Sobbing.*]

Char. What?—poor girl, I pity her distress. [*Aside.*]

Nancy. But, perhaps, ma'am, your gentleman has sometimes served you just the same—I beg pardon.—

Char. My dear, you really—confuse me—so—what has he got?

Nancy. He has got—tipsey, ma'am—and when he is tipsey he does not care what he does—I know old mistress will find out that he and I are fallen in love together—and here he comes, I vow.

Char How unlucky!—But he won't stay in this room, will he?

Nancy. Indeed, ma'am, I can't answer for him.

Char. To say the truth, my dear girl—I engaged to meet my lover, as you call him, in this very room, presently—Pray, contrive that I may not be disappointed.

Nancy. I will, indeed, ma'am, if I possibly can—

but Tim is sometimes so boisterous, I'm obliged to let him do as he pleases—[*Exit* CHARLOTTE.] Bless me—when this love gets into one's head!—I shall be scolded for not putting this room to rights—[*Lets down one of the window curtains; as she begins to let down the other—*

TIM TARTLETT *enters, tipsey.*

Tim. Oh, Nancy! my dear—sweet—pretty little Nancy! tol de rol [*Singing and dancing.*]

Nancy. Oh, Tim, how can you be so merry in such a situation?

Tim. Vy every body is merry; and all is merry round me—The very tables and chairs dance—and you know the old saying, ven one is at Rome, one must do as Rome does.

Nancy. Pray sit down.

Tim. I will, as you ax me so civilly—[*Sits down in a chair.*] Oh, Nancy! how I do love you.

Nancy. Consider, Tim—

Tim. I can't consider—I can do nothing but be in love—and one can do that without considering at all.

Nancy. I wish you wou'd go to bed, my dear Tim—Do, take my advice.

Tim. I will, Nancy, my dear—I will take your advice.

Nancy. Come, then.

Tim. I am going—I am going.

Nancy. But you don't stir—Hark! I hear somebody on the stairs—make haste.

Tim. I will—I tell you I am going.

Nancy. Lord! if the old woman should catch me here—I am so frighten'd—here somebody comes, I vow—What shall I do?—I must e'en leave him to himself— [*Exit.*

Tim. Don't be in a hurry, my love—you see I am going—going—going———[*Falls asleep.*]

Enter MONFORD.

Monf. I can't conceive where Charlotte can be—she ought to have been punctual at this time, when the crisis of our fate approaches—when—[TIM *snores.*] Hey-day! what have we here? my friend Timothy stopt short on his journey to bed, and fallen asleep by the way—Hush! I hear a noise on the stairs—let me listen. [*Retires.*]

Enter YOUNG WHIMSEY, *on the other side.*

Y. *Whim.* Egad, I have had a hard chace of it—the old gentleman cou'd not have been warmer in the pursuit, if he had been hunting a petticoat—What the deuce is this? old Mother Pattypan's husband elect!—My father's voice again!—I should like to see the end of the joke—but where can I hide myself?—i'faith this window curtain would keep me out of sight, and at the same time give me an opportunity of hearing what passes; and, lest Mr Timothy should catch cold, I'll lend him my spoils to cover him, as I have no further use for them—[*Lays the gown over* TIM TARTLETT, *and puts the hat on his head.*] But the sound seems to retire, I'll follow it. [*Exit.*

MONFORD *comes forward.*

Monf. There are voices on the stairs, sure enough—I mustn't be seen here—and yet, if I quit the spot, I shall miss the opportunity of seeing Charlotte—but hold, a bustle again!—if a convenient closet cou'd be found now—not one in the room, by all that's unlucky!—however, here is a curtain will do just as well—[*Seems to listen at the corner of the scene, and Young* WHIMSEY *enters on the opposite side.*]

Y. Whim. [*Aside.*] And now, having set all my

puppets in motion, I retire behind the curtain, like a cunning statesman, from the storm I have raised. [Y. WHIMSEY *and* MONFORD *steal softly from opposite sides of the stage towards the curtain; and do not perceive each other till they are both on the point of concealing themselves behind it.*]

Y. Whim. [*Aside.*] Zounds! who is this?

Monf. Really, sir, this is an extraordinary—a most unexpected visit.

" *Y. Whim.* I must own, sir, it was not intended " for you.

" *Monf.* I am at present peculiarly circumstanced.

" *Y. Whim.* Exactly my case.

" *Monf.* I must beg you will quit these apartments immediately; you'll pardon my abruptness.

" *Y. Whim.* Oh, dear sir, make no apologies; it is " not the first time I have been desired to quit these " apartments—but constancy is my foible—I never " could bear to leave my lodgings till I was turned " out of them.

" Monf. [*Aside.*] A strange fellow!—[*To him.*]" I expect a person here presently, from whom I must be concealed.

Y. Whim. So do I.

Monf. And I have chosen this place for my retreat.

Y. Whim. There we agree, my dear sir; " and " here's a curtain for each of us."

Monf. Zounds! this impertinence—

Y. Whim. Piano, my dear sir, piano!—If you must swear, let it be in a whisper—consider you will discover yourself.—

Monf. [*Aside.*] Egad, that's very true.

OLD WHIMSEY *without.*

I'll warrant you I'll ferret the dog out at last.

Y. Whim. There, sir—you have no time to lose—

we must pursue the old English policy—forget our private disputes, when the common enemy is at the door—and so, sir, in we go.

[*They go behind the curtain.*

Enter OLD WHIMSEY.

Whim. Where can this thief be hid? I am sure I have searched the house from the cellar to the garret, as narrowly as if I had been bred an exciseman—[*Seeing* TIM.] Oh! here is the facetious gentleman—asleep too! ha, ha!—" perhaps it is the perfection " of humour to commit a robbery, and pretend to fall " asleep with the stolen goods upon him." Come, my lad, you may as well open your eyes—it don't signify your sitting there, and snoring like a damaged organ-pipe—Halloo!

Tim. [*Waking.*] Nancy, my dear Nancy—I am going.

Whim. Indeed you are not going—What are you, sirrah?

Tim. A little tipsey, your honour.

Whim. How did you come by this hat and morning-gown?

Tim. I came by 'em! You should rather ask, how they came by *me.*

Whim. What made you sit down here?

Tim. Because I cou'd not stand.

Whim. Quite intoxicated!——a thorough-bred rogue, I'll warrant him—How have you managed so long to escape hanging, sirrah?

Tim. Your honour seems to have lived many years longer than me in the world, without an accident; and why should not I have as good luck as my neighbours?

" *Whim.* Why you scurrilous—but your being " tipsey is some excuse for your impertinence.

" *Tim.* Then if your honour was to get tipsey, " you wou'd have some excuse for yours."

Whim. Ha, ha!—he has a budget of jokes too—all second-hand, I suppose—stick to that, my boy—you'll find it much safer to steal jokes than gold-laced hats.

Tim. Well, your honour, I suppose you have no commands for me?

" *Whim.* No; I won't trouble you with any, as " you won't obey them."—[*Sits down.*]

" *Tim.* As you have nothing further to say to " me," I'll e'en finish my nap.

Whim. By all means, my lad—and when you are sober, I wou'd have you exchange your wit for a little honesty, if you can find any at market—good by t'ye. [*Exit* Tim.

Y. Whim. [*Peeping from behind the curtain.*] One of them is gone.

Whim. [*Aside.*] Eh! what's that?

Monf. [*Peeping from the other side of the curtain.*] Which of them is it?

Whim. [*Aside.*] Another voice!—There is more mischief going forward in this house.—I'll listen.—

[*Lays himself back in the chair, puts on the hat, and covers himself with the gown.*]

Y. Whim. The old gentleman is off—I don't hear his tongue.

Whim. [*Aside.*] It is my plague—it is Jack, as I live.

Y. Whim. Yes, yes, here lies Tim, taking a second nap: " all dulness and finery, like an eastern prince " at a masquerade."—I perceive you are surprised at his appearance—you must know I was his dresser.

Monf. You!

Y. Whim. In imitation of dame Fortune, I have deprived one man of what he really wanted, to lavish it on another, who had no use for it.

Monf. Well, sir; as the circumstances under which we met prove that each of us have some reasons for wishing to be concealed at present—

Y. Whim. I'll e'en take my leave;—but before I go, upon my soul I long to have one knock at that rascal, who lies sleeping there—You must know, he has had the impudence to be my rival, with a devilish pretty little black-eyed wench who twirls a mop in this house.

Whim. [*Aside.*] Zounds! I believe the dog has discovered me.

" *Y. Whim.* Do, let me fetch a horse-whip.

" *Whim.* A horse-whip! [*Aside.*] Oh!

" *Monf.* Consider, what a disturbance it will raise.

" *Y. Whim.* The rogue is so tipsey, he won't be able " to tell who did it.

" *Monf.* Consider the alarm."

Y. Whim. Do, let me fetch a horse-whip—I ask but for three cuts at him—only three cuts—Zounds! here comes Mrs Pattypan—Then I'm off—and Tim may sleep on in whole bones. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs PATTYPAN.

Monf. [*To Mrs* PATT.] Ah! Mrs Pattypan—I suppose you are in search of your apprentice—there he sits, in a kind of double disguise, both of dress and liquor.

Mrs Patt. Yes, yes, sir, I have heard of it all; and shall give him a lecture on the subject.

[*Exit* MONFORD.

Whim. [*Aside.*] The devil!—it will be a fine joke against me to be discovered in this situation—I'll e'en feign to be asleep.

Mrs Patt. Oh, Tim Tartlett! I did mean to scold you—but your presence softens all my resentment.—" That old fool, our new lodger's father, has been turning the house out at the window in search of his

hat and morning-gown, which I see you had taken in a joke. My dear Tim, you don't answer me."—Come, you must not be too bashful—you have to be sure taken a liberty, by your conduct this evening—but when a woman loves a man—she can pardon little liberties in him. [*Taking his hand.*]

Enter CHARLOTTE *and* MONFORD, *with his arm round her waist, as if talking to her—Mrs* PATTYPAN *starts, and* OLD WHIMSEY *discovers himself.*

Mrs Patt. Upon my word, ma'am, this intrusion—

Whim. Is a very agreeable intrusion, Mrs Pattypan—I really began to be afraid of you.

Mrs Patt. Afraid of me!—but I won't be out of temper.

Char. I declare, I thought it was Mr Timothy.

Mrs Patt. "[*Aside.*] Oh you did! yes, yes, they are going off to-night; but I'll watch them."—Yes, ma'am, I thought it was Mr Timothy too.—The old gentleman could never suppose I meant to make love to *him*—ha! ha! ha!

Whim. Faith I don't know, Mrs Pattypan—the love of some ladies is a kind of universal philanthropy—it extends to all mankind.—[*Exit Mrs* PATT.] And pray, sir, did you think it was Mr Timothy too?—In short, Monford, we have all passed a mighty agreeable evening, and it is now time to go to bed.—One word at parting—if you marry Mrs Pattypan—you had better continue to keep a sharp look-out after Mr Timothy.—"Depend upon it, you'll often meet with him where you don't expect to find him."—So good-night t'ye. [*Exeunt* WHIMSEY *and* CHARLOTTE; *and* MONFORD *on the opposite side.*]

Scene changes, and discovers the doors of four Rooms.

Enter YOUNG WHIMSEY *and* SIMON.

"*Y. Whim.* A pretty scrape you have led me into

by your inattention, in not bringing me my father's letter—you blundering blockhead!

Simon. Indeed, your honour—

Y. Whim. Rot your excuses—Let me see—you say the gentleman who took shelter with me behind the window-curtain, is Mr Monford, my sister Charlotte's lover.

Simon. Yes, sir, and he is going to run away with her this evening.

" *Y. Whim.* How did you learn that?

" *Simon.* Why he sent me to order a chaise at the Red Lion. When I came there, who shou'd I meet but Squire Monford's servant, who was come on the very same errand?—I guessed what the chaise was wanted for—but I said never a word"—I know where they ordered the chaise.

Y. Whim. Then run back instantly to the inn, and countermand Mr Monford's chaise in his name—I'll take the consequences—when the other comes, tell the post-boy to let me know—I'll step into the room which I find was intended for my father—the old gentleman will hardly go into it, as he does not mean to sleep there—be quick—don't lose a moment.

[*Exit* SIMON.

[*Exit* YOUNG WHIMSEY *into the first room.*

Enter MONFORD *and* CHARLOTTE *meeting.*

Char Oh! Monford—my father has ordered me to meet him in his room directly—the moment your chaise is ready come to me in my chamber—Remember that the farthest door is mine, and don't venture to speak above a whisper. [*Points to the door.*

Monf My charmer—my Charlotte!

Char. Hush! this is not a time for fine speeches—I'm sure I hear my father's footsteps—I must be gone. [*Exeunt different ways.*

Enter OLD WHIMSEY.

Whim. Ha! ha! ha! Well done, Old Whimsey—who will pretend to deny that I am an excellent politician?—to set off at a moment's notice—without giving Monford the most distant inkling of my intentions!—Egad, I shall jockey them all; and leave Jack to pay for the lodgings as well as he can—and now I'll e'en retire to my own room, and wait for Charlotte. [*Goes into the room where his son is concealed—shuts the door.*

Enter Mrs PATTYPAN.

Mrs Patt. My young madam's door open!—That's the signal, I suppose, for Mr Timothy to wait on her—but she is mistaken—at these years I think I know the value of a lover too well to lose him so easily—but I hear somebody coming, and I must not be seen here—I'll e'en step into my new lodger's room for a minute, till they are gone.

[*Exit into the second room.*

Enter MONFORD.

Monf. That must be Charlotte, by her tiptoe tread, and the rustling of her gown—but then why retire into my room instead of her own—I'll follow her however—the devil take the people, will they never be in bed in this house?

[*Exit into the room where Mrs* PATTYPAN *is gone.*

Enter TIM TARTLETT.

Tim. What shall I do!—I fear I am not quite sober yet; that plaguy old woman haunts me like a ghost—By jingo, I believe here she comes—Where shall I hide myself?—Here is a door open, i'faith—any port in a storm, they say.

[*Exit into the third room, and shuts the door.*

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. I think the whole house is now at rest, except our faithful Nancy.—My father is undoubtedly in his own chamber—My door is shut; so Monford is certainly gone into my room—Lud, I'm so frightened—I wish I were safe out of the house.

[*Exit into the room where* TIM TARTLETT *is gone.*

Enter SIMON *and the* POSTBOY.

Simon. I'll bring you to my master, my lad—he'll give you his orders here.

Postboy. I suppose his honour pays handsomely—travels with a silver spur, eh!—I've all my paces—from eighteen pence to five shillings a stage—But where is the gentleman?

Simon. I'faith that's more than I can tell—perhaps he is in his bed-chamber—but which it is of those rooms I'm sure I don't know—Stay here a moment, while I step down stairs and enquire.

[*Exit.*

Postboy. And so I'm to kick my heels here while he is looking for his master, and my horses standing in the street all the while.—I'll e'en try all the doors—I shall find the right one at last [*Knocking at each of the doors in turn.*] Nobody answers—rot me, if I don't believe the people are all asleep—Halloo! gentlefolks!—the chaise is ready—[*Cracking his whip.*] [*All the doors fly open at once, and the several persons who had concealed themselves in the rooms come out.*]

Whim. [*Taking* JACK WHIMSEY'S *hand.*] Come along, Charlotte—come along.—Hey-day!—how did you come here, you dog? [*Looking round him.*] and you?—and you?—

Char. Heavens! we are discovered! [*Turning round, and seeing* TIM.] Bless me! Mr Timothy!

Mrs Patt. Yes, ma'am—you are discovered, indeed.

Monf. Mr Whimsey!—I'm really all confusion!

Whim. Yes, faith—so the rest of the company seem to be.—Here we are—fat and lean—old and young—paired as badly as the city train-bands at a Lord Mayor's show—but how the devil we came here in couples, seems as yet to remain a secret.

Mrs Patt. I can explain it.—Your shameless daughter seduced the affections of my intended husband; and has attempted to tear him from my arms.

Whim. Tear him from *your* arms!—Egad, I shou'd think that no easy matter, Mrs Pattypan, if you were resolved to hold him fast.

Monf. I believe, sir, my confession will explain every thing to you.—I own I did intend to elope with Miss Charlotte this evening.

Whim. Very obliging of you, indeed—to make a confession, when your scheme is discovered—I have seen a highwayman do as much just before his execution.

Y. Whim. Then, sir, as execution follows confession—let them be tied up directly—*with Benefit of Clergy.*

Tim. Suppose you and I follow the example, mistress!—I believe my hour is come; and so the sooner I am out of my pain, the better.

Mrs Patt. Then Tim is constant after all.

Tim. Ah! Mistress, that I am—[*Sighing.*]

Char. My dear father will not let me petition in vain.

Y. Whim. Nay—Nancy will join her entreaties; and then, sir, you will a second time be between two fires.

Whim. Ah! rot your two fires!—the dog has me fast—I dare not refuse my consent; and so, Mon-

ford, take my daughter; but curse me, if I intended you should have had her.—As for you, Mrs Pattypan —may you find marriage like one of your own tarts, with no more acid in it, than is just enough to render the sweets more poignant. To crown your satisfaction, may your lodgings never remain empty; and may every friend, who takes a peep at the First Floor, honour it with their approbation.

[*Exeunt.*

THE ADOPTED CHILD;

A

MUSICAL DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY

SAMUEL BIRCH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR BERTRAND,	*Mr Trueman.*
LE SAGE,	*Mr Sedgwick.*
RECORD,	*Mr Suett.*
MICHAEL,	*Mr Bannister, jun.*
SPRUCE,	*Mr Bland.*
FLINT,	*Mr Phillimore.*
BOY,	*Master Walsh.*
CLARA,	*Miss Leak*
LUCY,	*Miss De Camp.*
JANNETTE,	*Miss Tidswell.*
NELL,	*Mrs Bland.*

SCENE,—*A remote Part in the North.*

THE

ADOPTED CHILD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An old Hall in Milford Castle.*

Enter RECORD *and* LUCY.

Lucy. I tell you once more, Mr Record, I won't stay any longer in this place, to be frightened to death every hour of my life, night and day.

Rec. Poh! Poh! why, you are a silly girl:—— Childish apprehensions: You have been reading some foolish stuff or other to put such notions into your head:—What is there in this venerable building to frighten such a sweet innocent little girl as you, most timid?

Lucy. What is there? Why an't I obliged to cross those long cloisters I don't know how many times a day, where my own steps clatter like twenty people besides myself—and when 'tis dark to go to bed in that frightful room of tapestry, where those horrid creatures with nodding plumes, are galloping upon

their large horses, and the wind whistles all night as loud as thunder along the gallery, and to be all alone too, or if I do see any body, is it not you, Mr Record?

Rec. Well; and is there any thing so frightful in me, most insulting—whom would you see?

Lucy. Why, something human—something like myself, that I could talk to—O! when shall we have a master and mistress come to this place?

Rec. You must put up with me as master; and as to a mistress, if I can do very well without one, surely you may.—Our old gentleman's relations are on their road from Spa, and we shall soon be all alive again.

Lucy. What, will not Sir Edmund come back again?

Rec. Never! but, thank heav'n, my accounts are all clear enough:—His old complaint—but his relations have one consolation left, however.

Lucy. What is that, pray, Mr Record?

Rec. The physicians all agree, that notwithstanding the obstinacy of his complaint, in his life time, he certainly died cured.

Lucy. Why, then, would it not have been better that he had never been cured, and perhaps the poor soul might have lived?

Rec. We are not such good judges as they, most presumptuous! but mind me—I'm now going down to Michael's at the Ferry, and don't you let a soul in, under any pretence whatever.

Lucy. I won't, if I can help it; but indeed 'tis very dismal to be left here so many hours by one's self, while you are at the Ferry. I can't think what you are so fond of them for.

Rec. Why I love Michael because he would do no wrong to man, woman, or child—and, besides, he has seen better days.

Lucy. And what do you love Michael's wife for?

Rec. Because she loves Michael, and makes all his friends welcome; and that's a note of admiration in the wife of any man.

[*A loud knocking without.*]

There! There! There's a pretty racket at this early hour—go round by the south gallery and open the wicket, and then you'll see who it is.

Lucy. What, by myself?—No—if I must go—I'll go the direct road to the gate, and let them in, for I dare say they have business here, by the loud knocking. [*Knocking again.*] *Exit* LUCY.

Rec. Those who have the least business, generally make the greatest disturbance every where. Now to my accounts:—I begin very much to suspect that Sir Edmund's title here was a little doubtful, and an old parchment I was turning over mentions something of the succession of the old baron's male issue, if living—I shall keep possession of these till opportunity serves.——

Enter LUCY, *with* SPRUCE.

Lucy. Nobody here, but our Mr Record, sir—— he'll answer any questions——

Rec. Nobody here! why the girl's a fool—she means nobody that can give a proper answer but me: She forgot the keepers of the armoury above, and the porters and mastiffs below.—[*Aside to* LUCY.] What, do you mean to have our throats cut?

Lucy. I'm sure he don't look as if he would do any body harm.

Rec. Your business here, if you please, most impatient? by the knocking at the gate, I should have thought my master had arrived.

Spruce. Not much out, old one, for he'll soon be here.

Rec. Who? my master? I thought they had buried him at Parma.

Spruce. He that was your master lies there; but our present master is just here—I have left him at the Ferry, and am come to put every thing in order for him. We shall give the old walls a warming, I promise you—take all the mildew out of the tapestry, and put a little flesh upon your bones.

Rec. O! you will, most audacious! why then, as you are a stranger, I had better shew you the house first——Will you be pleased to walk in and try our old fare, that you may be the better able to make comparison with the new?

[*Exeunt* RECORD *and* SPRUCE.

Lucy. When things come to the worst, they say, we must mend. I think that has been my case a long time, and the blessed proverb seems now about to be fulfilled—He's a very smart fellow, indeed, and I dare say won't forget me in the promised alteration of affairs.

SONG.—LUCY.

Silly maid!
Be not afraid,
For joy will soon await you;
Hope repeats
What bosom beats,
No vision now shall cheat you:
Time has wings and soon will flee,
Single I will never be.

Why should Time
When in my prime
With slow pace detain me?
Why be coy
When bridal joy
Strives to entertain me?
Time has wings, and soon will flee,
Single I will never be.

Enter RECORD, *with a large Key.*

Lucy. What have you done with the gentleman?

Rec. Lock'd him in the refectory, most inquisitive! that nobody may disturb him; to give him an opportunity of arranging his plans of improvement here, whilst I go down to Michael to see whether he's an impostor or no.—Confine yourself in the chapel till I return, and don't you open the door, if they knock the very walls down.

Lucy. Sha'n't I take him a tankard of October first?

Rec. No! Put a little flesh upon my bones, will he, an impudent varlet? My bones have never yet been ashamed of what covers them, and I must take care that the future covering don't blush for the bones. [*Exit.*

Lucy. I'fegs! but I'll have another peep at him:—He may like to go to chapel with me, and if he does I can get him out——What then! the chapel is a very good place—but there will be no parson there—That's no fault of mine—well, we can read the ceremony without him. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to MICHAEL'S *Hut at the Ferry—Mountains in the back view.*

Sir BERTRAND *and* LE SAGE.

SONG.

Le Sage. Down the rugged mountain's steep,
Hark! the plunging waters leap,
Rushing with resistless force
To the Derwent's gentler course.
Soon its fury will subside,
Then we'll trust the safer tide.
Danger now awaits the wave,
Which the rash alone would brave:
Hark! the plunging waters leap
Down the rugged mountain's steep.
Soon its fury will subside,
Then we'll trust the safer side.

Enter MICHAEL *to them.*

Mich. The carriage and horses must wait the next tide; the torrent from that mountain is so rapid, I dare not answer for their safety. We can make you up tolerable accommodation here.

Sir Ber. We are not very particular; the country seems most beautiful, and the delay of a day or two will make no difference.

Mich. If you are fond of fishing, we have some rare sport a mile or two up stream—You do us great honour to put up with our little place. Here, Nell! the best brown bread of our own making, and honey from our own hives. Homely fare, but sweet!—Stoop your head, your honour, our huts are but low.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Garden of an old Convent.

Enter CLARA *and* JANNETTE.

Cla. The long absence of Sir Edmund, Jannette, fills my mind with strange apprehensions for his safety.

Jan. The charms of foreign travel, madam, are great.

Cla. Under his protection, Jannette, you know, I have lived here, secluded from the hated passion of Sir Bertrand—Nothing do I dread equal to his death; and then—his precarious state of health when he went to Parma—

Jan. Madam, do not give way to such melancholy. You strangely discourage my labours to amuse and please you. I have just finished the grotto; the further end of it opens secretly to the forest.

Cla. Indeed I am to blame. How beautiful it is! what a heavenly retirement from the vicious pursuits of man!—

Jan. From a seat within it you command the sur-

rounding country, and in the distance a view of Milford Castle.

Cla. O name it not! for though living here by favour of Sir Edmund, I can never forget it once belonged to my ancestors; and have great reason to believe it would have returned again to our possession, after a time, had not the cruel ocean deprived me both of a father and infant brother at a stroke.

SONG.

Cla. In Seclusion's sacred bower,
Meek Regret, with softened sigh,
Will enjoy her pensive hour,
Fearing no intruder nigh.

So, sweet bird! thy lonely sorrow
In the ivy'd turret's height,
Pines in secret, till the morrow
To the shades directs thy flight.

Smiling Hope! my soul illume,
Transports thou alone can'st give,
Dissipate a dungeon's gloom,
Bid the child of Sadness live.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to MICHAEL'S *House.*

Enter MICHAEL *and* NELL.

Mich. Well; they are out now, are they?

Nell. Yes; but I can't think what they notice the boy so much for; I wish they were gone.

Mich. Notice him, do they? Where is he now?

Nell. At his old employment, his pencils and his compasses, and I don't know what, pothering his poor little brains.

Mich. I'm not very easy about that boy; he advances in life apace, and we are very laborious; we have but little leisure—to be sure, you teach him to read—

Nell. Read! ay, that I do: and he spells to a miracle.

Mich. Well, I know he does; but if I could any how give him a little more learning, I'm sure he'd make an excellent scholar.

Nell. A scholar, quoth'a? fine doing, to make poor people scholars! and when he has got it, I wonder who's to mind the Ferry.

Mich. Does a man make the worse seaman, think ye, Nell, because he understands his compass? But come, come, sit down, and I'll tell you a secret, and you shall advise—

Nell. Now, Michael, you love me indeed: And will you trust me with a secret?

Mich. I will: You have always thought him a boy of mine; but I am not his father.

Nell. No!

Mich. No; but you shall hear. About eight years since I had been out all night fishing, and, about a league from hence, was hauling close in shore, with a stiff gale, when I heard to windward a signal-gun fire of a ship in distress. I could see nothing; but presently heard another, and then—the piercing shrieks of some poor souls in their last extremity. That was enough for me; so I luffed and stood out to sea again. The gale increased, and—it was my duty, Nell, you know, and danger was no object, when I could save the life of a fellow-creature.

Nell. I never would have had you, if you could have deserted them.

Mich. Well, the moon every now and then peeped from underneath a pitch-black cloud. I crowded sail, and soon made the wreck, just time enough to take out a gentleman and this little boy, with a trunk, and she went to pieces. I was endeavouring to make port again, when the poor gentleman, quite exhausted, told me he was dying, and begged I would run in upon the beach, as he had something to say.—

Cheerly, says I, cheerly, a glass of grog will soon right you again; so he tasted it, but it would not do: his spirits were ebbing apace, and I run into the first creek I could see.—His distress had made him my commander you know, and I was not to disobey orders.

Nell. What could you do with him—poor creature?

Mich. I struck a light, and seated him in a small cavity of the cliff upon the best jacket I had got; made a small fire to leeward, of as many sticks as I could scramble together, and sat down beside him, with the little boy upon my knee.—You seem an honest fellow, says he, and I will trust you:—My commander often has, says I, and I think you may:—But take another sup of grog; he tried again, but could not; then shivering all over, he said, I must be brief. I wrapped some old sail-cloth round him, put some more sticks upon the fire, and wiped the tears from the little boy's cheek, which seemed to grow to my bosom.—Take care of my boy, says he, and don't desert him.—I'll be damned if I do, says I, though to speak nearly choaked me. Do not lose the trunk, perhaps it may one day reward you. I am rewarded already, says I; for at that moment I felt something at my heart, that was quite enough.

Nell. But where is the trunk, Michael?

Mich. Promise me one thing, added he, his life is sought secretly: keep him as your own, and when you shall hear of the death of Sir Edmund of Milford Castle, then open the trunk. The poor soul reached out his hand, which the boy kissed as he dropp'd. The day-break gave me light enough to sink a grave for him in the sand. He went peaceful home; the salt tear of a sailor seemed to satisfy him of his boy's safety; and the trust was more binding than if all the lawyers in the universe had been by; for the seal is here—[*Laying his hand upon his heart.*]

[*They retire.*

Enter Boy.

SONG.

At evening when my work is done,
And the breeze at setting sun
Scarcely breathes upon the tide,
Then alone I love to glide—
Unheard, unseen, my silent oar
Steals along the shaded shore:
All is dark, and all is mute,
Save the moon, and lover's lute;
Lang, Ting, Tang, it seems to say,
Lovers dread return of day.

Toward the abbey wall I steer,
There the choral hymn I hear:
While the organ's lengthened note
Seems in distant woods to float:
Returning then, my silent oar
Steals along the shaded shore:
All is dark, and all is mute,
Save the moon, and lover's lute;
Tang, Ting, Tang, it seems to say,
Lovers dread return of day.

After Song they meet him.

Boy. Here, father! these good gentlemen have given me—O see here! it will buy for me plenty of pencils and colours for drawing, when you can spare me: 'tis a great deal of money though, and I won't keep it if you don't like it.

Mich. They are returned then. See, Nell, they want nothing. [*Exit* NELL.] What, give you gold! impossible! come, come, tell me fairly where you got this, and I won't be angry. Tell me the truth.

Boy. When did I ever tell you a lie? You know I scorn it.

Mich. That's true, that's true; I am too hasty. Gold! for what? my heart misgives me. What did they say to you?

Boy. O, they asked me if I should like to go with them, and said that they would give me a horse to ride upon; but I told them no, I would not, I was very happy, and so I am, too; for you know I could not leave mother and you.

Mich. No, no, to be sure you could not.—This is very strange! [*Aside.*

Boy. They asked me who gave me this rosary, and they took a great deal of notice of it—they are very kind gentlemen, indeed; but you would not part with me, would you?

Mich. Part with you! no; never till death slips the cable. [*Aside.*]—That rosary was his father's, given to him on the sand just before he died; it has, I fear, betrayed him.—Stay by me, and don't run about so much by yourself. [*Aside.*] O! they're coming; I must not seem surprised. [*Speaking loud to the Boy.*] We must down to the boat, boy, more passengers are waiting to cross, and the tide is making in apace. Take the flask aboard. [*Boy brings the flask.*] Stay! there is but a little in it. Well, well, if we can't bring our means up to our wishes, we can keep our wishes down to our means, and that comes to the same point,—content.

Enter Sir BERTRAND *and* LE SAGE, *in conversation, on the opposite side.*

Sir Ber. There cannot be a doubt of it: here are the very features, line for line. [*Looking at a miniature.*] We must get possession of him by courtesy, if possible, and that will hoodwink suspicion. The disposal of him we'll settle after.

Mich. [*Aside.*] They are very intent upon the boy.

Le Sage. Had you not better speak to the man?

Sir Ber. That seems to be a clever lad of yours, ferryman.

Mich. Yes, sir, I believe the boy's well enough.

Sir Ber. He passes for your son, I believe?

Mich. Why, whose should he pass for?

Sir Ber. Come, come, be explicit. Do you mean to tell me that you are his father?

Mich. Why, as to that—few fathers, I believe, could take upon them to say: 'Tis useless to fathom beyond the depth of the line; 'tis sufficient for me that he is cast under this roof to lay claim to my protection.

Sir Ber. Will you part with him? He can have no great instruction here; I'll see his genius attended to; what can he learn of you?

Mich. Nature's independence—honesty! Labour to procure his meal of content, and gratitude to him that sends it! He may see, perhaps, an example to resent injury or insult. What would you teach him more?

Le Sage. A purse, Sir Bertrand, may alter this tone.

Sir Ber. Come, come, I have a fancy to see him educated; there's earnest of what more I intend for you. [*Offering a purse.*

Mich. I'll starve first! [*Throwing it away.*

Le Sage. Do you know whom you are insulting by this behaviour?

Mich. What, because I won't sell my boy? I don't know who his honour may be; but if he is in great power, he ought to know that it was given him to protect, and not to oppress those below him.

Enter NELL *and* RECORD.

Nell. These are the gentlemen, Mr Record.

Mich. [*Aside.*] Record here, and knows them!—then I'm ruin'd.

Rec. Most high and mighty!—you see your faithful servant bow before you—you are coming to Milford Castle, I suppose;—you bring credentials with you. I am the old steward of the place, and must

render proper accounts :—I keep all under lock and key, most accurate! and am very particular whom I let in during my master's absence.

Sir Ber. Did not my servant arrive before you left the castle?

Rec. He did.

Sir Ber. Where is he now?

Rec. Under lock and key, most noble!

Sir Ber. What, have you made a prisoner of him?

Rec. He is very safe till I return with proper authority to let him loose.—His companions are two-thirds of a peck loaf, the carcase of a cold turkey, and a chedder cheese: so there's no danger of his breaking out.

Sir Ber. An odd fellow this!—but come, sir, why did you lock him in?

Rec. For the same reason that I've lock'd you out, right worshipful! to guard against impostors, as I must render account to those who come after; therefore, sir, I hope to see your credentials, the certificate of my master's death and burial, and your right of succession.

Mich. [*Aside to* NELL.] Sir Edmund dead!

Nell. The trunk, Michael.—

Sir Ber. Le Sage, give him the papers; his formalities must be indulged—[LE SAGE *gives him Papers.*]—In that parcel you will see every thing you want. I shall not visit the castle till evening. [*To* MICHAEL *in parting.*] Think of what I've said to you, and give me an answer.

[*Exeunt Sir* BERTRAND *and* LE SAGE.

Mich. I hope I shall have an answer for you.

Rec. What a sudden alteration of affairs!—Come, Michael, give me a draught of your ale; I'll sit down and chat with you a little.—

Mich. I thank you, I thank you.—And so, Sir Edmund is certainly dead, is he? Poor man!—I am

very heartily glad to see you.—How the devil shall I get him out of the house? [*Aside.*]—Nell, go and draw a mug of ale, child—take the boy with you—

Nell. Well, I'm going.—[*Aside to* MICHAEL.] But, Michael, can't you give me the key of the trunk, you know? [*Exit* NELL.

Mich. Silence!—And so these people are come to live here, are they? Upon my soul, I'm heartily glad to see you—but won't you be wanted at home? You are sure you won't now—because, make no ceremony with me—Quite sure! Good God! what a taking I'm in! [*Aside.*]

Rec. O no! not in the least, not in the least:—— Yes! he's dead and—but where's the ale?

Enter NELL *with Ale.*

Nell. Here it is——

Rec. There's a fine head to it. Our last brewing did not turn out quite so well—what's your proportion? I shall mend our receipt. Ay! it should be deeper coloured than this: [*Drinks.*]—Delicious, in good truth!—Did I never tell you of Sir Edmund's pedigree?

Mich. My impatience almost choaks me! [*Aside.*] Here's to you! here's to you! [*Drinks.*]

Rec. Why you are in a damn'd hurry—What's the matter with you? I came to gossip half an hour or so.

Nell. He has a number of things to do—Mr Record, good morning! good morning! [*Drinks.*]

Rec. Good morning! What the devil, are you drinking me out of the house?

Mich. I've a great mind to tell him, but—[*Aside.*] Well, good by'e—we shall meet in the evening, as I see you're in such a hurry now—I'm sure you must be wanted.

Rec. Well, I'm going! I'm going! Lackaday! this is the strangest kind of hospitality, to turn your old friend out of doors—Some family secret, I suppose—

Mich. Well—now, do go; make haste, will you?

Nell. There's a good man; good bye!

Mich. You don't know how much I'm obliged to you. [*Exit* RECORD.

Nell. Well, now for it——

Mich. Now for what, Nell?

Nell. The trunk, to be sure—Sha'n't we open it?

Mich. We open it? I've divulged the secret to you, Nell, and of course we are embarked; but, do you know the danger of two commanders in one bottom? If we mean to come safe to shore, we must have only one pilot; and as I'm best acquainted with the coast, you must trust the helm to me: so as there may be some difficulty in the steerage, I'll go first and reconnoitre, and then——

Nell. What, then, you shut me out from the secrets of your heart! Have I deserved this, Michael?

Mich. Be satisfied: I'll keep nothing from you; but when I open that trunk, I shall think I'm in company with my shipwreck'd friend, and that his spirit will witness for me; my curiosity is excited more for the happiness of his boy, than for any paltry recompense I may expect, for the discharge of the first duty of the human heart—kindness to the unfortunate.

DUET.—MICHAEL *and* NELL.

Mich. As the compass true, believe me,
Is this honest heart of oak.

Nell. If thy Nelly ever grieve thee,
Never faithful woman spoke.

Mich. By those eyes, my planets steering——
Nell. Thou the pilot, safe we go ;
Mich. Never from affection veering,
Nell. Briskly may the breezes blow.
Both. Now for life's uncertain weather,
Tight and trim, and fond and free,
Safely in one bark together,
With fair wind we'll put to sea.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Inside of* MICHAEL'S *House continued.*

Enter MICHAEL, *with a Trunk sealed up.*

Mich. I have closed the hatchways, and the decks are all clear. I feel just now, for all the world, like a commander going into an engagement, determined to do his duty, eager for victory, yet not without remembering that a battle may be lost as well as won. [*Breaks the seal.*] This is the key—what's here? [*Opens the trunk, and takes out a paper, then reads.*] "The child with whom this trunk is found has lawful claim to the whole estate of Milford Castle, at the death of Sir Edmund. The writings within will explain the rest, and guide to the only copy of the Baron's will, now in the chapel of the castle. Whoever finds this, and faithfully executes the trust, will meet with his reward, if needy, in the silken purse within, besides an annuity of fifty pounds when he shall be in possession of his estate." Nell must not know this yet, it will turn her brain. She will be like a sudden squall, a hurricane that whisks at once round every point of the compass. I should like to see the purse

though—a little ready cash will be useful. Let's see! how shall I break it to him? I must make a friend of Record to examine the papers. Lucky little dog!—Damme, I've done my duty by him, that's one comfort tho'——it would have been a pretty business if I had let him go.

Enter NELL *in haste.*

Nell. We're ruin'd, Michael! we are ruin'd.

Mich. [*Hiding the trunk.*] Don't be in such a hurry—No! we an't ruin'd, not ruin'd, Nell.

Nell. I tell you, they have stolen the poor boy away, and are dragging him I can't tell where: I saw him struggling till his little strength was gone: they have taken him quite out of sight.

Mich. Which way? Who have got him?

Nell. Over the——O, two such ill-looking fellows!

Mich. Damme but I'll be up with them: Give me down my pistols—Don't look into that trunk; I'll tell you all—shut the papers in close—Poor little soul!—take care of the trunk!——I shall never make press of sail enough after him——Don't look into the trunk, Nell.—O, the villains! [*Exit.*

Nell. Yes, I'll take care of it; but, for fear of interruption, I'll go with it up stairs, and there have an opportunity of satisfying my curiosity.—Ah! I knew dreaming of those huge precipices boded no good.

SONG.—NELL.

If woman is curious, sure Nature's to blame,
The sex, high and low, in this point are the same;
And what at our birth we inherit from her,
Is her own blessed gift, and no crime, I aver.
So if kept from our view
Any good thing or new,
What wonder we pout,
And wou'd fain find it out?

Then how to please woman, I'll tell you the plan,
Is to say all you know, and as soon as you can.

These lords of creation, what a fuss and a pother,
Of wonders and dangers of this, that, and t'other.
What a trouble, Heav'n bless us, they'd save to their lives,
If they wou'd but consult, in most matters, their wives:

'Tis strange they don't try it,
We are always so quiet,
Never wish for the rule,
Only prudent and cool:

Then how to please woman, I'll tell you the plan,
Is to say all you know, and as soon as you can.

[*Exit with the trunk.*

Scene changes to the Outside of Milford Castle.

Enter Sir BERTRAND *and* LE SAGE.

Sir Ber. Is the boy safe?

Le Sage. All managed to a charm: they have got him away without suspicion of us, and I have just written to remove him again from St Nicholas, where he will be quite out of their recovery.

Sir Ber. That's well—then soon the lovely Clara shall be the fair mistress of these extensive possessions. While Sir Edmund lived, I dared not oblige her, but now——she knows not of our arrival, does she?

Le Sage. Not a syllable: she occupies a part of the old convent where I have lodged the boy, but knows not of your arrival, nor of Edmund's death.

Sir Ber. Thus far, then, we glide on smoothly.

Enter RECORD.

Rec. The way for your reverend steps is round these ramparts to the great gate. I have all the keys, and will give an account of every thing as we go on. Will you be pleased to follow, most respectful?

[*Exit* RECORD.

Sir Ber. We'll follow—Your man is trusty, or, Le Sage, our plans will but involve us deeper.

Le Sage. Both secret and determined.—You may now take possession with confidence and chearfulness.

Sir Ber. No, Le Sage—who takes what he knows to be another's right, must have confidence indeed; but a merry heart will not be among his possessions.

Le Sage. Mere vapours! a glass or two of the old convent wine will alter your opinion.

SONG.—Le Sage.

In the low winding vale that's refresh'd by the stream,
Where the convent of Nicholas stood;
The Vineyard invites the Sun's ripening beam,
And, believe me, the produce is good.

How the monks, in their day,
Must have swigg'd it away,
O, they let not a cluster escape—
Till their cheeks, I suppose,
In an afternoon's doze,
Were as purple and plump as the grape.
The mould'ring walls are conceal'd by the fruit,
And the liquor you'll say is divine,
Tho' the clay of the fathers still clings to the root,
Our cups overflow with the wine.

How the monks in their day, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Armoury in the Castle.*

Enter Lucy *and* Spruce.

Lucy. This is the last of our curiosities, sir; we have been all round the castle now, and I hope you like our situation.

Spruce. Vastly, vastly, my dear—

Lucy. I hope you don't believe I had any hand in

locking you up—it was all Mr Record's own doing, I can assure you, sir.

Spruce. Not at all, my love,—not at all—I shall settle the old boy in a twinkling, when I am a little to rights——

Lucy. And you won't forget me—I should be sorry to lose my place now such fine people are coming.

Spruce. Lose your place! you shall not, by this, and this—Depend upon it I'll settle you too.

[*Kissing her.*

Lucy. Thank you, sir! Lord, this will be something like living——

[*A door shuts within with a hollow sound.*

Mercy on me! they are all coming in with Record's key, and will be up the winding staircase in a moment—We must not be found here—I shall be ruin'd—we have no way out but that which they come.

Spruce. Never fear—put me in any where—only make haste—

Lucy. Well, well—here! you can creep behind that black armour;—don't breathe for your life—they'll only pass on, and we can slip back when they are gone through.

[*Spruce places himself behind the armour.*

Spruce. Perhaps I am not the first coward that has trembled behind this suit of armour.

Lucy. I'll get into this case where Record keeps his best armour—I see he has left the key, and believes it lock'd— [*Goes into the case.*

Enter Sir BERTRAND, LE SAGE, *and* RECORD.

Rec. You see, right noble, I've done my duty, every thing is in the completest order——

Sir Ber. I'm satisfied, and shall reward you accordingly.—

Le Sage. For what are these piles of arms preserved?

Rec. To arm your tenants and followers, most victorious! in case of civil commotions;—they were of great import to Sir Edmund's grandsire; and my father followed him, when a younker, in that helmet and coat of mail, in his troublesome days.—

Sir Ber. He was at Palestine—in the holy wars—was he not?

Rec. He was, right reverend, and I can shew you the armour which he prized upon those occasions—

[*Approaching the case where* LUCY *is concealed.*]

It often preserved his life in great perils—He never went to the holy wars without it, and slept with it every night in his tent—I myself have now the care of it, and indeed I value it as much as the old warrior did: but I only regard it now as a curiosity, and am obliged to be very tender with it.

[*Opens the case and discovers* LUCY.

Le Sage. Heavens! a woman!

Sir Ber. An excellent companion for the holy wars!

Rec. I'm dumb, most terrific! Did I not order you to stay in the chapel till my return, and how the devil got you in here? speak?

[*An arm from the black armour falls.*

What's that? why here's witchcraft in very truth—

Le Sage. That armour moves, Sir Bertrand.—

Sir Ber. Which? Which? Le Sage—what's the meaning of all this? do you know?

Le Sage. I'll have it down if the devil's there—

[*Drawing his sword.*

LUCY *screams.*

Spruce. [*Coming out.*] 'Tis only I, sir—I hope no offence, but this young woman was shewing me all her,—no, your curiosities, sir, and hearing you approach, we fear'd you might be angry, so we concealed ourselves till you were gone by.

Lucy. Indeed that's all; as he was just come to

his new place, I thought I would shew him the nature of it.

Rec. Go down, hussey—wait below till I come, most impudent—I shall pay you off directly.

[*Exit* LUCY.

Sir Ber. Don't be so hasty: as to you, sir, I shall desire Record to put you to some employment——

Rec. I will, most dignified! Come with me—so putting a little flesh upon my bones did not seem to be all your intention here—ey!

[*Exeunt* RECORD *and* SPRUCE.

Sir Ber. Now, Le Sage, we are satisfied there is no copy left of the original will destroyed, we may with greater security proceed—Send the boy beyond sea, and there let him be dispatch'd.

Le Sage. 'Tis done!—by this he's safe—Lose not sight of Record, he may still be useful—should he prove otherwise, or turn refractory, we must provide for him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A retired Part of a Forest—The Remains of a Convent on the Side.*

Enter MICHAEL.

I have lost him now for ever, that's plain. I have wander'd up and down thro' every track of the forest, and all to no purpose—Poor boy! how he'll grieve after me! his little heart will break—mine is gone to pieces already—quite water-logg'd——And Nell too—well, I must not repine—The same Providence that threw him into my arms from shipwreck, may again think fit to save him. I'm quite faint and parch'd—I'll taste this running stream—here's a cup chain'd to the stone for wearied strangers—

[*As he stoops to drink, the Boy sings from within.*]

SONG.—Boy.

Through forests drear I once did stray,
Where every songster used to say,
" O loiter here, 'tis Nature's spring,
Thy carol sweet—dear minstrel ! sing."

Mich. Heavens, that's his voice ! my strength's renew'd—but how to get admittance ?

Boy *sings again.*

" Sweet birds," I cried, " could I, like you,
Ascend, the face of heaven to view ;
Like you I'd welcome Nature's spring,
My carol sweet for ever sing."

Mich. Damme I'll board ! but lie to, lie to, Michael, and take a peep into the enemy's harbour.
[*Retires.*

Enter Flint.

Flint. This purse is to have its fellow, when I take back evidence of the boy being safe on board. The smuggling boat is ready, but the way to it bad ;—O ! there's the old convent !—now for my letter—if the boy's troublesome, this shall muzzle him——

[Michael, *overhearing, comes forward.*

Mich. What are you going to do with that letter ?

Flint. What am I going to do ? that's a pretty question—who the devil are you ?

Mich. I am not used to turn assassin, believe me : but you must be plain, or two minutes will close your mouth for ever. The boy you are going for is in that house ?

Flint. He is——

Mich. And you are employ'd to murder him ?

Flint. O no! to put him off to sea.
Mich. By orders from the castle?
Flint. Yes: and here's my reward—
Mich. That letter will procure him?
Flint. Yes.
Mich. Now mark me—first give me the letter: then strip off that villain's coat of yours, and steer towards the ferry-house: there drop anchor till I come.
Flint. Pull off my coat?
Mich. No words—but do it this moment—
Flint. Well—well—there—[*Putting off his Coat.*] you are not going to take any thing else from me?
Mich. No: keep your money—and, if you can, enjoy it. Your coat I only borrow: it shall be yours again. [*Exit* FLINT.
Mich. [*Taking up the Coat.*] 'Tis lawful in some cases to hoist false colours; and damme if I must play the hypocrite, but 'tis better to wear the villain's outside, so I am right and tight within, than to clothe a heart rotten at the core with the robes of honesty. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Inside of the Convent.*

Enter CLARA *and* BOY.

Boy. Indeed I could be happy with you as with any body: but that I love my poor father and mother so dearly—what are they going to do with me, I am sure I never injured them?
Clara. You are sent here to be under my protection, and I will endeavour to make you comfortable—Alas! I fear, by Le Sage directing this, some foul play—if so—and I lose Sir Edmund's protection, my ruin will be complete.
Boy. My father Michael always told me to fear nothing but doing a bad action—I have kept the les-

son close, and I wish he could see me now that I am not afraid. Poor dear Michael!

Enter JANNETTE *and* MICHAEL *disguised.*

Clara. What ruffian are you, to break in upon our solitude without notice and due respect?

Jan. Madam! he has found his way through the grotto from the forest—he has frightened me almost out of my wits—he says he has a letter for you—

Boy. Don't be alarm'd, he shall not hurt you—O I'm almost afraid to look at him.

Mich. 'Tis he! his little soul breaks out. [*Aside.*] Do not terrify yourself, fair lady, I am no ruffian—though I believe I look damnably like one [*Aside.*] That letter will tell you my business—[*Gives a Letter, and drops a Paper.*]

Clara. Signed Le Sage, as I foreboded: but what can all this mean? 'Tis to no purpose my enquiry, I am myself unprotected and can afford no help to others. This is the child!—My dear boy, it afflicts me to part with you, but you must go.——

Boy. What! must I go with him? O! Michael! what would I give to see you once more!

Mich. I cannot hold out much longer [*Aside.*] I must crowd sail, or shall lose my weather-guage—fair lady, your servant—

Boy. Where are we going? If you mean to kill me, let me tell my beads first—

Mich. Kill you!—O, no! I did not think I look'd so diabolical as that neither.

[*Exeunt* MICHAEL *and Boy*

Clara. [*Looking after him.*] Farewell! farewell!—I cannot think why I take such an interest in that boy—ah me! what's here? [*Taking up the Paper, reads.*] "'The child with whom this trunk is found, has lawful claim to the whole estate of Milford Castle at the death of Sir Edmund."—Amazement! this must be my brother!—and Le Sage, by employing

this wretch, must have found the papers.—Gracious Heaven! then my dear father is lost for ever, and his child within the fangs of that miscreant agent. I'll to the castle instantly, although my life should pay the forfeit of my rashness. Just Heaven will not look on without regard, nor suffer innocence to fall.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter RECORD *and* NELL.

Nell. We know you are our friend, Mr Record, and trust the whole to you—Michael, I'm sure, depends upon your honour——

Rec. That he may with safety, most adorable!—I won't utter a syllable about the papers till the proper moment—when will Michael be here?

Nell. O! I can't tell—he is gone in search of the poor boy, and Heaven only knows whether he will find him or not: perhaps they have kill'd him, and Michael lost his life in defending him.

Rec. Don't despond, most affectionate: he will come back to you; and now let me, while we are quite alone, just taste the nectar of those lips, most—

[*Attempting to kiss her.*

Enter LUCY, *who discovers him.*

Nell. For shame, Mr Record! what are you about?

Lucy. Mr Record!

Rec. What brought you here, most curious, ey?

Lucy. I beg pardon, sir—but a lady desires to see you directly. [*Aside to* RECORD.] I see Michael's wife makes all his friends welcome. [*Exit.*

Rec. Take care of the papers, Mrs Nelly, and follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Inside of the Chapel.

Sir BERTRAND *and* LE SAGE *meet* CLARA *and* RECORD.

Clara. Sir Bertrand here! then I'm undone—

Sir Bert. Now, lovely Clara—I can make you most happy—at last you see me lord of this fair castle, and you shall be its mistress.

Rec. [*Aside.*] This is very familiar at first sight, I think.

Clara. No, Sir Bertrand, that can never be—I come to claim a right on behalf of injured innocence. Le Sage must give the answer.—Where is the child, you hypocrite? Where is the ruffian to whom you committed him?

Le Sage. Haughty madam, this is not a time to interrogate my proceedings—your home from henceforth is here. That boy! what of that boy? why do you enquire?

Rec. Be cool, most vehement, be cool!

Clara. That boy! The wretch you sent to murder him, I suppose, was not quite collected in his business, or he would not have left this behind him—know you that hand? [*Shewing the Paper.*] What, you pause?

Le Sage. This is some mystery beyond my cunning to develope.

Clara. It is my honour'd father's hand, and that child my brother. Restore him to me, or his blood shall be upon your heads, and sweep his oppressors from the earth.

Sir Bert. By this he is properly bestow'd—this raving is useless—'twere better you prepare to share the splendour of this scene.

Clara. No, never. I'll to the world proclaim such villainy, though I beg my daily crust from door to door. [*Going.*]

Sir Bert. Not so hasty, Clara, you must not, shall not leave me——[*Struggling with her.*]

Clara. For pity's sake assist me, Heaven! [*Breaks from him and meets* MICHAEL *entering.*]

Mich. What, more injuries! Human nature can't endure them.

Clara. That ruffian here! then all is lost.

Sir Bert. What insolence is this! how came you here? who are you?

Clara. Who are you? Matchless hypocrisy! You know him not, nor his business?

Mich. Who am I? Look on this weather-beaten brow, and tell me whether you can read aught there that could deserve injustice at your hands? Look still, and say do you discover fear to resent it?

Sir Bert. What injuries are you speaking of?

Mich. What injuries? Do you know a villain of the name of Le Sage, and does he know another of the name of Flint?

Le Sage. [*Drawing.*] Who has given your tongue this license?

Mich. Put up your steel—I've seen too many of them in my time to tremble at yours—a good cudgel is all the weapon an honest cause wants, and more than a bad one will encounter.

Sir Bert. Leave the castle this instant—Record and Spruce, why don't you turn the fellow out?

Rec. I am too weak—most potent!

Mich. Because they know I have higher orders than your's to remain here—

Le Sage. Whose are they?

Mich. The Baron's of Milford Castle.

Sir Bert. And who is that now?

Mich. I'll shew you in the veering of a point—Hey! what! [*Searching his Pockets.*] Damme the paper's gone—the rudder carried away just coming into harbour——

Clara. What do you mean? Are you then his

friend? what paper have you lost? Is it this? [*Giving him the Paper.*]

Mich. This! ey! this! yes, yes, it is sure enough! Now I'll produce the commander of this station.—[*Goes out and returns with Boy and* NELL.]

Clara. [*Runs and embraces him.*] It is he again!—

Mich. Yes, that it is, I'll swear to him as I would to my own right hand.

Sir Bert. This is all forgery!——

Rec. I'm afraid not, most unfortunate! for Mrs Nelly and I have been looking over some papers in a trunk——

Le Sage. What papers?—

Mich. Those which his father deliver'd to me on his death-bed—

Sir Bert. Now you are detected—where was that, villain—for his father was cast away at sea?

Mich. In these arms—on the bleak sea-shore, when I saved him and his little one from shipwreck; and had not Heaven directed me to intercept that letter, he had still been at your mercy.

Le Sage. Curse on your officious zeal—we will think upon some plan to punish these usurpers.

[*Exeunt Sir* B. *and* LE SAGE.

Rec. O here are the tenants of the estate assembled to assert the right of our new Baron against injury and oppression.

Mich. Now, Nell, it is enough for us to reflect that we have done our duty, and bore up so steadily against wind and tide to port, that we shall always find anchorage sure, and shelter from the storm.

FINALE.—*Chorus.*

The castle walls resounding
As loud huzzas unite;
Proclaim each heart abounding
With transport and delight.

Boy. Though changed our lot to brighter scenes,
Though fair the prospects rise,
My mind to former pleasure leans,
Unconscious of disguise.

Clara. To honour's sway
This happy day
Its proudest laurels owing:
Then be it blest,
By ev'ry breast,
With gratitude o'erflowing.

Chorus. The castle walls resounding, &c. &c.

Nell. In smoothest waters safe at last,
We now forget the tempest past:
For sunshine greets the happy shore,
Care never will afflict us more.

Record. Most renown'd, I give you joy!

Clara. Mirth shall every hour employ.

Chorus. The castle walls resounding,
As loud huzzas unite;
Proclaim each heart abounding
With transport and delight.

[*Exeunt.*

THE FARM HOUSE;

A

FARCE,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MODELY,	*Mr Wroughton.*
FREEHOLD,	*Mr Aickin.*
SHACKLEFIGURE,	*Mr Suett.*
HEARTWELL,	*Mr Whitfield.*
Sir JOHN ENGLISH,	*Mr Fawcett.*
First CONSTABLE,	*Mr Phillimore.*
Second CONSTABLE,	*Mr Alfred.*
AURA,	*Mrs Jordan.*
FLORA,	*Mrs Kemble.*

THE FARM HOUSE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Country Village.*

Enter AURA *and* FLORA.

Aura. Cousin, I'll go to London.

Flora. What new lure has Satan employed to tempt you thither?

Aura. Only to see some of my own species; a few men and women; for I cannot look on the things we talk'd to just now, but as beings between men and beasts, and of an inferior nature to the people who grow in cities. If I stay longer among the savages, I shall not have vanity enough to keep myself clean. I must go to London to recover my pride.

Flora. And yet how often have I heard thee rail at London, and call it an infectious congregation of vapours; an assemblage of falsehood and hypocrisy.

Aura. 'Tis true; but my affections have taken another turn. The heart of a woman, girl, like a bowl

down a hill, continually changes as it rolls. I declare seriously, I never knew my own mind two hours together in my life.

Flora. Cousin, thou art a very wild fop.

Aura. We are all so in our hearts. O' my conscience here they are!

Flora. What?

Aura. Men, my dear, men! Human creatures! look, here they come.

Enter MODELY *and* HEARTWELL.

Mod. Pretty maidens, stay a moment; turn again and give your assistance to two honest fellows in distress. Our carriage is broke down, our horses are ame, 'tis late, and we have lost our way.

Heart. And we would know where—She's intolerably handsome!

Mod. We shall lie to-night—She's a sweet girl.

Flor. Sir, we buy, we don't sell fortune: two gypsies just now offered us a penny-worth; they pass'd by those elms; I believe you may o'ertake 'em.

Aura. Yes, sir, they will tell you what will happen to you exactly. Good evening. [*Going.*

Mod. Why, you would not leave me in a strange place, child?

Aura. We have no title at all to you. If you are a couple of stray cattle, all we can do is to bring you to the constable.

Mod. And what then?

Aura. Why then we must cry you three market-days, and if nobody owns you, why you must be pounded till somebody does.

Heart. Stay one moment, dear creature; vanish not immediately, if you would not have me believe myself in a vision.

Flora. Pray, sir, come down to my understanding: mine, you see, is as plain as my dress.

Heart. In one word then, who is the inhabitant of that farm house in the valley? Our horses fell lame, and we have sent our carriage round there.

Flora. A sour old man, sir; who, when he is in a very good humour, vouchsafes to call me niece.

Aura. And me daughter. There we live, gentlemen, and are like to live; fretting one another like silk and worsted wove together, 'till we quite wear out.

Heart. You have none of the rust of the country upon you: neither your words, your manners, nor any thing but your habits, speak you what you would appear.

Aura. My father, and the vicar of our parish, taught us to read and write. But indeed, sir, my father was born a gentleman, and is by accident only a clown: for having in his youth profusely squander'd a great estate in London, he took an aversion to the town, and turn'd his sword into a ploughshare.

Heart. Is it impossible to see this old Cynic? I persuade myself we might revive those seeds of humanity that once lived within him, and get entertainment in his farm, for one night only; especially if you would be so good to use your power too, and venture to intercede for a stranger.

Flora. Sir, 'tis impossible!—If you wore any form but what you do——

Heart. Ask him only—try a little—use the influence of your eyes—ask him, with a look of pity, and 'tis impossible he should deny you.

Flora. Shall we ask?

Aura. Will you venture?

Flora. I'm half afraid—If you would second me—

Aura. Never fear, my girl, I'll stand bravely by thee.—Gentlemen, we'll endeavour to prevail, and you shall have an answer in the turn of a second.

[*Exeunt* FLORA *and* AURA.

Heart. What a couple of jewels are here in rustic work!

Mod. I never beheld any thing so charming!

Heart. What a shape!—What—

Mod. An air, a mien, an instep, a foot!

Heart. Why you don't mean my girl?

Mod. Nor you mine, I hope?

Heart. Ah! rogue! rogue! what a lucky night is this!

Mod. If we get in—

Heart. Hold! here they come, and old Crabtree with 'em.

Enter FREEHOLD, FLORA, *and* AURA.

Free. Oh! hoh! perhaps these are some of my Covent-Garden acquaintance.

Flora. I can't tell; but they have waited a great while for an answer.

Free. Let 'em wait, with a murrain.

Aura. Please, sir, to say ay or no.

Free. No then, no! Burn my house and barns, send the murrain among my cattle, the mildew in my corn, and the blight in my fruit, but let no London plagues come within my doors. What has bewitched you to ask such a question?

Flora. They desire in common humanity, as they are gentlemen.

Free. Gentlemen! hah! They are the bane of your sex. The devil did less mischief in the form of the serpent to Eve, than in that to her daughters. Well, I'll talk with 'em to oblige you.

Mod. Sir, the unexpected occasion of this trouble—

Free. Oons, sir, speak truth! I know what you are pumping for; a pretty excuse for an unseasonable visit. I have not told one lie in compliment these thirty years.

Heart. Nor heard one neither?

Free. No, sir, nor heard one. Here we only make up a few necessary lies for a market-day or so.

Mod. But we would only say in plain words——

Free. I'll tell you what honourable designs you two have clubb'd for, in plain words: Your horses were to fall lame; you were to be benighted; and making use of my humanity for entrance into my house, you very honestly hope for an opportunity to ruin my family. Ask your consciences, is it not so? ha!

Heart. We confess the charge is too generally true; but we beg leave to be excepted.

Free. Whence came you?

Heart. From London.

Free. From London; so I thought again: the mart of iniquity; Satan's chief residence. He picks up a vagabond soul or two now and then with us; but he monopolizes there.

Mod. But, sir, to our purpose: Is there no security to be taken for one night only?

Free. There is, if you'll accept the terms. Look ye, gentlemen; I have one faithful friend in the world —'tis honest Towzer, a true-bred mastiff; one who never scrapes or kisses my hand but in honest truth, who will stand by me with his best blood. Now he does me the favour to lie every night at my bed's foot. I am likewise master of a brace of large boned threshers—and these three have been the guardians of my farm these ten years. They have no more respect than I for a laced coat: you know the rest. I'll ha' no poaching.

Heart. Sir, we accept your terms. He that intends no wrong, fears none.

Free. There then, there lies your way.

[*Exeunt* FREEHOLD, MODELY, *and* HEARTWELL.

Flora. Laud, cousin, he has taken 'em both in!

Aura. I tremble so I don't know what to do.

Flora. It was your fault.

Aura. You were bewitched to ask him.

Flora. Why did you not advise me to the contrary?

Aura. O dear, my heart beats.

Flora. Ay, it beats to arms, child.—The garrison is besieged!

Aura. Come, let's in.—Courage, and the day's our own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Farm.*

Enter FREEHOLD, MODELY, *and* HEARTWELL.

Free. Forget you have been within the walls of a city, and we shall agree well enough.

Heart. But, sir, do you never, never intend to see London again?

Free. Never, never, I tell you.

Heart. Why so, sir?

Free. I am unqualified for conversation there. The few virtues you have you hide; and affect crimes to be agreeable. In a word, you are all false, double-faced, execrable hypocrites. Come, will you drink a cup of brown ale before you eat?

Heart. I thank you, sir, but I am not thirsty now.

Free. Do you never drink but when you are dry? We have none of your French wines—we live upon English beef and beer, the staple of our own country.

Heart. And every honest Briton ought to encourage it.

Free. Right, boy: Come, will you smoke a pipe before supper? A pipe is the best whet in the world.

Mod. No, by no means. Pray, sir, who is the Lord of your Manor, here?

Free. We have no Lord, sir, we have a Lady.

Mod. A lady?

Free. Ay, sir; she lives at the great house on the hill above, with an old knight, her kinsman, whose estate joins to her's: one Sir John English. But come into this room and drink a cup of ale before supper; nay, I will have it so.

Mod. We'll follow you.

Free. What, you see the wenches coming? remember our articles, or Towzer's the word.

[*Exit.*

Enter AURA *and* FLORA.

Mod. Hah!—my mademoiselle once again!—I'll kill thee, my dear little thief, with kisses.

Aura. Then I shall be the first maid that ever died that death, and deserve to be buried with my face downwards.

Mod. Whither do you run?—What, must I follow you?

Aura. If you have courage;—the old dragon is in the next room.

Mod. Hang the dragon;—I am a knight errant, and 'tis my business to conquer dragons.

Aura. Come on, then—Hercules the second!

[*Exeunt* MODELY *and* AURA.

Heart. Hear me—let me swear to you, fair maid.

Flora. What is it you would swear?—That you love me?

Heart. Really, I never liked a woman better in my life.

Flora. I think you are something more than tolerable;—I was going to say agreeable.

Heart. Do you like me?

Flora. As I might a picture.

Heart. Do you take me only for the shadow of a man?

Flora. To me no more; for I look on this accident only as the idle delusion of a morning dream.

Heart. Then let me wake thee into real happiness: the little God of Love shall wanton in thy heart, as he now plays and revels in thy eyes.

Flora. Hold! hold!—you are running back into metaphor;—why this is downright poetry. Pray come to common sense again.

Heart. That is very true;—to be short, then, whereabouts is your bed-chamber?

Flora. What then, it seems, you do certainly assure yourself, that having squeezed my hand, and sighed out a few unnecessary fine things, I shall fall plumb into your arms, as cats get birds by gazing at 'em?

Heart. Come, my love, this dialect is affected as t'other. Take this jewel, accept it, wear it as a token of the most pure affection; you shall live with me, command me and my fortune. I'll take you from this cottage, and this cross old man; and you shall live, as your beauty and your wit demand you should, in all the various pleasures this gay world can give you.

Flora. Here, sir; take your toy again.—I thank you humbly for the mighty favour.—What, would you barter with me for myself? Bribe me out of my person?—'Tis poorly done.—But know, sir, I have a heart within, that proudly tells me, no price shall ever buy it. But is it honest in you to tempt that innocence you should protect?—Reason distinguishes men from beasts; and virtue, men from men. Think—reflect:—Are your intentions agreeable to justice, honour, gratitude?—You wrong yourself, as well as me. Farewell! [*Exit.*

Heart. She hus stung me to the soul with her too just reproaches. I am conscious and ashamed of my crime. My heart burns within me—she sinks into my mind—I must have her, though at the price of liberty. I'll ask her uncle's consent immediately. But what will the world say?—I renounce it—I abjure it.

I'll give her all my future life; and prove,
Like Anthony,—the world well lost for love.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A rural Prospect, with the Farm House.*

Enter MODELY *and* HEARTWELL *from the House.*

Mod. Was ever any thing so agreeable!

Heart. What palace could have entertained us like this cottage?

Mod. The blunt old man gave us a meal, plain and undisguised.

Heart. Artless and honest like himself—Did you observe the sweetness and purity of this little dwelling—The honey-suckles hid the light of our small casement——

Mod. And mixed their odours with the sharp morning air, and waked me early.

Heart. Why, did you sleep?

Mod. Like a whipt top——Did not you?

Heart. Ah, no! my heart was dancing the galloping nag—My spirits were in arms; and all the mobility of my blood roared out incessantly—Flora! Flora!—Flora!

Mod. What then you are really in love, that is a-la-romanski?

Heart. So much in love, I could fight for—I could die for her, and will marry her.

Mod. What, you have a mind to put your passion to a violent death—Marry her!—Do so—do so—'Tis a certain cure.

Heart. Be not severe; her beauty, George, will make my joys immortal.

Mod. I can't believe either in the immortality of her beauty, or your passion.

Heart. May be so; but I shall put them to the trial.

Mod. Fly, fly, begone; for here comes my temptation. [*Exit* HEARTWELL.

Enter AURA.

Aura. Gentlemen, the tea's ready.

Mod. Tea! Why you live within doors as elegantly as the people of our world. This cottage is like a diamond in the quarry—All rough without; within, all light and beauty, my lovely, charming—

Aura. Nay, no more love, I entreat, I petition. Come, leave this whimsical dumb cant of sighing and ogling; and tell me in plain English, what you'd have.

Mod. Cou'd not you help one to a little ready beauty?

Aura. What wou'd you give for a small purchase that way?

Mod. Heart for heart, my dear.

Aura. That was the old way they say; before money was in fashion, they used to barter in kind.

Mod. Let us renew that honest custom in the age of innocence and love.

Aura. Have you a clear title to the thing you wou'd sell? That heart of yours, I warrant, has been mortgaged over and over.

Mod. Humph! it has been a little dipped, but I have always honourably redeemed it, and was as free as air till I beheld those eyes.

Aura. Ah! that humble killing bow. Go on! Now I know you are to talk of chains, and daggers, and loves, and hearts, and flames, and darts.

Mod. Is it possible to hide a passion, which though my tongue is silent, breaks out in every look and motion?

Aura. Wonderful pretty this! But, sir, I know the natural whirl of the mind of man; 'tis as inconstant as a turnstile; his heart's a tennis ball; his inclination's the racket! and his passions drive it round the world.

Mod. Dare only to try me, and if you like me not, discharge me.

Aura. She deserves to be robbed, who takes a servant that brings a certificate of his being a thief.

Mod. 'Tis not engraven here, I hope.

Aura. Yes, truly, there is a sort of a faithless, loving, London, lying air, that hangs upon your features, and frightens me terribly.

Mod. Then propose your own security; bind me as you please.

Aura. Agreed. Suppose then I liked you well enough to make a husband of you; would you marry me? Look ye there—Confounded—Astonished at once; mentioning the word only has put the man into a cold sweat, I profess.

Mod. No, no; but I wou'd have you leave this sour old man, and this rustic cot, and take your flight with me and love. Love shall conduct us with his purple wings; joys shall meet joys in circles, and new pleasures chase the swift hours away. Thou shalt be dearer to me, than any wife can be.

Aura. So 'tis out at last. What then, am I to be your mistress only; have every inconvenience of a wife, with the scandal of a wench; and perhaps be forced to cluck a brood of illegal chickens after me, and peck about the parish for my subsistence?

Mod. No, my dear, it shall not be within my power to wrong you; I will settle—

Aura. The Lord knows what, with a sham-lawyer.

Mod. Choose your own lawyer, take your own security, make your own trustees; you shall have an inheritance in my heart and my land, as firm as if you were born to it.

Aura. To be serious then, since you are so. I'll tell you all the inheritance I boast, or wish for, is this low, humble cottage; and a mind, I hope a virtuous mind, that cannot, even in this situation, bear dishonour. Take back your worthless trifle of a heart,

and your more worthless promises; and know I scorn as much to yield to the mean bargain of your hireling passion, as you do to submit to honourable love. You say the laws of honour, when they are broken, ask life for recompence; yet, you would falsify your trust to my father—defraud him of his treasure in his child; inhospitably murder your good host, whose house you entered with a promise that would to two common thieves, under such circumstances, be sacred and inviolable

Mod. Do you know now what you have lost by this canting? I was to have made love to you in soft nonsense. You were to have been very angry, and very kind; and so I was to have made you the happiest woman in the world with your own consent, that's all.—You see what a fool you have been.

Aura. How came this unworthy imagination into your head?

Mod. In a dream, deary. It's a pity it was not real.

Aura. Go; you are a devil.

Mod. Come; you are an angel.

Aura. Keep your distance.—

[*Sings.*] Young I am, and sore afraid,
Would you hurt a harmless maid;
Lead an innocent astray?
Tempt me not, kind sir, I pray.

[*Exit.*

Mod. I'll follow thee to the world's end.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Village. Bells heard at a distance.*

Enter HEARTWELL, FLORA, *and several Countrymen and Women.*

Heart. My good neighbours, I thank you all. I beg you'll excuse me now; here is something to drink this lady's health. [*Exeunt all but* HEART. *and*

FLO.] My wife! my dear! I am now richer than the sea: I have a treasure in thee more valuable than what the earth contains.

Enter SHACKLEFIGURE.

How now! what solemn piece of formality, what man of wires is this that moves towards us? He stirs by clockwork, like St Dunstan's giants: he prepares to open his mouth, as if he could not speak without an order of court.

Shack. Save you, right worshipful sir.

Heart. And you eke also!

Shack. Sir John English, my most bountiful lord and master, hearing by the mouth of common fame—

Heart. Common fame is a common liar, friend; you have your news from the worst hands—

Shack. Sir, you break the thread of my discourse.

Heart. Well, join it again, and go on

Shack. Sir John English, my most bountiful lord and master, hearing by the mouth of common fame, that you were joined in holy wedlock to the niece of his good tenant Solomon Freehold, sends his wishes, ambassadors, by me, the humblest of his vassals, that you and your fair bride will be pleased to dine on this day of your marriage at his house.

Heart. Verily thou hast well unfolded thy message. Now plait it up carefully again, friend, and give my service to thy master, Sir John, and say that my wishes are to be private.

Shack. Sir, I shall report—or carry back your answer accordingly.

Flo. Stay, friend, stay a moment. [*To* HEART.] If I could prevail upon you, you should grant Sir John's request. He has always been to me the most obliging, kindest, best-natured man. At this time it would look like ingratitude to refuse him. I'll go before, and prepare the old gentleman to receive you; and prevent all ceremonious trouble.

Heart. I can deny thee nothing. Tell your master I'll wait on him. [*Exeunt* SHACK. *and* FLO.

Enter MODELY.

Ha, George! I was looking for you. What shall I do? You shall advise me. Shall I marry my dear little girl, or no?

Mod. To marry for love, my friend, is confining your whole body for the error of your eyes only.

Heart. Ay, but where one loves, one would keep a woman to one's self.

Mod. Ha, ha, ha! keep a woman to one's self! He that purchases an estate where all the world takes a right of common, may build churches for atheists, and alms-houses for misers.

Heart. But a little legal inclosure is for the comfort of our lives, when the land has been properly cultivated.

Mod. Why, you don't really intend to marry this girl?

Heart. Really I believe I shall.

Mod. Indeed!—ah, pretty! Do, do; fling two thousand pounds a-year away upon a cottage Marian; take the refuse of a bumpkin to your marriage bed; and after that be the cuckold of the ploughman.

Heart. Sir, I bore your base reflections with temper while I believed your meaning was friendly; but now I find you indulge your ill-nature at the expence of a virtuous woman.

Mod. Oh, oh! you are grave; that is, you are growing mad indeed, and begin to rattle your matrimonial chains.

Heart. I am talking of religion to a heretic; of morals to a libertine.

Mod. Well, well, then, it shall have its toy. Did it cry for a wife? It shall be tied to it, if nothing else will do, like an idiot with a horn-book at his girdle.

It shall have a gingerbread wife too, but without any gilding.

Heart. Pr'ythee, George, don't make me angry with thee in earnest.

Mod. What is the matter with the man? Art thou mad? Thou art as uneasy as if thou wert married already.

Heart. Why then, to confess the honest truth, I am married.

Mod. Married! when?

Heart. Just now.

Mod. To whom?

Heart. To Flora.

Mod. Very good; and so you come to know, it seems, whether you shall give bond for the debt, when there's an execution upon the goods?

Heart. Well, George; but now you know my case, tell me, as a friend, only your opinion of what I have done.

Mod. Done!—you have done a very silly thing: sold yourself for a waxen baby; a painted moppet, a gay, prating, party-coloured paraquito, which little master will play with till he is sick of it, and then, in a gloomy mood, be ready to twist his neck off. Ha! ha! a very pretty fellow, to make a vow always to be in the same mind.

Heart. Thou art so loose, there is no talking with thee. Come, go with me to Sir John's to dinner, and be as much a wag there as you please.

Mod. No, I have other game in view. Farewell! [*Exit* HEART.] Yonder she starts. Aye, there's a mademoiselle I'll have cheaper, in spite of the high price she holds herself at.

Enter AURA.

My life! my soul!

Aura. I desire you'll let me go.

Mod. What, won't you trust me with a kiss?

[*Kisses her.*

Aura. You're impudent.
Mod. You're idle.
Aura. I swear I'll cry out.
Mod. You expose yourself.
Aura. Lud, sir, what do you mean?
Mod. To wrestle for a fall only. This way, my dear—[*Struggling.*]—nay, now you're a little fool.
Aura. I'll tear your eyes out.—Help! help for heaven's sake!—Murder! murder!

Enter FREEHOLD *and two Threshers, who run up to* MODELY, *and seize him.*

Free. Ah! ware haunches, ware haunches!—There—so, so, the hunt is safe—What vicious cur is this, poaching by himself?—What, my good friend, Mr Modely! why thou art a very impudent fellow; what canst thou say for thyself, now?
Mod. Say! why I say, that young gentlewoman was very uncivil, and all that.
Free. You would have been too civil, and all that. Come, bring him along; he shall have a fair race for it. Our moat, sir, is somewhat wide, but not very clear. Now, unless you can outrun and outswim Towser, I believe you'll not make a hunting-seat of my house in haste.
Mod. Sir, I am a gentleman, and expect to be so used.
Free. How?
Mod. Take off your bull-dogs: Let me speak one word with you alone, and I'll tell you.
Free. Come on, sir. I'll trust you; I'll give you more credit than you deserve. Do you hear? be ready when I call. [*Exeunt Countrymen.*] Well, sir, what have you to say now why sentence should not pass—
Mod. Say! why I say, sir, that what I did was according to the common law; that the common law is custom; and that it has been the custom, time out of mind, for us young fellows, whose blood flows brisk-

ly, to use no ceremony with a wholesome cherry-cheek, whether in haycock, meadow, barn, or bed.

Free. Ay; and so having robbed the poor girl of all that could be dear to her, you could have humm'd a tune, taken a pinch of snuff, sat down perfectly satisfied in the legality of the action, and have reconciled yourself to your own reflections, with as much ease as you drink a dish of tea. What provokes you to this injustice?

Mod. Love, love and joy, old Wormwood; I have made a league with my youth, to get the better of time; I have fast hold of his forelock, and won't let a moment pass without enjoyment.

Impatient sense and nature dies,
And love a second life supplies;
Gentle boy, then fill my cup,
A bumper, Cupid; fill it up
With youth and wit, and noble fires,
Vigorous health, and young desires.

Free. This fellow's in a blaze; his blood has set him all on fire.

Mod. I love the whole sex, sir. The beautiful I adore as angels; the ugly as Indians do the devil, for fear; the witty persuade me; the innocent allure me; the proud raise my ambition; and the humble my charity. Say what you will, I am in love, old boy, from head to foot. I am Cupid's butt, and stand ready to receive his whole quiver.

Free. I'll tell thee what thou art; thou art a romance, finely bound and gilt; and thy inside is full of silly love and lies, senseless and showish.

Mod. I think thou art the sourest old fellow that ever I met with; pr'ythee, polish thyself, my dear rough diamond; you invite a man to your house here, and then deny him the only tid-bit he has a mind to.

Free. You have broke every social virtue; and yet

impudently imagine you are in the character of a gentleman.

Mod. How, sir, you grow scurrilous. [*Going.*

Free. Nay, you shall hear me, or I'll recal my myrmidons; a gentleman should not dare to think of doing wrong to any. His love, his friendship, his courage, his generosity, his word, and his honour, should be inviolably bound to the strict laws of virtue.

Mod. This may be the picture of a saint; but for the character of a fine gentleman, 'tis as unlike it, my dear—

Frec. As you are. Your love is appetite——your friendship interest—your courage, brutal butchery—your word a lie—and your honour, a jest.

Mod. Ha! ha! very concise and smart; but I take nothing ill of thee. Thou art like a frosty morning, sharp and wholesome. Dear sir, your most obedient servant. You see I have stood your jobation very patiently, and so, compliments being passed on both sides, I humbly take my leave.

Free. Hold, sir, I demand satisfaction for the wrong you have done my family.

Mod. With all my heart, old boy; your time, place, and weapons. Will you use seconds?

Free. Aye, and thirds too, if you provoke me. Look ye, friend, according to the justest sentiments I can form of this affair, you ought to be knock'd o' the head. But custom, that invades the rights of nature, and makes us act by senseless example, says, that you have a right to justify one wrong, by committing another.

Mod. Plague to your preamble! Come to the point, sir.

Free. The young woman you have wronged has a lover, sir. A young officer, who at present lives with his kinsman, Sir John, above. He shall meet you, and bleed you for this fever. I know the young fel-

low loves her, and has spirit to do himself justice. I think that is the cant you have for it. He shall meet you half an hour hence in the rookery behind Sir John English's house.

Mod. Odso! your bullies about you too! Well, sir, I'll meet him.

Free. If you fail, I'll stick your name upon every tree in the parish for a coward, a poltroon, that dares not fight in a wrong cause; and that is a greater reproach to a man of modern honour, than to be called a thief, or a murderer. [*Exit.*

Mod. An ill-natured old puppy, to engage a man in a quarrel too. However, I think I am pretty well off. This is much better than the discipline of Towzer and the ditch, or than my friend's matrimonial comfort; though 'tis very ugly, methinks too, to fight upon an idle business here. But 'tis the fashion, the mode, and as Old Crabtree says, right or wrong, we are obliged to obey it.

Thus fashionable folly makes us stake
The loss of virtue for our honour's sake;
Stronger than nature, tyrant custom grows,
For what we venture life to keep, we lose.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Grove.*

Enter MODELY.

Mod. A fine evening, really, for a cool thrust or two. Where is the warrior that is to entertain me here? Egad, I wish 'twas over; I don't like it; it sits but qualmishly upon my stomach. Oh! yonder he comes cross the stile. Ho, that's a boy, I think; I suppose he has sent some formal excuse; the wo-

men have locked him up; the country is raised; and the justices have sent their warrants forth to stop all military proceedings, and make up the matter over a cup of October.

Enter AURA *in Boy's Clothes.*

Aura. Your servant, sir.

Mod. Your's, sir.

Aura. I am invited hither, sir, to do justice to an injured beauty, whom I have the honour to be well with; and I suppose you are my man.

Mod. Thy man, lovey! and what then?

Aura. Why then, sir, on the behalf of that fair one, I demand the honourable amends, sir. To use violence to a lady, is an affront not to be put up with. To tear the boughs, and offer to haul down the fruit before it was consenting kindly ripe!—If you had climbed up the ladder of her affections, and gathered it regularly with the consent of the owner, there had been no harm done.

Mod. Ha! thou art a very pretty metaphorical prigster. Hark ye, child, go home presently, or I'll gather a handful of nettles under that hedge, and whip thee most unmercifully.

Aura. I shall whip you through the guts, or make a pair of bellows of your lungs, for this arrogance. What are your weapons?

Mod. Nettletops, infant; nettletops.

Aura. What are you for our country diversions of this sort—flails, cudgels, scythes, back-swords, oaken-towels, or wrestling?

Mod. Would'st thou have me wrestle with a bull-rush?

Aura. Ah! I have brought a stouter man than you, down before now. Or are you for the town gallantries, single rapier, sword and dagger, sword and pistol, single pistol, blunderbuss, demi-cannon, culverin, mortar-piece, or a barrel of gun-powder? I

am ready at any of these weapons to wait your commands.

Mod. Look thee, thou impertinent insect; thou may'st be troublesome, though thou can'st not be hurtful; therefore, if thou flyest about my face thus, I shall be forced to put thee down with my hand, and tread thee out.

Aura. Humph! You are very pert.

Mod. I am so. Pray tell me, though, what interest have you in this lady, that she has engaged your haughty littleness in her affairs?

Aura. Who I, sir? Oh! I have been her first minister a great while. She is a fine woman, really, considering she has been rusticated from her birth too. Her only fault is, poor creature, she is doatingly fond of me.

Mod. Indeed! And so thou art her play-fellow; her gentle refreshment; her pretty pillow-boy; her afternoon's cordial, and her tea at breakfast; her evening's slumber, and her morning's indolence.

Aura. Sir, the reputation of a lady is not thus impiously to be sported with. Oons! eat your words; up with 'em again this moment, or I'll ram 'em down your throat with the hilt of my sword.

Mod. Cool thyself, Narcissus; cool thyself, child; relieve thy reason with a dram of reflection. 'Tis the town talk; the whole village, and all the parishes round, ring of it. I am sure thou would'st not die a martyr to falsehood. Why, thy engagements there are known to every body; 'tis no secret, my prettyness.

Aura. Ay, sir, 'tis true; but 'tis not so gallant to enter into particulars of that sort. Though, as you say, indeed, I am sensible 'tis no secret. The affair has made a noise; the fury of the poor creature's passion did now and then blind her discretion. I think this is the seventh duel I have engaged in for her sake already. The seventh, no, the eighth,

There were three justices, two excisemen, a parson, the apothecary, and yourself.

Mod. Thou art the most impudent, wicked, little, bragging, lying son of a whore that ever I met with.

Aura. Demme, sir, son of a whore in your teeth! What, because I have reprieved you, suffered you to breathe a minute or two longer while I diverted you with my gallantries, you grow insolent.

Mod. Thou art a very popgun charged with air.

Aura. And thou art a wooden blunderbuss without any charge at all.

Mod. Thou most insignificant teazing terrier; by Heaven, if thou dost provoke me, I will cut thee into minced meat, and have thee dished up for thy mistress's wedding dinner. [*Draws his sword.*

Aura. [*Presenting a pistol.*] Put up your sword; put it up I say; 'sdeath, sir, this instant, or you die. [MODELY *sheathes his sword.*] So! so!

Mod. Ha! what, have you these tricks too, my little bully?

Aura. Very well; now you have obeyed me, I'll use you like a gentleman. You have a longer reach than I, and therefore it may not be so reasonable to engage with single sword. Here, take one of these; this, or this: [*Offering pistols.*] You may change it, or draw it and re-charge it, if you suspect my honour.

Mod. [*Taking a pistol.*] How are they loaded?

Aura. Equally, sir, with a brace of balls.

Mod. [*Aside.*] What can be the meaning of all this? Sure the young dog is not in earnest.

Enter FREEHOLD.

Free. Hey! my brave boy! my lad of mettle! my Cupid in arms! There! he stands his ground to an inch! I told you he would find you sport, my Covent-Garden friend. All I can say is, he shoots flying finely.

Mod. Hah!—I am glad you are come, farmer; we

were just going to be serious here. This little huff-bluff hector will let nobody lie with your family but himself, it seems:—so egad, if you like it, why—

Free. Oh, sir, he is a perfect Spaniard, with an English heart. I know him—nothing will satisfy him but your blood.

Aura. No, sir—nothing but your blood—your blood, sir.

Mod. Say you so? why then, if nothing else will do, have at you, my boy.

Aura. Look at your flint and your prime; are they in right order?

Mod. I warrant you.

Aura. Please to stand wide a little, sir; a ball may graze. [*To* FREEHOLD.

Now, come on, sir. Let us retreat from each other five yards, then turn round upon our heels at one motion, and let fly. Are you ready?

[*They retire and turn round;* MODELY *fires, and* AURA *drops.*]

Free. Oh, he is shot! he is killed!

Mod. Curse on my steady hand!

Free. Help! murder! murder! help.

Enter Countrymen [*Crying.*]

This way, this way.

Mod. Say you so? nay then 'tis time to save one; by your leave, as fast as my feet or my fears can carry me. [*Exeunt all but* FREEHOLD *and* AURA.

Free. This was admirably performed; I was afraid you durst not have stood the powder.

Aura. No, no, I put in half a charge, and no wadding—I had really much ado to provoke him to fight; so, so, we'll shew him a little country play now.

Free. I must wait upon his companion, honest Heartwell. He expects me to attend him to Sir John's, according to his wife's request.

Aura. Do so; while I slip the back way through the orchard, into the hall house, that I may be with you time enough to finish my part: this is a day of business, i'faith. [*Exit* AURA.

Enter HEARTWELL.

Heart. How could you use a lover so roughly? I saw it all; the little girl stood his fire gallantly.

Free. O most heroically! O' my conscience I believe she would have fought him in earnest.

Heart. Is he taken?

Free. Ay, ay, we have him fast by this time I warrant.

Heart. Well, then let his fears pay the price of his sin: I think his punishment very just. But see where old steddy muscles comes, in form to introduce us.

Free. Ay, come on now; you shall see a worthy piece of antiquity, a right bred old English country gentleman; one who keeps open house the whole year round, and yet never took or paid a penny for a vote in his life.

Enter SHACKLEFIGURE.

Shack. Sir, with the greatest submission, if it shall be your worship's good pleasure, I will wait on the company at the hall, and know if it shall be their pleasure to receive you.

[*Exit* SHACKLEFIGURE.

Free. Do so, old stiff rump, do—this fellow keeps himself as regular as his day-book.

Heart. Company! what company?

Free. A friend or two, only, perhaps, that Sir John has invited to a dance, or so.

Heart. A dance—a friend—'sdeath, you distract me. Excuse me to him, I beg you.

Free. No, no;—what, you must bear with a little noise at first. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in Sir J. English's House.*

Enter HEARTWELL *and* FREEHOLD, *meeting* FLORA *and Country Men and Women.*

Heart. My love! my dear! I am surprised! Why hast thou changed thyself from what thou wert?

Flora. To tell you, sir, the truth, then, I was obliged to change my dress; my landlord has obliged me to it; and you know we country folks must obey our landlords.

Heart. Well, I am satisfied—you have obeyed him then.

Flora. Yes, sir,—but he is very obstinate and self-willed—and I think a little too barbarously insists—

Heart. Insists! upon what?

Free. Why, sir, I'll tell you, in short, 'tis this—the Lord of our Manor has claimed by prescription, time out of mind, and still does claim, the first favour from every tenant's daughter married here; and has sent for you to let you know his claim.

Heart. Furies! damnation! What do you mean? madam, what does all this tend to?

Flora. Why 'tis even so, husband.

Heart. Oh! very well, very well; tell me, thou devil in an angel's form!—wherefore was I chosen out to be thus abused?

Free. Because you are a man of fortune, sir; because she hopes in a little time to break your heart, and enjoy the full third of two thousand pounds a-year.

Heart. Pray madam, favour me—you see I bear this affair very calmly—pray tell me, though I suppose 'tis no unreasonable request—what particular obligations you have to this landlord?

Flora. Such, sir, of such a nature—as nothing can dissolve—I love him passionately, and I believe his

affection for me is mutual; nay, I hope it will endure to the last moment of my life

Heart. [*Singing.*] Tol, lol, lol—Pray, me'm,—what's o'clock? I have been married but four hours, and I am breeding already. Get my horses ready; I'll ride post to Japan, but I'll be rid of this affair; but first I'll cut this toll-taking rascal's throat. What's his name? where is he? who is the landlord?

Flora. You are this landlord, sir; the sole Lord of this demesne and me. This morning I was mistress of this house, these servants, and all the country within three miles round us: now they are yours; you are their master now.

Free. What say you, sir? shall the landlord have his due or no?

Heart. My heart, my tongue, my eyes, my soul, o'erflow with joy!

Flora. I was resolved, fully resolved, never to venture on a husband, 'till I was certainly convinced, my person, and not my fortune, was his aim; that proof you have most generously given me; and I hope you will pardon the little deceits I have used to procure these assurances.

Heart. Give me thy hand, thy heart; there let me dwell for ever.

Free. But see your friend in bonds, Mr Modely!

[Modely *brought in by two countrymen and a constable.*

Heart. What! in captivity, George?

Const. An it please your worship, we have catch'd a vagrom man here, who has committed a murder, as I may say, in neighbour Freehold's five acres; and so, sir, an like you, we bring him hither, to take his exhibition upon the said bulglary afore Sir Juan.

Heart. Murdered! who has he murdered?

Const. Nea, nea, I know not—the young fellow and he beliken ha' had some words abouten their sweethearts—and so he shot 'en—that's aw.

Heart. I always told you, George, what these wild ways would bring you to; but you would still run riot upon every thing. What cou'd you expect?

Mod. Yes faith, we have made a very pretty expedition; one of us is married, and t'other's going to be hang'd. My comfort is, I shall be out of my pain first. However, I don't doubt, as this was a gentleman's duel, I shall have gentleman's play for my life. Keep my chamber a month or two, touch cold iron, and come out as free as liberty. While you, having beat your poor wings in vain against the bar of your conjugal cage, sit sullenly moulting the remainder of your feathers, and sicken to death o'the pip.

Free. I believe I shall secure that affair, I can prove premeditated malice; I can prove the challenge; and you know very well I saw you shoot him before his pistol was cock'd.

Mod. So, so; nay then my business is done! thou Devil, what have I done to thee, that thou tormentest me thus? If I cou'd come at thee, I'd pawn my credit for one sin more, and send thee down to the father of falsehood, with a lie in thy mouth.

Flora. Don't vex the poor man so, all his time will be little enough; don't put him into a passion now.

Mod. Insulting devil!

Free. Have you no feeling—No sense of your condition?

Mod. What, Mr Constable, am I to be set up here like a Shrovestide cock, to be pelted by every clown in the hundred?

Enter SIR JOHN.

Sir John. Give you joy, cousin; give you joy. Codso, you prog very well for yourself. I did not know you went a husband-hunting all this while. Give you joy, sir; give you joy.

Heart. Sir, here's an angry person, an acquaintance of mine, who has committed a gentleman's murder, and is in great haste for his mittimus; pray dispatch him.

Enter another Constable and two Countrymen, [*with* AURA *Prisoner.*]

2d Const. An it please your worship, here's another vagrom that we have taken upon deposition of his concerns in the said murder.

Sir John. Bring him nearer; shew me his face. Codso, a pretty young fellow! let me look! What? How! Madam Aura! as I live!

Mod. Ha! Aura! Harkee, my little reprobate bully! I am surprisingly rejoiced to see thee; faith I am. Gad I never was so much in love with thee in my life. Heartwell, how dost? Madam Flora, your obedient. Joy, madam; joy, Freehold! faith thou art a very clever old gentleman. Sir John, I rejoice to see you.—I am prodigiously pleased, in troth; I was in a horrible cold sweat just now, though my proud heart would not own it.

Flora. Ah! if they could but frighten you into sobriety once.

Mod. I should sink into a husband; though faith, I find a strange stir within me about that whimsical girl there. Hark ye, madam, dare you venture upon a rake, in full assurance (as some ladies have) that your charms will reform him?

Aura. And so fall a martyr to my pride instead of my virtue?

Free. Hold, sir, I have some interest here, and I don't think you tame enough yet to be married. But if the girl is foolish enough to venture, why let her own inclination lead her.

Aura. Thank you, sir. I think I would reclaim the wildest hawk that ever flew. What say you? Dare you venture on me?

Mod. I'd marry thee though I wrought with my hands for thy daily support; my whole soul, all my wishes, are centered in thee.

Aura. Ay, but when we are married, they'll perhaps move eccentrically again. Marriage is a tedious journey in a heavy road. Many an honest fellow, who set out briskly at first, has been horribly tired before he reached his inn at night.

Mod. Try me—trust me.

Aura. I tell you, before I try and trust you, you must serve me faithfully at least two whole months together; and then, if we like one another as well as we do now—why we'll settle our fortunes and our inclinations.

Mod. And jog on in the road of our fathers.

Aura. Amen.

Mod. So be it.

Heart. Well, George, let these accidents make you remember, that there is no real lasting good but in virtue; and that the greatest happiness below consists in honourable love.

When Heaven conspicuous merit would regard,
A virtuous woman is the great reward.
This blessing gives a taste of joys above,
Beauty and virtue, harmony and love.

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